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BY AMANDA GRISCOM

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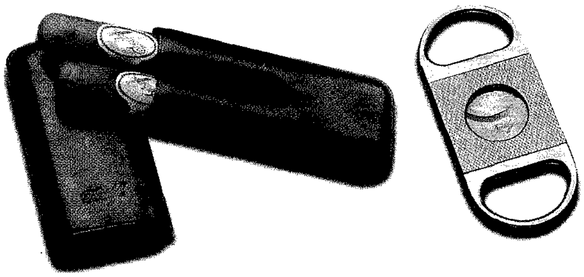

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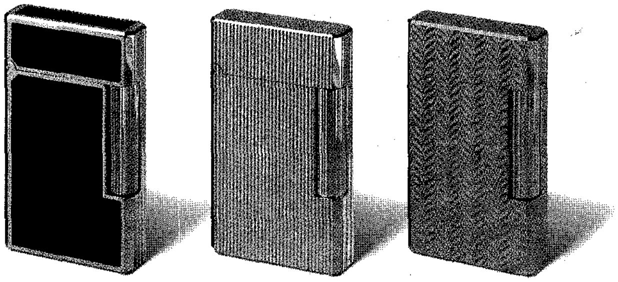

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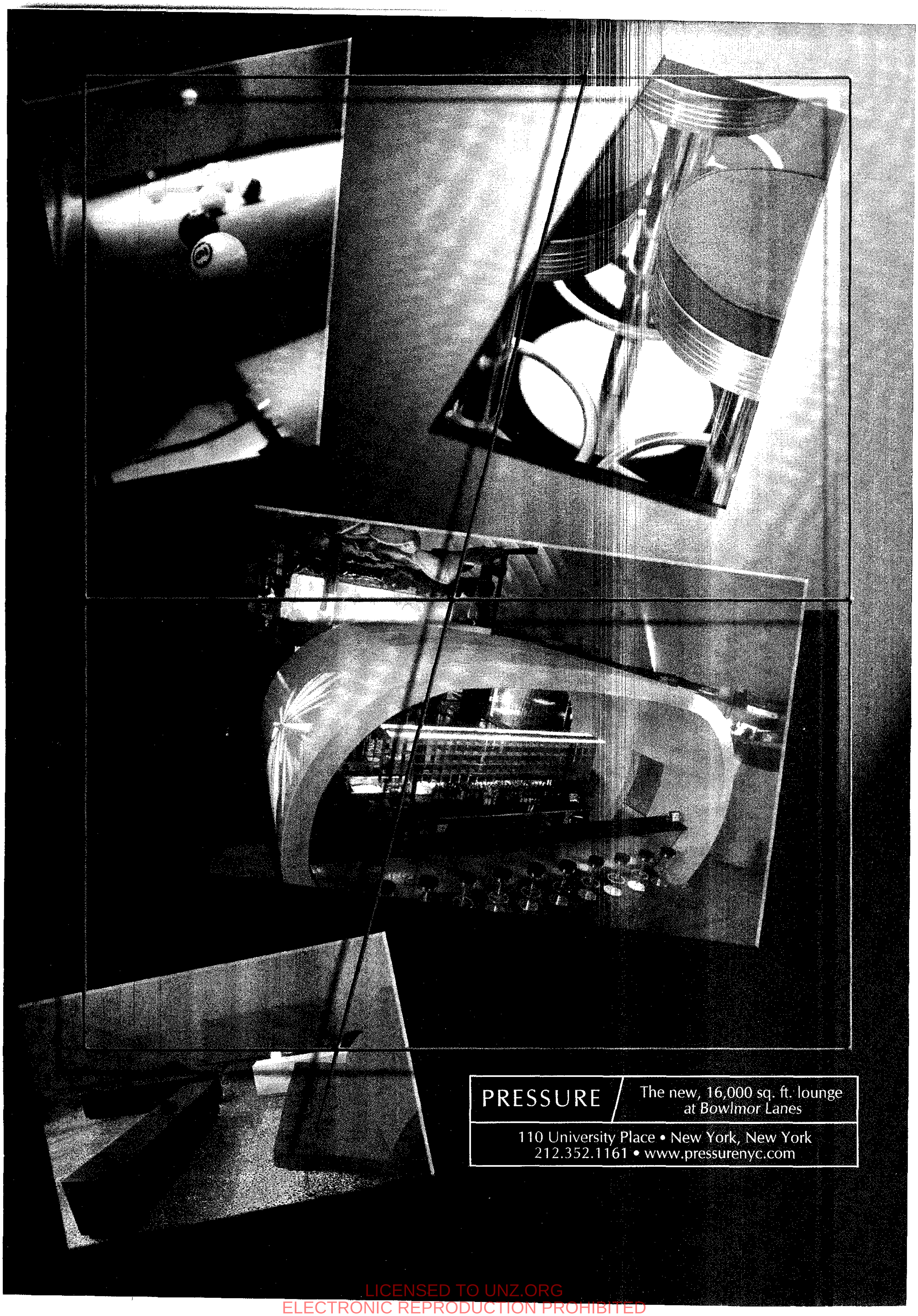

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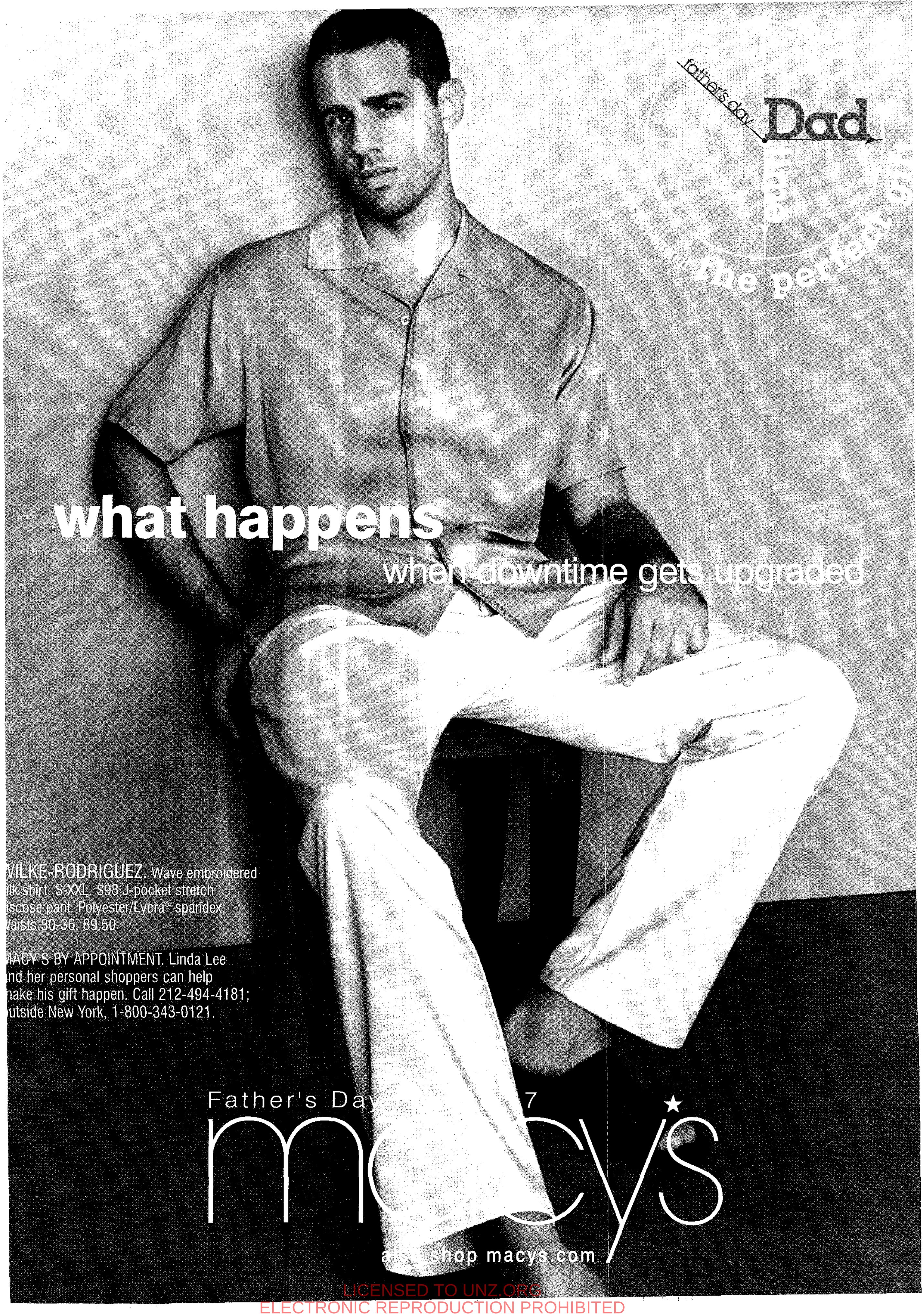

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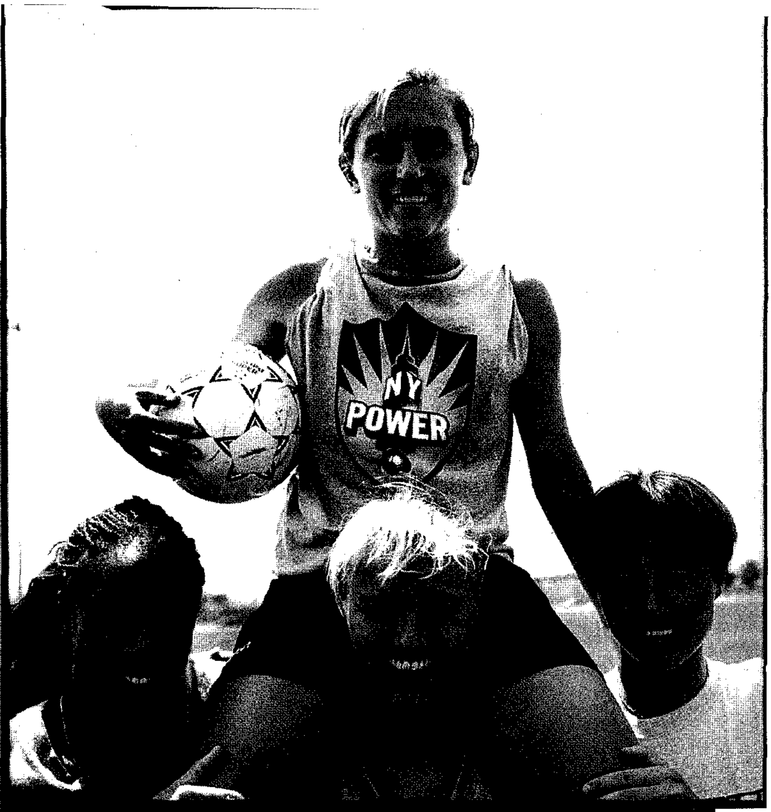

"Am I a role model? It all depends on your definition."
—Tiffeny Milbrett, page 38

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It was not so long ago that California—and its rolling blackouts—seemed a continent away. But now, with large swaths of New York's energy Establishment up in arms over our lack of preparation for power shortages, the other coast seems a whole lot closer. What are the chances of our having a long, hot—and intermittently dark—summer? And what can our government do about it?

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38 **Power Play** By David Hirshey
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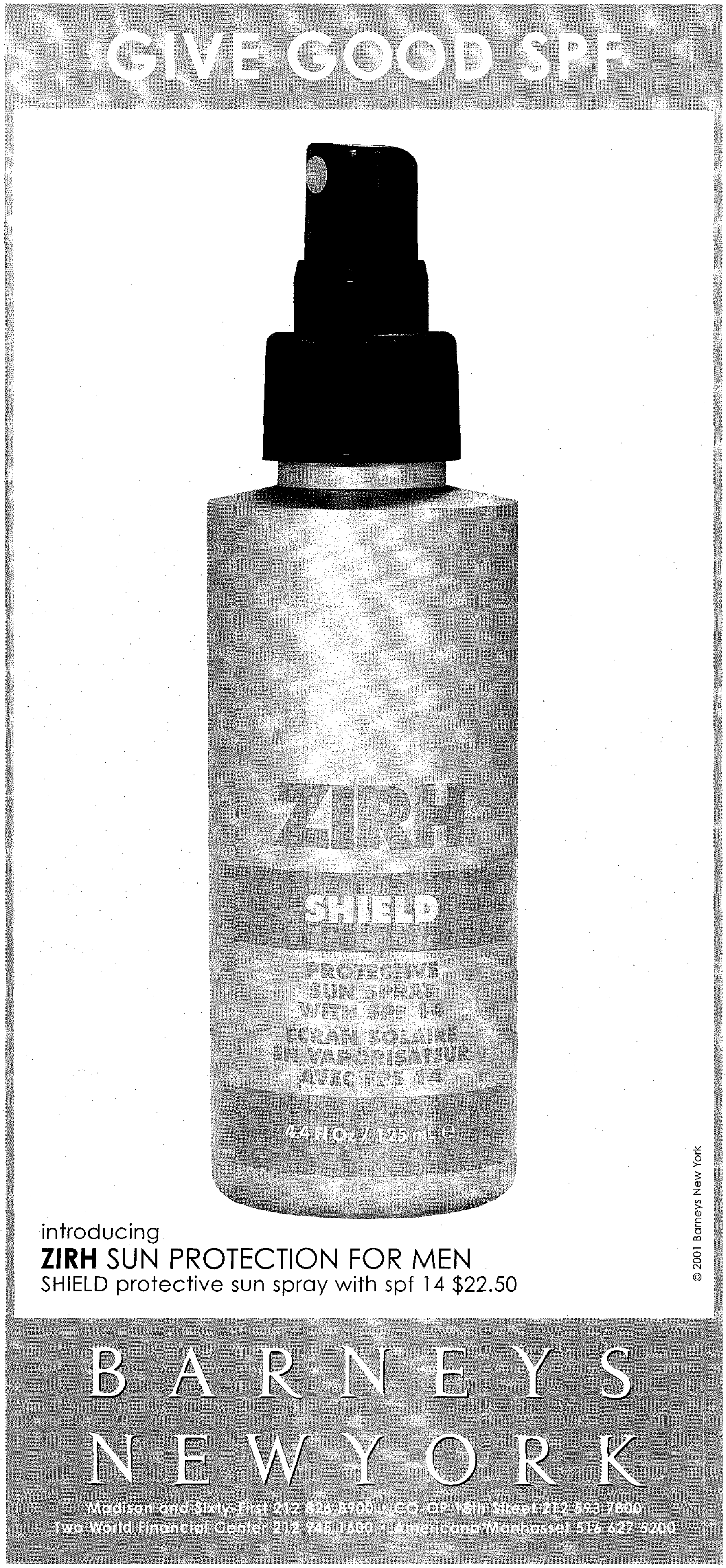
Photograph by Karen Kuehn.

Volume 34, Issue 24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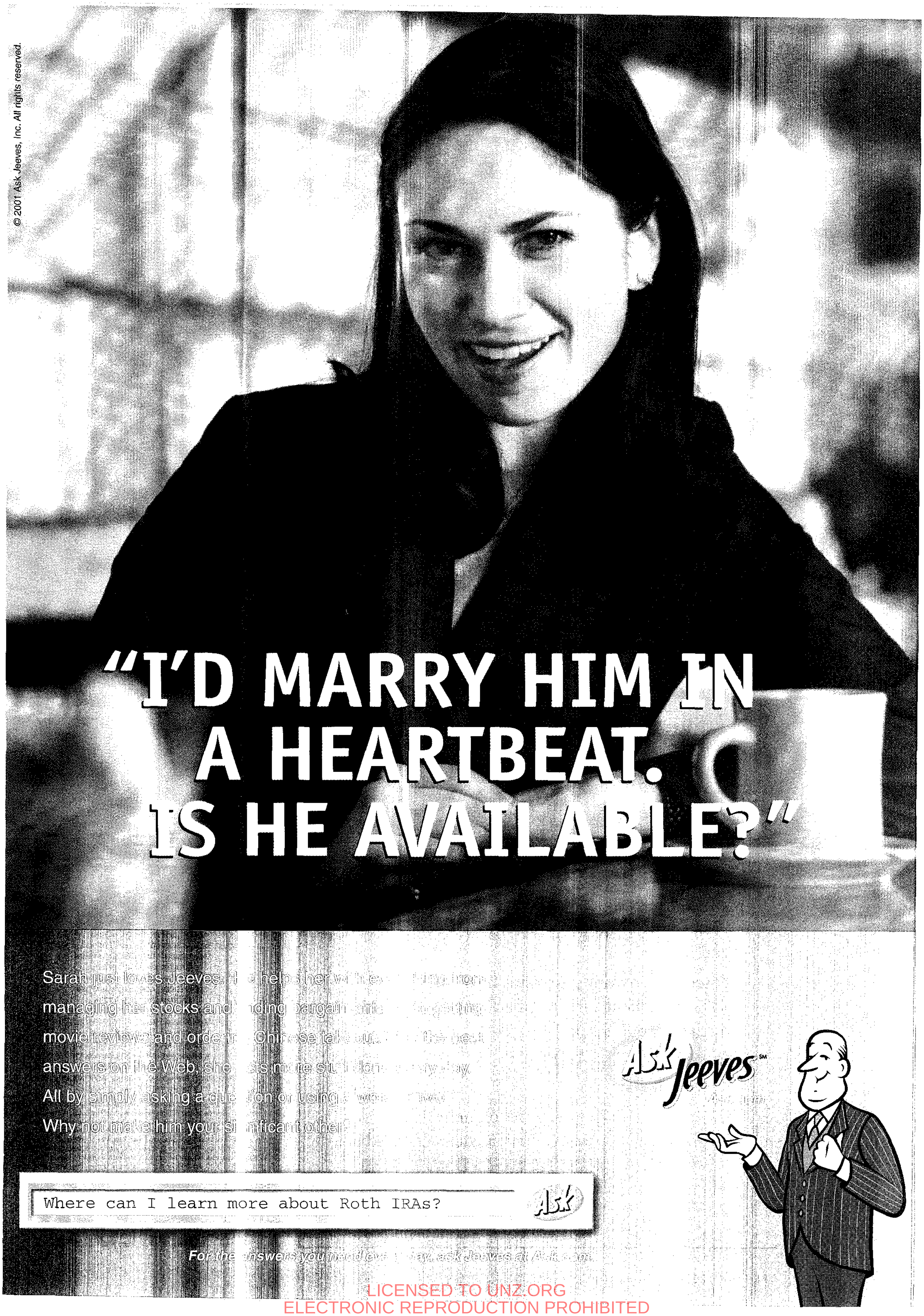
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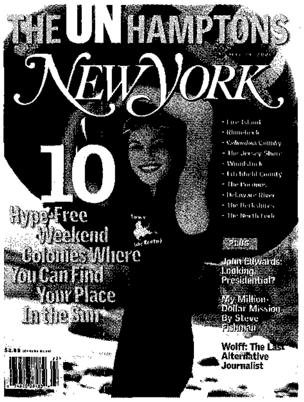
Letters

> He distinguished himself by throwing a drink at Grover Norquist.
>
> —**R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.**

Shaken, Stirred

One short point regarding the accuracy of Tucker Carlson's recent testimonial to my congeniality ["The National Interest: Patriot Games," May 28]. My staff and I have conducted a thorough review of my dinner guests over the past dozen years and there is no record of my ever having Carlson in my home for dinner. I did have him to one of my Washington Club Dinners with 200 or so other people. He distinguished himself by throwing a drink at Grover Norquist. Characteristically, he threw the drink when Grover's back was turned. He claimed it was an accident.

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
ARLINGTON, VA.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, *THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR*



THE UNHAMPTONS
NEW YORK
10 Hype-Free Weekend Colonies Where You Can Find Your Place In the Sun

UnWelcome

As a longtime visitor and admirer of many of the bucolic 'burbs touted in "UnHamptons: The Lands That Hype Forgot" [by Ralph Gardner, May 28], I salute your astute observations and the well-deserved kudos for beautiful summer communities like Fire Island and year-round retreats like Litchfield County and Rhinebeck. But as wonderful as it is to read about places other than the Hamptons, I fear that your praise will unleash a bumper crop of tragically hip and terminally annoying climbers looking for "the next big thing" on these blessedly unspoiled spots. A plea to all those people whose surgically attached cell phones ring in movie theaters: Stay home!

Diane Clehane, SCARSDALE, N.Y.

It's reassuring to know that your "UnHamptons" set finds the "dog-patch ratio" in the central Catskills too high. That attitude will keep our 1,100-acre private park (circa 1890 and complete with dirt roads, Victorian cottages, pristine water, and underpriced building lots) safe from the advancing hordes.

Victoria Crane, MANHATTAN

Your recent article describes a list of interesting places to spend one's vacation time. However, what does the presence of "familiar faces" (i.e., famous people) in an area have to do with its appeal? Are you suggesting that one should go there to name-drop or hobnob? Or should one stay away because soon there will be more "familiar faces" around to build more scenery-spoiling, show-off houses as in the Hamptons?

Alex Caemmerer, CLOSTER, N.J.

NEXT WEEK...

Our annual Summer Fun issue: a guide to making the most of the season, whether you're in the East End or on the Lower East Side.

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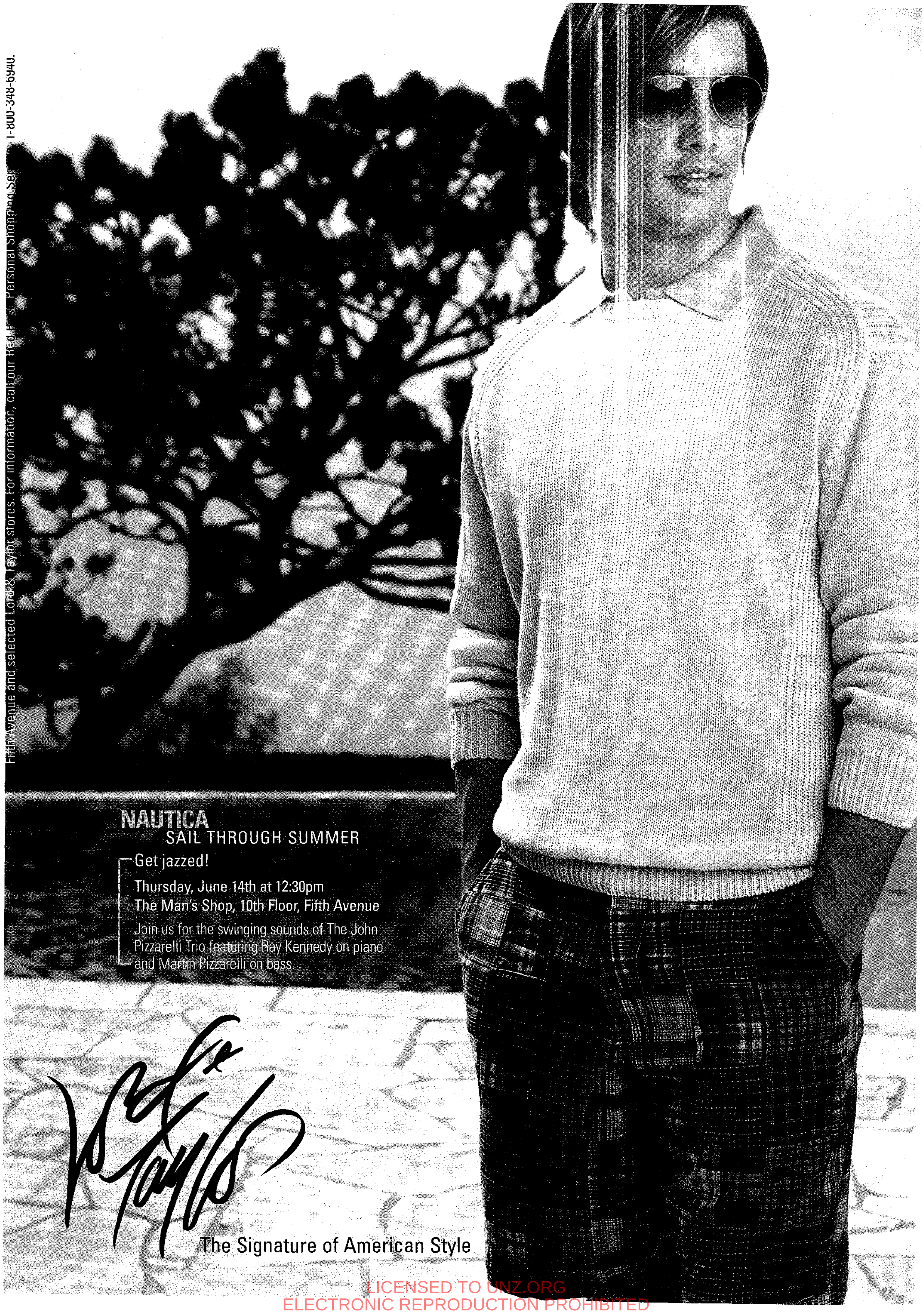
Platt du Jour

Although I missed the original Adam Platt review ["Restaurants: Mama's Boy," May 21] to which Lauren Brooks Ogden refers ["Letters," June 11], I will make sure never to skip anything he covers in the future. Bravo to the man who has cappuccino after dinner and steak for breakfast. On no corner of this planet do we need to be subjected to the blather of sophisticate wannabes like Ms. Ogden who waste our time with their absurd comments.

Lea Rasabi, QUEENS



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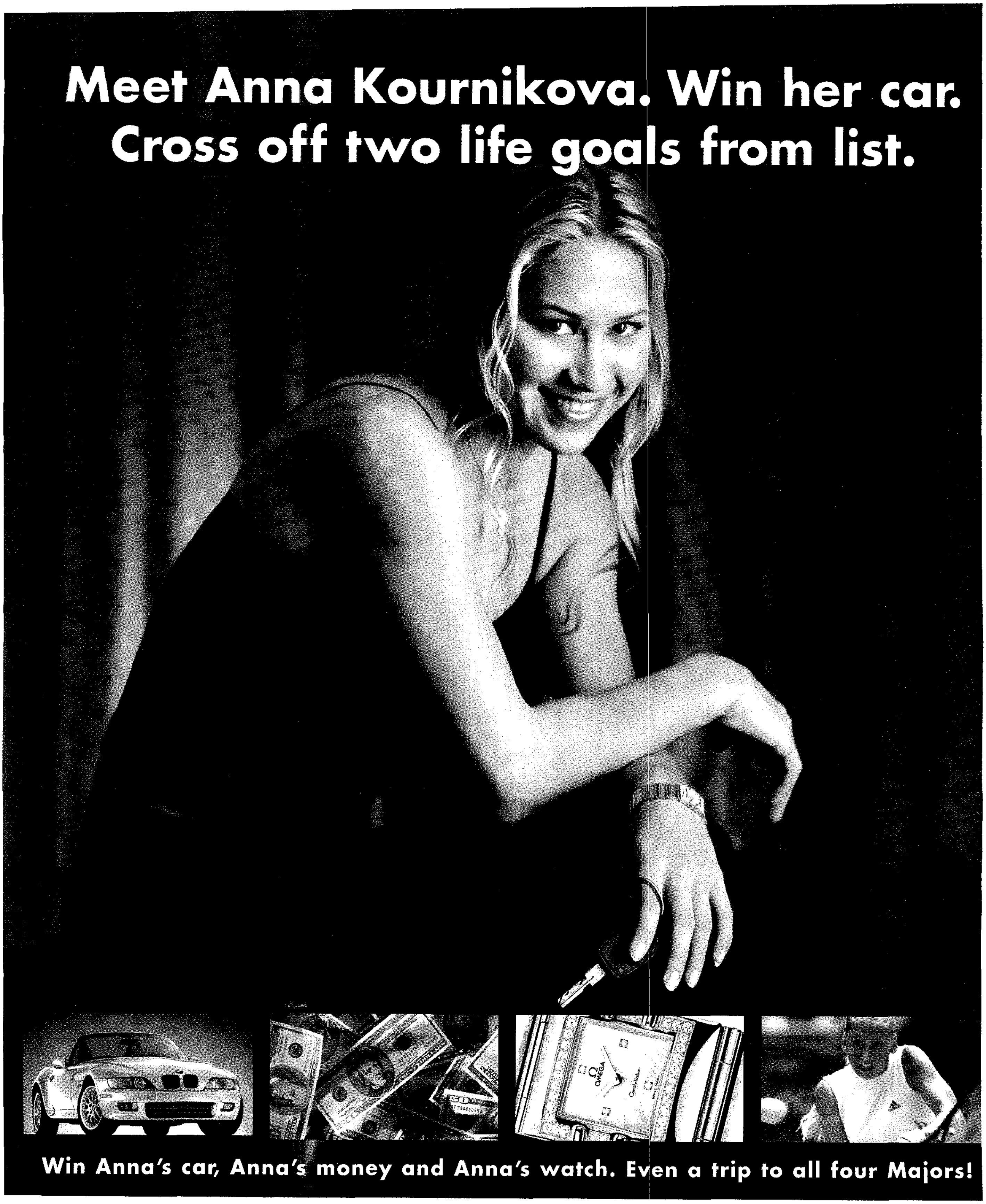
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Intelligencer

By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman

How to Make Out With Gwyneth

Some guys really do have all the luck. Take **Mel Cannon**, for example. While working as a humble technical assistant on Disney's upcoming film *The Royal Tenenbaums*, starring **Gwyneth Paltrow**, the recent Irish émigré found himself on the other side of the cameras—snogging the lead actress. A scene in the movie called for Paltrow to romantically lock lips with a punk in the back of a bus, but *Rushmore* director **Wes Anderson** just couldn't find the right grime-ridden malcontent. "Wes looked at a lot of people for the shot, but none aesthetically fit the bill," explains a Disney rep. Luckily for him, the crew member's features were a perfect match, and before Cannon knew it, he was shaved, fake-pierced, and Aquanetted into the role. The lip-smacking techie could not be reached for comment. We're sure he's too busy chugging Listerine and praying for retakes.

Is Linda Back in *Vogue*?

Maybe we're giving ourselves too much credit, but now that it's been several months since we revealed **Linda Evangelista** (pictured) was getting perilously close to the plus-size category, we hear the supermodel—who in the early nineties famously bragged that she wouldn't get out of bed for less than $10,000 a day—has taken our unsolicited advice and whipped herself back into shape. So much so that, from what we understand, even *Vogue* may be bestowing upon her its most coveted cover. A source tells us the glossy has been in discussions with the 36-year-old mannequin for the prime September slot, though a Condé Nast rep would say only that "the September issue hasn't been shot yet, and beyond that we have no comment." However, our spies think Evangelista is good and ready: Not only does she have her man, soccer player **Fabien Barthez**, back, but she's starting to resemble her old self. "She looks amazing these days," says one modeling-world honcho who recently saw Evangelista. "Just like the old Linda. There are so many new girls in the industry, people want to see the familiar faces again." Brace yourselves.

Finally, Madonna Says No to Nudity

Motherhood, marriage, and a fake English accent can't make us forget **Madonna**'s less respectable days. And helping us remember is a European manufacturer that's shipping 50,000 condoms to the States graced with images from her famous 1979 nude photo sessions. Remember those? In 1985, *Playboy* scrambled to the presses with shots by photographer **Martin Schreiber**, who has now licensed his pics—the rights to which Madonna released to him when they were taken—for the condom wrappers. Already available in Japan and Europe, the rubbers are set for Stateside distribution by Condomania.com, which owns the store of the same name in the Village. However, Madonna's reps are none too happy about it and are threatening to take steps to keep the sex supplies off store shelves. "They're an unauthorized product, and we're considering legal action," announced a rep for the libidinous star's U.S. licenser. "They're not official." So when will the *official* condoms be coming out?

But Who Will Win for Best Presenter?

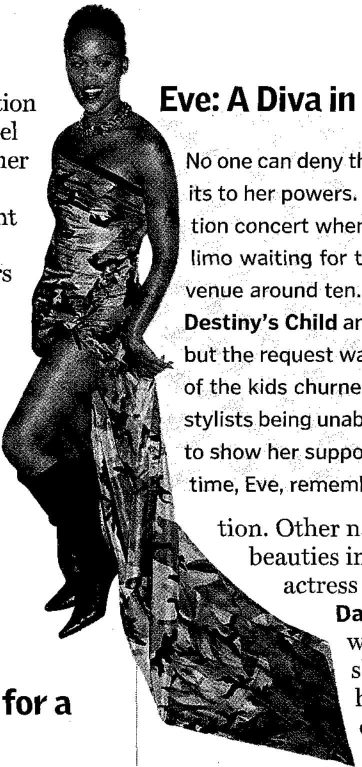
Fashionistas big and small will be flocking to Lincoln Center this Thursday for the annual CFDA American Fashion Awards. But we've been told event organizers are sitting on pins and needles over whether **Lauren Hutton** will manage to show up. We hear the sultry actress has agreed to present the all-important accessories-designer award—for which **Marc Jacobs, Michael Kors**, and Coach's **Reed Krakoff** are *nominees*—but may not be able to walk to the podium. It seems Hutton is still recover-

Clinton: Keepin' It Realer Than Ever

Bubba will be shedding those extra pounds among the people. The burger-loving former president and sometime jogging enthusiast has joined the Harlem branch of the YMCA, a source tells us. Located a stone's throw from **Bill Clinton**'s new office, the Harlem Y on West 135th Street was the facility of choice for such greats as Langston Hughes, Jackie Robinson, and Ralph Ellison. Clinton will now be able to break a sweat with fellow members the Reverend **Calvin Butts** and Assemblyman **Keith Wright**. Aside from using its steam room, gymnasium, two heated pools, and boxing studio, the ex-prez may avail himself of the Harlem Y's classes in Congolese African dance as well as a top-notch course in mambo and salsa. Most important, we're told the Y has a state-of-the-art cardiac-fitness center, perfect for ensuring the health of that great big ol' heart. So far, **Hillary** has not signed on.

Photographs: from top, Patrick McMullan; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

ing from an operation during which a steel pin was placed in her leg, the result of a motorcycle accident last fall. "We're all crossing our fingers that she'll get better in time," says a CFDA rep. Other presenters will include emcee **Sandra Bernhard**—who presided last year as well—Bernhard's ex **Patricia Velasquez**, **Diana Ross**, and **Heather Graham.**



Eve: A Diva in Training

No one can deny that Ruff Ryders songstress **Eve** is a rising star in the world of pop, but there are limits to her powers. The comely crooner was dropped from the lineup of last week's Candie's Foundation concert when she showed up 45 minutes late. According to a source at the event, Eve kept her limo waiting for three hours outside the Tribeca Grand hotel before finally making her way to the venue around ten. By the time she showed up, **Macy Gray** was already set to go, to be followed by **Destiny's Child** and **'N Sync.** Event organizers asked the Sync boys if Eve could pop on before them, but the request was quickly swatted down. A saddened Eve was left to sulk in a trailer while the rest of the kids churned out their bubbly tunes. A rep for Eve says her tardiness was due to her team of stylists being unable to locate the Tribeca Grand and that Eve was "a little upset" that she wasn't able to show her support for the Candie's cause, which is to raise awareness about teen pregnancy. Next time, Eve, remember this: A *real* diva doesn't bother showing up at all.

Taking It Off for a Good Cause

A lucky bike messenger got the view of a lifetime recently when he dropped off a package for celebrity photog **Marc Baptiste.** Model-of-the-moment **Noemi** personally answered the door—buck naked. The mannequin was being shot for Baptiste's upcoming collection of nudes, titled *Beautiful*, the proceeds of which are going to the Sisters Network, an African-American breast-cancer-survivors organization. Other naked beauties include actress **Rosario Dawson,** who was shot with her equally baring-all mother. The motherhood theme is revisited with a London singer, who posed while eight months' pregnant. For more classical eye candy, Baptiste shot *Clueless* star **Stacey Dash**, who we're told had initially refused to disrobe completely but eventually succumbed to Baptiste's artistic vision. Also on display are **Beverly Johnson** and singer **N'dea Davenport**. We're thinking **Robert De Niro** has already placed his order.

This Just In: Athletes Do Good

As we've maintained all along, only the selflessness of pro athletes can save the world. At the Robin Hood Foundation's recent fund-raising auction at the Javits Center, two sports stars personally took the stage to help move the evening's prime item. As the bids slowly climbed for a package that included a trip to Philadelphia for the NBA All-Star weekend, a one-on-one match against **Patrick Ewing**, and four tickets to both the World Series and the Super Bowl, the Giants' **Tiki Barber** (pictured) and Knick **Mark Jackson** suddenly offered themselves up for consumption. While **Jerry Seinfeld** and **Elle Macpherson** looked on, Jackson stood up and announced that he would personally throw in four courtside seats to a Knicks game plus a limo and dinner. Barber then topped his friend, offering dinner with himself to the highest bidder. With that added on, the package—which was expected to fetch $100,000—went for $300,000. The warm feelings carried through to the end of the night, when the winner of a raffle for a Jaguar gave the ride back so that it, too, could be auctioned. It scored $110,000. In all, the foundation raised about $13.4 million to fight poverty.

An NYPD Invasion *Chez* Harris

Even though he's been lying low for a while, **Josh Harris** is still being hassled by the Man. The pseudo.com founder and professional troublemaker arrived home at his Broadway digs a few weeks ago to learn that a pair of NYPD detectives had been snooping around. Harris tells us that the flatfoots mentioned an item in the Washington *Post* that referred to the infamous machine-gun exhibition Harris held during the turn of the millennium at which people were invited to fire automatic weapons under the supervision of a firearms specialist. Although Harris says he had all the proper permits for that show, which drew such political bigwigs as **Fernando Ferrer**, **Virginia Fields**, **Alan Gerson**, and **Kathryn Freed**, the officers still had some questions for him—more than a year after the fact. "They talked to all my neighbors," Harris says. "Even the French guy next door, who is the worst possible person for them to talk to." Harris—who once adorned his home with video cameras so that Internet users could watch his every move—thinks he knows darn well who's behind the investigation. "This comes directly from the mayor," he opines. "He's been out to get me for oh-so-many years." A lieutenant at the First Detective Squad tells us that the visit was purely routine and "we didn't find anything wrong." Perhaps they weren't looking hard enough.

Additional reporting by Aric Chen.

Photographs: from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Sharon Guynup.

Scene

Head Over Heels

Kevin Kline wanted to make certain that everyone knows he is *not* as relentlessly narcissistic as his character in *The Anniversary Party,* a film written and directed by **Alan Cumming** and **Jennifer Jason Leigh**. "I've spent half my career rallying *against* narcissism," Kline said at a June 4 screening and party at the Tribeca Grand Hotel, while chatting with his wife, **Phoebe Cates**, and **Ed Harris**. "But if you quote me on that, just make sure you spell my fucking name right!" Indie pixie **Parker Posey** then came by, sporting a pair of crimson heels. "We were just talking about egos," Cates said to her, "but can I just say that I love those shoes?" "Oh, thank you," Posey replied. "I have very narcissistic feet."

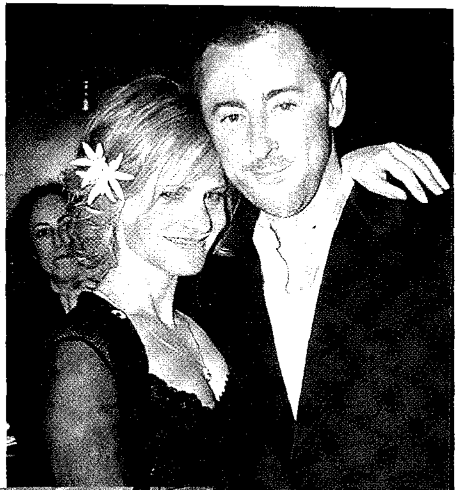
DAVID AMSDEN

Cover Story

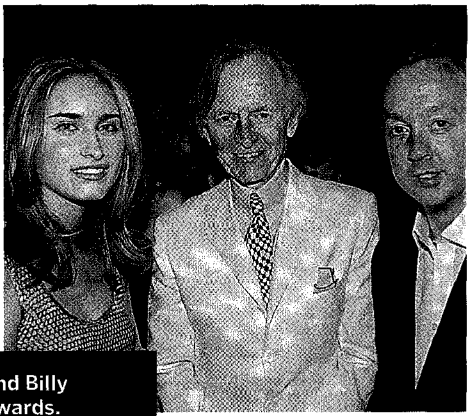
"It's flattering, but I don't think of myself as an icon," said **Lauren Bush**, W.'s 16-year-old niece, at a party at the Globe on June 4 honoring her appearance on the cover of *Tatler*. But the Brits disagreed. "Everything's aligned," **Hamish Bowles** said. "She's the right girl in the right moment at the right time." "She's like Renée Zellweger," said **Alice Sykes**. "She's so glamorous, everyone wants to be her!" Her family, however, was a bit more reserved. "Lauren's going to go to college," said **Sharon Bush**. "This is a *hobby* and nothing more." **Neil Bush** sidestepped the issue altogether. "I'm probably the worst person to ask about fashion. These are Ecco shoes," he said, holding out his foot. And the blue blazer? His brother's. "It's a hand-me-down from my father," he said, pulling it off to reveal the monogrammed label. "George W.'s arms are a little shorter than mine."

JADA YUAN

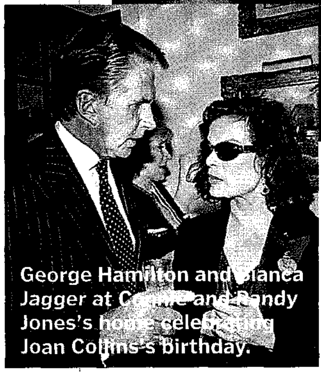
Photographs by Patrick McMullan



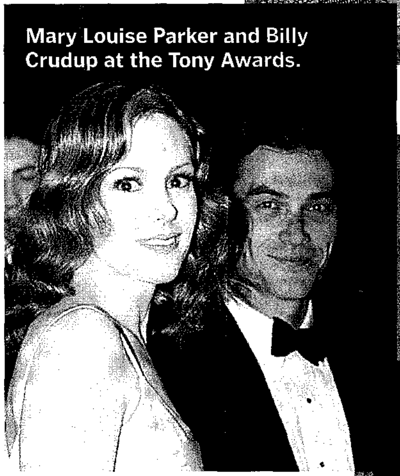
Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming at the Tribeca Grand.



Lauren Bush, Tom Wolfe, and Geordie Greig at the Globe.



George Hamilton and Bianca Jagger at Connie and Randy Jones's home celebrating Joan Collins's birthday.



Mary Louise Parker and Billy Crudup at the Tony Awards.

B. Smith and Michael A. Clinton at the Mark Humphrey Gallery for an exhibition of Clinton's photographs benefiting the Starlight Children's Foundation.

Elisabeth Kiesel-stein-Cord at Jet East for the summer launch of the Kieselstein-Cord 2001 collection.

Miriam Shor, John Cameron Mitchell, and Guinevere Turner at Studio 450 for the Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

Alexandra Styron and her mother, Rose, at Elaine's celebrating the publication of *All the Finest Girls,* Alexandra's first novel.

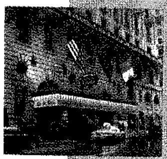
Daniel Benedict, Jody Della Femina, and Mariska Hargitay at a book-launch party for *Celebrity Dish* benefiting Make-A-Wish Foundation.

I tell you, there were times when as mayor, I truly wanted to jump—William O'Dwye

GOTHAM

Edited by Andrew Lee and Carl Swanson

G SPOTS
THIS WEEK IN NYC



Rudy's hideaway: Sources report that Giuliani and Judi Nathan rendezvous at the St. Regis. Next time, let's elect a mayor hip enough to cheat on his wife at the Hudson.

Hillary's hidden document: A copy of Clinton's college thesis shows up for auction on the Web. Oddly, her topic was "Where's New York?"

Leona Helmsley's gay bashing: An ex-employee files a $10 million suit claiming she openly insulted gays and once said, "I hate Donald Trump; Donald Trump is gay." That is so the wrong reason to hate Donald Trump.

Private-school scandal: Students from the city's most elite high schools come under fire for posting sexual exploits of their peers on the Web. They call the site My Parents Wasted 20 Grand a Year to Send Me Here.com.

Scalping city: A new state law increases the amount scalpers are allowed to resell tickets from 10 to 20 percent. So what's 20 percent of an arm and a leg for seats to *The Producers*?

Teenybopper rumor: Are Carson Daly and Tara Reid over? Call us naïve, but we thought this one would last.

GUY NICOLUCCI

Like Mike?

ike Bloomberg
ikeformayor.org

Mike Bloomberg—as seen on TV!—is selling himself. You buying?

By Robert Kolker

Hey, buddy, you wanna buy a billionaire? Michael Bloomberg ("Mike for Mayor") has one for sale: himself. The mogul went all the way out to Bay Ridge to stand, blazerless, on a busy street, stare right into the camera for 60 seconds, and declare himself electable. "I love this city," he said in the TV ad (there's also a Spanish version). "My experience has taught me how to get things done."

In politics, the early ads are like a first date—play up the prominent chin, don't mention you live with your mother. Think Rick Lazio strolling the beach with his wife. Fuzzy, humanizing imagery. Time to get the voter to feel like she knows and likes this guy. Instead, Bloomberg's people chose the direct approach: no narrator, no filter, no cuts. "This isn't Fellini—he's running for mayor," explains Bloomberg senior strategist Bill Cunningham.

If you listen to the experts, Bloomberg's decision to invite us to stare into his slightly pinched face for the duration might have been a case of his thinking a bit too far out of the box. Candidate-marketing gurus say that it's generally a good idea to reserve the "standout presenter"-style ad—which is what the pros call just standing there and talking at the camera—for later in the campaign, when it's time to really make an impact with the distilled-message money line (think "Read my lips" or "I did not have sexual relations with that woman"). "It could get old pretty quickly," predicts DeVito/Verdi exec Ellis Verdi, who worked on Hillary's Senate spots. "When it's successful, it comes out incredibly truthful. But if you use it now, you'll wear it out. When it's time to talk to voters later about something serious, the voters will have seen your face already, and they may not listen."

It's not politics-as-usual in another way, too. "He doesn't relate to the people," says Tony Schwartz, the adman who created the legendarily manipulative "Daisy" spot (with the mushroom cloud) that helped bring down Barry Goldwater's campaign. "Usually, the candidate says they've been listening to what people want, and those are the things he'll address."

But maybe he's selling CEO competence and not fiery populism. Or maybe he's just learning to be a politician. "He's purposefully not tackling the issues in order to remain bulletproof," says Verdi. "For a guy who doesn't want to come off as a politician, his first ad seems very political."

And he's still a plutocrat. "He's trying very hard to be one of us, isn't he?" Verdi says. "So far, his advertising isn't as good as his stump speech: At one point, he cries; he talks to people naturally." And that chin sure looks prominent.

Photographs: left from top, Corbis; Judie Burstein/Globe Photos; Tsuni/ImageDirect.

Modern Manhood

Yuppie Bashing

Publicist Steve Martin is pleased he didn't have to pound on a banking nerd tonight. "It's actually scarier sparring with them," he confesses, chest heaving, brow dripping with sweat after three rounds in the ring taking blows from Foo Fighters guitarist Chris Shiflett, his client. "Sometimes they just lose their shit and start swinging like madmen."

But on white-collar night at the Church Street Boxing Gym, losing your shit is more common in the stands than in the ring, around which a few hundred beer-fueled toughs wearing wife-beaters and gold jewelry pack into folding chairs and scream for bloody murder. Tonight, a pudgy thirtysomething microfinance consultant will paw gloves with the lean, mean curator of a midtown art gallery. And in the Battle of the Quadragenarians, midtown securities lawyer David Richan will take on Robert Murphy, an architect who sports the remnants of a black eye. "I got it doing yard work," he insists. "I don't know why nobody'll believe me."

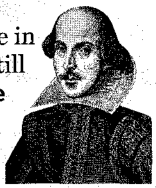
This is boxing for self-esteem, a little-league fight club for Masters of the Universe. They're not here to beat the crap out of each other because of bear-market rage. They're here because the ref doles out breathers after every stinging blow, the combatants hug after the fights, and everybody goes home with a trophy. "Remember, this is about having fun and the party afterwards at Mary Ann's," says gym owner Justin Blair in the training room. John Rosado, a former Golden Gloves champ who trained three fighters at the event, explains it thus: "These guys are like my children. It would *kill* me to see them get hurt."

"Are you gonna stick around for the party?" Richan asks Murphy. "It's out of the question," the architect replies. "The wife's waiting, and it's a two-hour commute to central Jersey." After their bout, Murphy confides that he was glad to be pitted against his fellow fortysomething. "Last time, they put me in there with a 22-year-old," he says wearily. "But this guy knows this isn't about trying to hit the other guy." MICHAEL ESKENAZI

Summer in the City

Festival of Lites

Skipping the Hamptons this year? Sounds good, but after the Puerto Rican Day Parade and Gay Pride, really, someone needs to think of stuff for city-bound folks to do. Here, the summer festivals we'd like to see . . .



- Can't get a seat at Shakespeare in the Park? Plenty of tickets are still available for **Shakespeare in the 64th Street Duane Reade** and **Shakespeare in the Line Outside of Lot 61.**

- Your brain didn't go on vacation, either! Check out the **Maxim Literary Festival**, featuring discussions and readings by Cindy Margolis, Sarah Michelle Gellar, Tom Green, Jewel, and Lillian Ross.

- Get ready for **Paul Simon in Central Park!** He's not performing, but can usually be found sunning himself in the Sheep Meadow. Approach with caution.

- Outdoorsy types will love **Taste of New York**, a three-month-long alfresco feeding frenzy for New York mosquitoes. (May be canceled on account of spraying.)

- Take a stroll with the **Silicon Alley Walking Tour**, which features stops at empty lofts, reconverted warehouses, and Josh Harris's apartment.

- Since this season isn't *all* about having fun, don't miss **Scared Straight!: Upper West Side**, a field trip during which liberals visit Al Sharpton in jail, where he frightens them with tales of his "Vieques-celent" adventures.

- **New York is eBook Country!:** This festival does not exist.

- And last but not least, don't forget to attend the **Paris and Nicky Hilton Open House.**

MODERNHUMORIST.COM

Photographs: from top, LSHTM/Stone; Corbis; Patrick McMullan. Illustrations: top, Robert DeMichiell; right, Jessica Kasper.

THE BIG QUESTION

Any advice for Al Sharpton during his prison stay?

Tom Fontana, executive producer, *Oz:* "Shave your head, because all you're going to have are bad-hair days. It's hard to find the right shampoos, and they don't allow you blow-dryers."

Sydney Biddle Barrows, "Mayflower Madam": "He's not on a hunger strike—it's a liquid diet. My advice would be, 'Don't drink too many milkshakes or you'll end up not being able to fit into any of your clothes when you get out.' "

Kato Kaelin, actor: "Try to convince the guards they have the *wrong guy*—that you're the Reverend Don King."

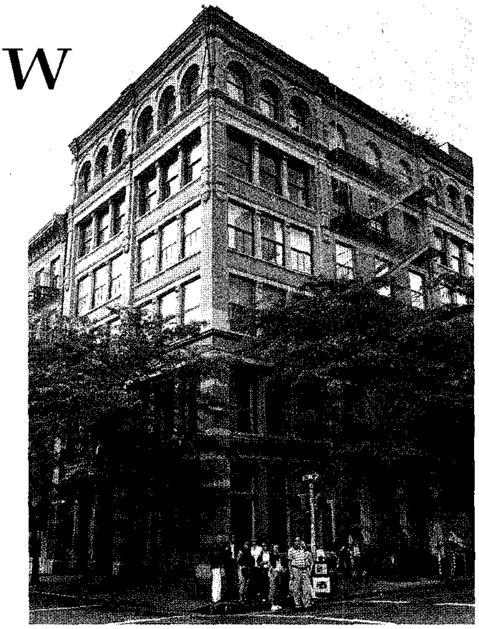
Ron Kuby, civil-rights lawyer: "Don't follow legal advice from people incarcerated with you, because if they knew what they were talking about, they wouldn't be there."

G. Gordon Liddy, radio talk-show host: "If you drop the soap in the shower, do not bend over to pick it up."

Dick Gregory, comedian and activist: "Each day will seem like a month, but I would never tell somebody to come off a fast, because I would never want someone to tell me that. My advice would just be 'Pray, son.' And there's a bunch of us out here praying for you, too." JADA YUAN

SoHo Low Blow

Thirty years ago, SoHo became an artist preserve—by law. Now that's beginning to change.



Thanks to a 1971 zoning law, the 45 blocks that make up SoHo and NoHo are a legally protected artist preserve. To live there, technically, you should prove that you fit the city Department of Cultural Affairs' definition of being "regularly engaged" in the arts.

This hasn't always been easy: As recently as the mid-eighties, Annie Lennox and several Def Jam rappers ran into trouble. "They said that Lennox was too commercial to be a 'true artist,' " remembers artist-certification lawyer Margaret Baisley. "And they said rap wasn't even art."

So how'd it come to be home to self-tanned Wall Street lawyers and billionaires like Rupert Murdoch?

"What happened were these cases where someone just had to sell, and begged the board to allow a non-artist to buy their place," says Susan Penzner, a SoHo broker since 1975. "And then, over time, half the building became non-artists." Then, the mid-nineties condo boom eliminated the co-op board gatekeeper.

The law hasn't gone away, though: "Every nonartist living in a co-op has to sign a waiver," says Edward Ferris of William B. May. "This exempts the building from any responsibility if the city decides to enforce the law."

Not that that's likely: "We're complaint-driven. If we received a complaint, we'd inspect," says a Department of Buildings spokesman. Even then, "we wouldn't vacate unless there was a serious safety risk."

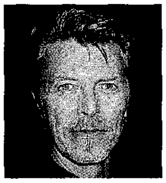
And while some buildings, like 31 Mercer, remain unsullied, sources say others, like 80–100 Prince, 117–121 Prince, and 451 Broome, have loosened up. Even 167–169 Spring (pictured), long considered a paragon of virtue, just started breaking down, says one person familiar with the situation.

In December, the state Court of Appeals allowed developer Bruce Eichner to do something unprecedented: He's putting up two apartment buildings on Houston Street between Mercer and Wooster Streets that won't require certification. DAVID AMSDEN

Essex It Up

Spend the Night Together

Central Park South's Essex House, home to the ambitious sorts of weddings that make it into the "Vows" column of the Sunday *Times*, is losing **David Bowie**—but maybe gaining a Jagger. Years after their famously swingin' tryst, Mick and David are crossing paths again. Bowie's selling his two-bedroom pied-à-terre, which he bought in 1991 for $1.5 million and subsequently renovated. The 1,500-square-foot place has just been put on the market for $2.5 million. Meanwhile, Mick Jagger has been snooping around the Essex House for a place for his 17-year-old daughter and supermodel-to-be, Elizabeth. "There's something going on with the Essex House right now," says one broker. "It's generating more attention than ever." Maybe people are hoping for room service from Ducasse downstairs. In any case, Bowie moved on a while ago: He bought a 4,000-square-foot loft in the 285 Lafayette building for $3.8 million in 1999. MORGAN GOLDBERG



Big Deals

Upper East Side

400 East 77th Street

4-bed, 3-bath, 2,100-square-foot co-op. Ask: $1 million. Sell: $1 million. Maintenance: $2,200. Four months on market.

Family-size on the Upper East Side was never that big. "The largest apartments are three bedrooms with only 1,800 square feet," says MLBKaye International's Fern Hammond, whose clients had four school-age kids and couldn't drop $4 million to live on Park Avenue (where apartments come in extra-large). So the buyers saved a few million by renovating two adjacent co-ops closer to First Avenue. JOY ARMSTRONG

TriBeCa

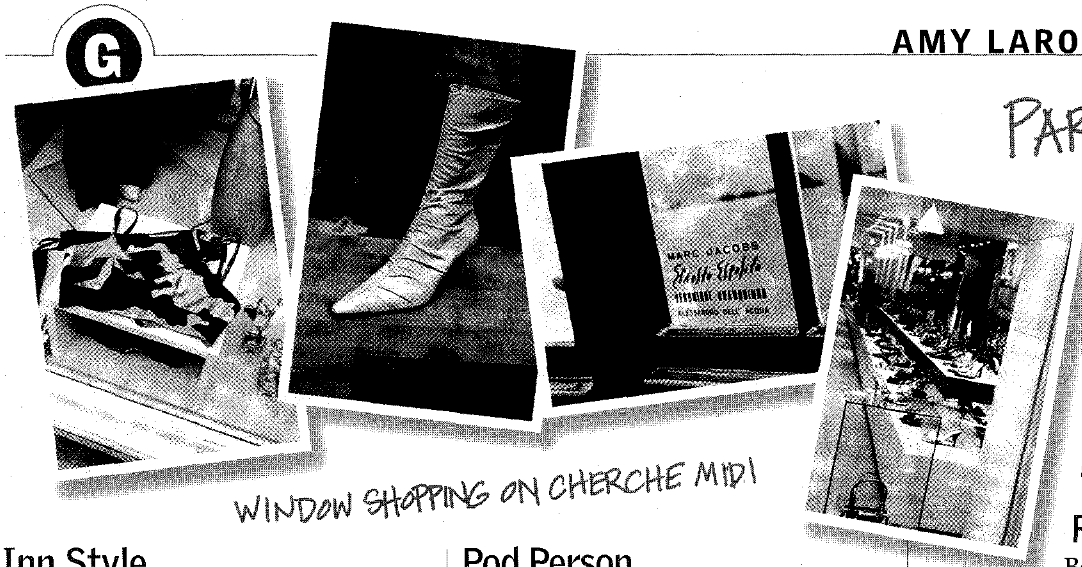
19 Beach Street

3-bed, 2½-bath, 3,000-square-foot condo. Ask: $2.95 million. Sell: $2.095 million. Charges and taxes: $1,144. Four weeks on market.

This couple had been looking in TriBeCa for eleven months because they wanted the light and open space of a loft. But with busy professional lives and a child in tow, what they weren't so wild about was the idea of paying millions for a converted factory or storage space and then having to hire an architect to make it livable. This building solves that lifestyle conundrum: It's a brand-new seven-story condo in the style of the old warehouses in the area, with "all the modern conveniences," says their broker, Douglas Elliman's Louise Phillips. But they do have to deal with the modern *in*convenience of waiting till September before the building will be completed to move in. EMILY GITTER

Photographs: top, Sean Hemmerle; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

PARIS EDITION



WINDOW SHOPPING ON CHERCHE MIDI

Inn Style

Much like getting the right table at Da Silvano, staying at the right hotel during the Paris collections is very important. For top editors and the couture set, there's always the Ritz (Anna Wintour, Kate Moss, et al.) and the Plaza Athénée (couture customers) on Avenue Montaigne, which is convenient for fittings; most ateliers are nearby. Alain Ducasse opened a restaurant in the Plaza Athénée—but what's more thrilling to those very tan ladies is that he's also taken over the room service. The hotel bar (reopened in mid-May after a fire caused by a Gauloise) is a postshow destination. The Hotel Meurice has reopened after a two-year renovation and gets points for its location (across the street from the Carousel du Louvre, Paris's Bryant Park). Dolce and Gabbana have stayed in the brand-new suite on the top floor. Others vie for chic rooms at the Hotel Montalembert, and eccentrics fight over the St. Simone (everyone wants the very-Cacharel toile room). "You have to kill someone to get a room!" complained Ellen Carey, who has a showroom in New York and is a St. Simone devotee. "Everything goes with Isabella Blow's outfits perfectly."

Pod Person

"Sephora is like the Kmart of fragrance," sniffs Frederic Malle, a French perfumer who yearns for the days when every Parisian pharmacy concocted its own cologne. Last year, after a career spent developing many top-selling perfumes (which he, out of tradition, declines to name), Malle opened his own shop at 37 Rue de Grenelle in Paris's 7th Arrondissement. It is quite unlike any other perfume shop: Inside there are six tall, empty glass pods that look tremendously sci-fi, like something for Michael Jackson to sleep in. They are, rather, *vaporisateurs:* Open the door, spritz, stick in your head, and the smell engulfs you. Flip a silent switch and the pod is ready for something new. "There is simply no better way to smell things," Malle explains. "It is a way of smelling the *essence.*" As for the scents themselves, Malle has hired France's best noses to collaborate with him and given them carte blanche: "I have told them, 'No ingredient is too expensive,' " he says, " 'and take as long as you need.' " There are powdery irises, figs, musks. For New Yorkers sick of department-store fragrance gauntlets: Malle is building pods for export. Expect them, along with a full range of Malle's perfumes, in Barneys' new beauty floor sometime next winter.

FREDERIC MALLE

A FAMOUS FRENCH NOSE

French Martine-y

Before Stella McCartney there was Martine Sitbon, supplying urban ladies with hyperfeminine clothing that involved, always, a little bit of tough. In addition to having her own label, the native of Morocco was head designer at Chloé from 1987 to 1996. But Sitbon's punk-girly look was difficult to find Stateside (there's a little at Kirna Zabête and Barneys), so fashion types who wanted a little Blondie in their lives (Sofia Coppola, Zoe Cassavetes) made trips to her Left Bank boutique. Next season, Sitbon becomes creative director of the women's collection for Byblos. No word yet on which New York stores will carry it, but you can be sure the customers will be begging.

FASHION PILGRIMAGE SITE

Photographs by Amy Larocca and Alex LeVine.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Strange Bedfellows

What could the Andrew Sullivan sex scandal and the George Christy Hollywood-graft affair possibly have in common? More than you think.

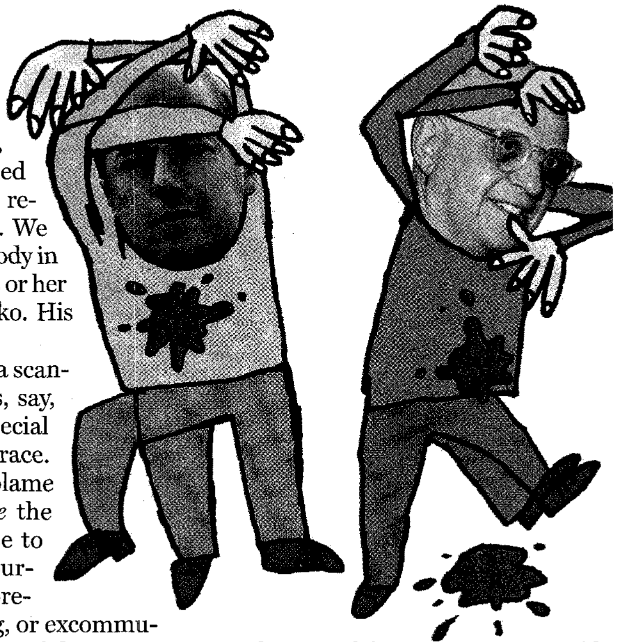
THE TWO BIG MEDIA SCANDALS OF THE MOment aren't, technically, in the same debate. Andrew Sullivan, the conservative gay pundit, who is HIV-positive, has been found anonymously soliciting unprotected anal sex on AOL and the Web (*bareback* is the online term of art—AOL's censoring of cruder words has helped create a new class of euphemisms). George Christy, of *The Hollywood Reporter*, is accused of accepting kickbacks—tchotchkes as well as health insurance—from the Hollywood bigwigs he covers.

The Sullivan scandal is about hypocrisy (he's a famous scold, regularly railing against the Clinton sexual misadventures as well as all manner of gay promiscuity) or, depending on who's debating, the right to privacy (the Sullivan case was being linked last week with the Bush twins' drinking episodes). The Christy scandal is about conflicts of interest and possible pension-fund fraud (the Justice Department is looking into allegations involving Christy and the Screen Actors Guild pension and health plans).

And certainly you wouldn't compare Sullivan and Christy as journalists. Sullivan is the former *New Republic* editor, the current "TRB" columnist, and a frequent *New York Times Magazine* contributor; Christy writes a dopey party column for a Hollywood trade paper.

But I can't stop thinking about them together. Possibly because there's a strange role-playing aspect to both cases. Sullivan is role-playing on the Web—a studly, porno-guy kind of role. Christy's role is that of a Hollywood bon vivant and self-styled silver-screen gossip. There's pathos and discomfort in each instance—the intellectual as stud, the old trade reporter (who's scrounging for health insurance) as power diva.

Then, too, they're linked by Jim Romenesko, the arbiter of all media gossip and news (from newspaper union disputes to studios making up phony movie reviewers). It is Romenesko's selection of these stories for big play on his Website, MediaNews.org, that turned these tales from marginal reports to scandals du jour. We trust his selection—everybody in the media business gets his or her media news via Romenesko. His finger is on our pulse.



I'd also argue that media scandals, unlike political ones, say, or financial ones, are a special category of personal disgrace. The Bush twins can just blame the press—when you *are* the press, it's a harder excuse to make. We've turned on ourselves. Media scandals represent a kind of blackballing, or excommunication, or drumming out of the corps. Political scandals are about control, financial scandals about profit, media scandals about identity—how we see ourselves. And about not liking what we see.

IT'S HARD TO IGNORE THE INTEROFFICE ELEments of the contretemps. Sullivan's and Christy's enemies (if the Clinton scandals taught us anything, it's to pay attention to the enemies in a scandal) are other journalists—with great media contact lists.

When I started writing a column about Sullivan a few months ago, I was e-mailed right away—even before I knew I was writing the column for certain—by some of the same Sullivan enemies who are now in the forefront of the present revelations (is a conspiracy a conspiracy if everybody knows who the conspirators are?).

Sullivan has infuriated many colleagues. He's righteous, even abusive, in his anti-gay gayness. He believes he's despised for reasons of ideology, but there's something else too—something more basic. He's taken the ground from other gay journalists. This is a turf war. Sullivan has made himself into the principal gay writer for two of the most prominent liberal publications in the nation—*The New Republic* and *The New York Times Magazine*. He's cornered the market. If you're a gay person in the media, it must be maddening to have Sullivan as the main success model. What's more, going after Sullivan has the added benefit of mussing up Adam Moss, the editor of *The New York Times Magazine*. Moss, who is gay—making him the most powerful gay person in journalism—has, in the eyes of other gay media people, shamed his gay identity by hiring and, they argue, protecting Sullivan. (The New York *Times* has long been a gay bête noire—gay journalist David Ehrenstein, one of Sullivan's chief pursuers, was going on last week in a Web interview about the *Times*' sour history with gay reporters.) It's office politics gone operatic.

George Christy, likewise, has, through his media position, gained outsize presence and power. He's an official Hollywood chronicler (along with *Variety*'s Army Archerd, who is as fawning and as legendary). That's a time-honored, albeit ridiculous, Hollywood job—it's the Louel-

Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photographs: left, Brooks Kraft/Corbis Sygma; right, Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo.

la Parsons role. It might seem strange that Christy's column—hardly a column at all, more like a list of names (*So-and-so was seen with So-and-so, who is a good friend of the delightful Mrs. Walter Matthau*)—would earn him dedicated enemies. But you build up resentments over a quarter-century of lording unwarranted and unseemly power. The point is, really, that he isn't *truly* powerful. In fact, Christy is pretty tattered and comical—but he has the power that comes from sucking up to the powerful (which makes people *really* hate you). If you're a journalist in Hollywood—a condition that must involve considerable self-loathing—it might make sense that you'd turn your own self-hatred on the most loathsome in the ranks. Attacking Christy, you could possibly believe, is an attack on Hollywood values, on Hollywood corruption in general, and even on the second-class status that Hollywood confers on journalists (you get treated like a service person).

"There's a strange **role-playing** aspect to the Sullivan and Christy cases. Sullivan is role-playing on the Web—**a studly, porno-guy** kind of role. Christy's role is that of a Hollywood bon vivant and silver-screen gossip."

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH DOUBT that both Sullivan and Christy have done what they're being accused of doing—it's an element of any good scandal that the culprit be caught dead to rights.

In each instance, there was a kind of sting operation. Other gay journalists contacted Sullivan through his Web personals to confirm his identity (Sullivan has subsequently admitted to most of the gory details); an ad hoc unit of the *Hollywood Reporter* staff got the goods on Christy.

The odd thing is that neither man was doing much to hide what he's now been fingered for. For each of them, the problematic behavior was, in some sense, his professional stock-in-trade.

In Sullivan's case, he was exposed for something that he discusses freely. He cruises. He's proud of being well known in gay bars across Washington. Before you know it, when you're with him, he'll be talking about leather stuff. He's written, too, about unprotected sex between HIV-positive partners—he's in favor of it and has a strenuous point of view about its relative safety. He's not keeping many secrets. Of course, his enemies argue that he's intellectually dishonest—but that's different from being *actually* dishonest.

Still, the in flagrante delicto Web pages, which were enterprisingly saved and reposted by his detractors, are a fleshy corpus: "killer muscle ass that loves to milk loads with my power glutes." Not exactly gay pride, but strong porn-writing skills. With pictures too: a fabulously muscled, thick-necked headless torso—which will make an ideal book cover when the story is told. (We may just be on the verge of understanding what an incredible kink-catcher the Web can be—a Web page becomes the misdelivered letter in a Restoration comedy.)

As for Christy, he was exposed for doing a low-rent version of what almost every reporter covering the movie business does: get stroked and handled and coddled by the studios (if you don't submit, you get cut off). A Cartier pen? An Armani suit? Christy may be the cheapest date in motion-picture history. Okay, some of what Christy allegedly did may have been illegal. He's accused of taking kickbacks involving no-show acting jobs, which allowed him to receive union health insurance. But how unusual do you think this is in an uninsured freelance town?

NEITHER SCANDAL WAS A SLAM DUNK—IT took major strategizing and cunning to get both of them into print. In the Christy case, any reporter would reasonably ask, why now? The man is geriatric (so much so that it's impossible to confirm his exact age) and he's been in the studio pocket for his entire career. In the Sullivan case, the difficulty should have been getting anyone with a lawyer to publish such unconfirmed stuff. (Yes, Sullivan more or less confirmed it, but not until it was all over the place.)

Weeks ago, editors at some of the publications Sullivan worked for received e-mails directing them to Sullivan's bareback Web pages, which created the effect, when those publications didn't fire him or investigate him or censure him, of a cover-up—which then became the pretext to circulate the e-mail to the media engaged in the business of monitoring the media. (When I first heard about this, the angle was about the *Times'* malfeasance—the *Times* knew but was protecting him.) Within a few days, news of the Sullivan Web pages made it into Michael Musto's *Village Voice* gossip column. Then a local throwaway gay paper, *LGNY*, ran a story by Sullivan antagonist Michelangelo Signorile, and also posted it on its Website. Signorile, a name brand in gay controversies (scandals, like everything else, need brand association), was keenly attuned to the process, explaining in a Web interview: "I sort of thought it would get linked and e-mailed around the gay media world. Already, everybody at the New York *Times* knew about this because it got to gay people there. And now that Andrew has responded, it does give more leeway to some other papers, in terms of maybe covering it from a media angle."

The Christy case broke open when a staffer at *The Hollywood Reporter* quit (followed by two of the paper's editors) because the paper would not run his investigation of Christy's conflicts (which would be, if you think about it, like a New York *Times* reporter expecting the *Times* to run a story investigating, say, Maureen Dowd). *The Hollywood Reporter*'s refusal to print the story promptly *became* the story. The reporter in question was then hired by Inside.com, a competitor of *The Hollywood Reporter,* which then published the story not merely as a scandal story but as a media-business story.

Still, up until this moment, you have a gay-press story (such stories seldom make it to the straight press), and a Hollywood business story (most don't leave Hollywood). The transforming element was the linking of each of these stories on Romenesko's MediaNews. Romenesko, because all he does is link, has come to be thought of as the ultimate honest broker. What's more, because his site is targeted at the media industry, it is, effectively, wire-service-like in its reach. Once posted here, the scandals were airborne.

Of course, because we are the media and we understand both the figures in the scandal and the operation of the scandal, nobody is really shocked. It's scandal, but nobody is scandalized. It's ritualized. It's something close to parliamentarian maneuvering. It's procedural. It's blocking, it's checking. It's basic, close-quarter backstabbing. It's a communist cell, or a college English department. It's backroom stuff carried out in public—with the public itself being irrelevant to the dispute and uninterested in it. It's a media thing. We're on some meta level of hypocrisy.

Still, the question is whether Andrew Sullivan and George Christy should be punished. And what exactly are they being punished for?

They embarrass us, I suppose is the point. ■

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Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

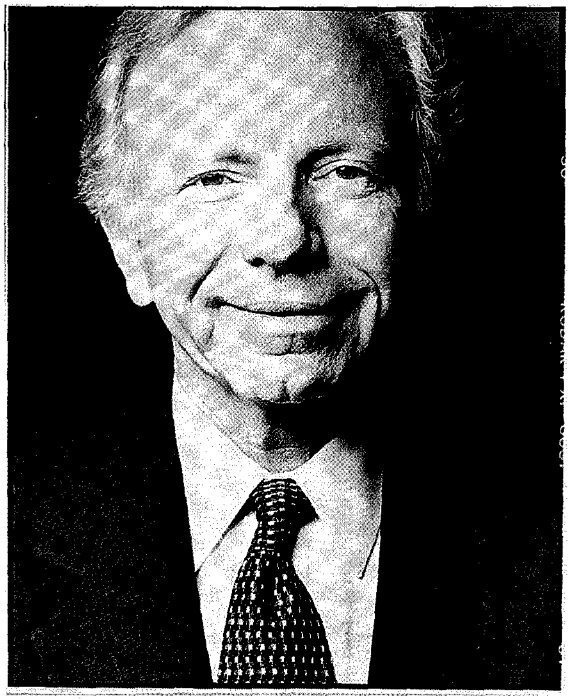
Smart As a Pistol

Looking to the future, Joe Lieberman considers last November's election debacle, and how hot-button issues like gun control will affect the next.

THERE MAY NOT BE ANY SECRET SERVICE agents hovering around anymore, but Joe Lieberman stills gets whisked. He hopped out of his car in front of a hotel on West 44th Street; we exchanged pleasantries on the sidewalk, and as we headed inside two obliging bellmen flung doors open and gave him a crisp "Right this way, sir!" The first couldn't help adding, with a doleful smile and a wink, "Maybe next time." I imagine the senator's heard that once or twice before.

This was last Monday. He was in town to give a luncheon speech but had a hole in his schedule and, as his press secretary had put it to me, was looking to fill the hole by doing an interview. Politicians coming to New York, in my experience, tend to fill those holes with small fund-raising events on Park Avenue to which the Fourth Estate is expressly uninvited. But they become more inclined to fill them with interviews when they're thinking of doing something big. Like running for president.

He was quiet, decent, and, by political standards, remarkably egoless. Our conversation began—and, 45 minutes later, ended—with his interviewing me, mostly about West Virginia, my place of origin and a state toward which it would be understandable if he's feeling a little less than charitable these days (the state's support of the Bush-Cheney ticket marks the first time it has gone for a nonincumbent Republican since Herbert Hoover in 1928). Not, of course, that he would say anything like that. But what happened last year in the South—and it pains me to think of West Virginia as the South, but that's another column—has clearly been on his mind lately. "All of a sudden, there I am in August on the ticket," he says. "And it's a close election. We're behind, actually. And while we're raising a fair amount of money, there's never enough, or there certainly wasn't enough last year. So the campaign, by the time I arrive, makes tactical decisions about where do we need to go to get to 51 percent. As a result, I wasn't sent back to the South very much at all. I went to Arkansas a couple of times, and Tennessee toward the end. And Al didn't go very much, either." They didn't win a single state (except, of course, Florida, but that's another column, too).



WE WERE TALKING SOUTH BECAUSE, THAT morning, Lieberman's colleague Zell Miller of Georgia had published an op-ed piece in the *Times* that was, for a pol, astonishingly frank. Miller counseled his fellow Democrats to make more of an effort to understand southern culture to win national elections—the cold-water-in-the-face paragraph of Miller's piece warned that, if Bush took the same states in 2004 (after redistricting) that he carried in 2000, he would win not by four electoral votes but by eighteen. He wrote, specifically, that Democrats should shut up about guns. Not necessarily change their position; just be quieter about it (that was the frank part).

Jim Jeffords's defection from the GOP laid bare the nature of contemporary conservatism's much-commented-on problem: It's too southern, too zealous, too irascible. But there is a Democratic yin to that Republican yang. While Democrats have a lock on the urban vote (little-noted trendlet: White northern ethnics, after dalliances with Nixon and especially Reagan, have basically returned to the Democratic Party), and have gained a dead heat in the suburbs, in rural America, they're getting shellacked. And since presidential elections are decided state-by-state in the electoral college—Gore-Lieberman carried just 21 states (that includes D.C.)—and since so many states are so rural, Democrats have a problem. And because things in politics and journalism tend to get reduced to their simplest essences, "rural America" and "the South" boil down to "guns." DNC chair Terry McAuliffe, in laying out a new Democratic rural strategy, has even said that the party should ignore the gun issue and "let the individual communities decide their gun laws."

So it occurs to me to ask: Does the Democratic Party platform affirm the right of law-abiding citizens to keep arms, and, if not, should it? "I don't know," Lieberman says. "That's a hell of a question. Yes, it should. It *should*. I've always said that, throughout my career in Connecticut.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill/Corbis Outline.

"The constitutional question is at least unresolved," he continued, adding that his goal is to go after "the laws that allow criminals and others who shouldn't have guns to get them."

Later I checked the platform. A phrase inside one sentence speaks of "respect" for "the rights of hunters, sportsmen, and legitimate gun owners." But what Lieberman seems to be open to is something else altogether: an explicit acknowledgment from the Democratic Party that the Second Amendment, which liberals have generally argued was intended to apply only to state-sponsored, "well-regulated militias," applies to individuals. Talk about a platform fight.

CAN THE PARTY POSSIBLY ENDORSE SUCH rhetoric without losing the soccer moms or alienating its urban base? Maybe people will accept it more readily from a Connecticut Jew and a son of Syracuse (McAuliffe) than from a Zell Miller. And it's not as if Lieberman is turning into Charlton Heston; he still backs closing the gun-show loophole, in a bill he's co-sponsoring with John McCain. On the other hand, liberals have spent ten years biting the bullet on free trade and the death penalty and welfare reform. And if Gore had those 3 million liberal-left votes that Ralph Nader took . . .

Lieberman has formed a political-action committee and is traveling around the country doing Democratic fund-raisers (recently, in keeping with our theme, in Florida, Texas, and South Carolina). As for the presidency, he says he wants for now to be a national party spokesman and "to see where we are next year, see if anything more than that is plausible." If Gore decides to run, he says, he'll get out. As for the possibility of Gore-Lieberman II—the idea that Gore will declare, say, next year that he's running and that he wants Lieberman to run with him, which would set up a rematch long before such things are usually decided—he says, "I'm gonna leave that to Al. He's working this through."

Whatever his decision on the presidency, it's clear that Lieberman is preoccupied these days by that nearly seamless red *L* that formed on television screens on Election Night, starting in Montana and the Dakotas, running down to Texas, and turning right toward the Carolinas. Connecticut Yankee, meet Country Joe. ■

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POWER STRUGGLE

THE SCRAMBLE TO KEEP THE LIGHTS ON THIS SUMMER HAS ALREADY COST A FORTUNE AND ENRAGED ENVIRONMENTALISTS—AND IT'S ONLY GOING TO HEAT UP WHEN THE MERCURY RISES. IF WE DON'T GET SMARTER ABOUT ENERGY SOURCES FOR THE CITY, IN TWO YEARS IT'S CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME.

BY AMANDA GRISCOM

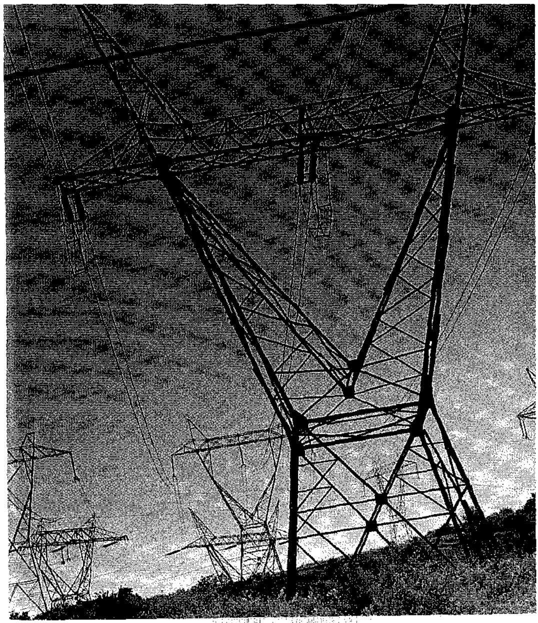
IT'S NOT THE HOTTEST DAY this summer that Jim Castle fears most. It's the third scorcher in a row. After three days over 90 degrees, New York City's brick and concrete buildings have soaked up so much heat that virtually every air conditioner in the city is running full-blast. That's when the city's energy consumption hits what Castle and his colleagues in Albany call "peak load." And compared with New York's needs on an average day, the amount of electricity required to keep the city running nearly doubles.

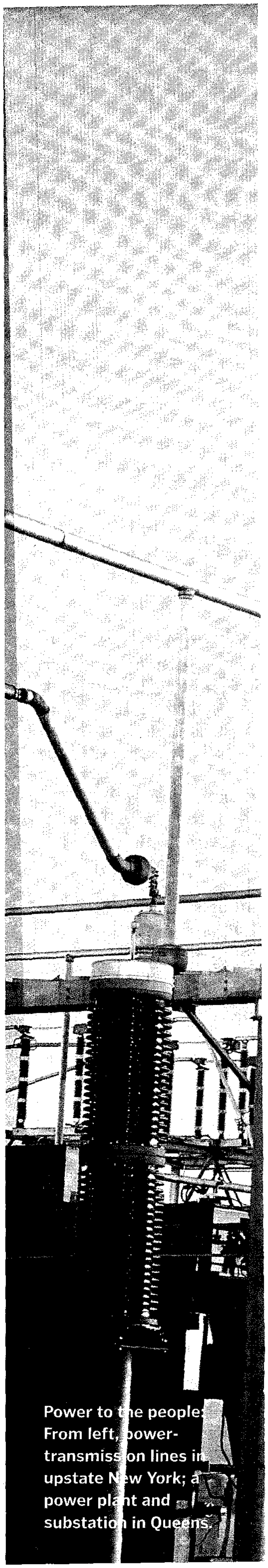
As the operations manager of the Independent Systems Operator, a not-for-profit Albany company that regulates the energy supply for New York State, Castle oversees a control room that rivals the bridge of the Starship *Enterprise,* eyeing the needles drawing spikes across the seismographlike chart recorders that track the city's electricity usage.

If a heat wave pushes the demand for electricity beyond the expected peak, Castle issues what's called a "max gen pickup alert," ordering each of the ten active power plants and hundreds of smaller generators on the city's power grid to run at maximum capacity. This is when he starts to get nervous: The longer the plants run at full throttle, the likelier it is that he'll hear the alarm that indicates one of the generators has buckled under the strain.

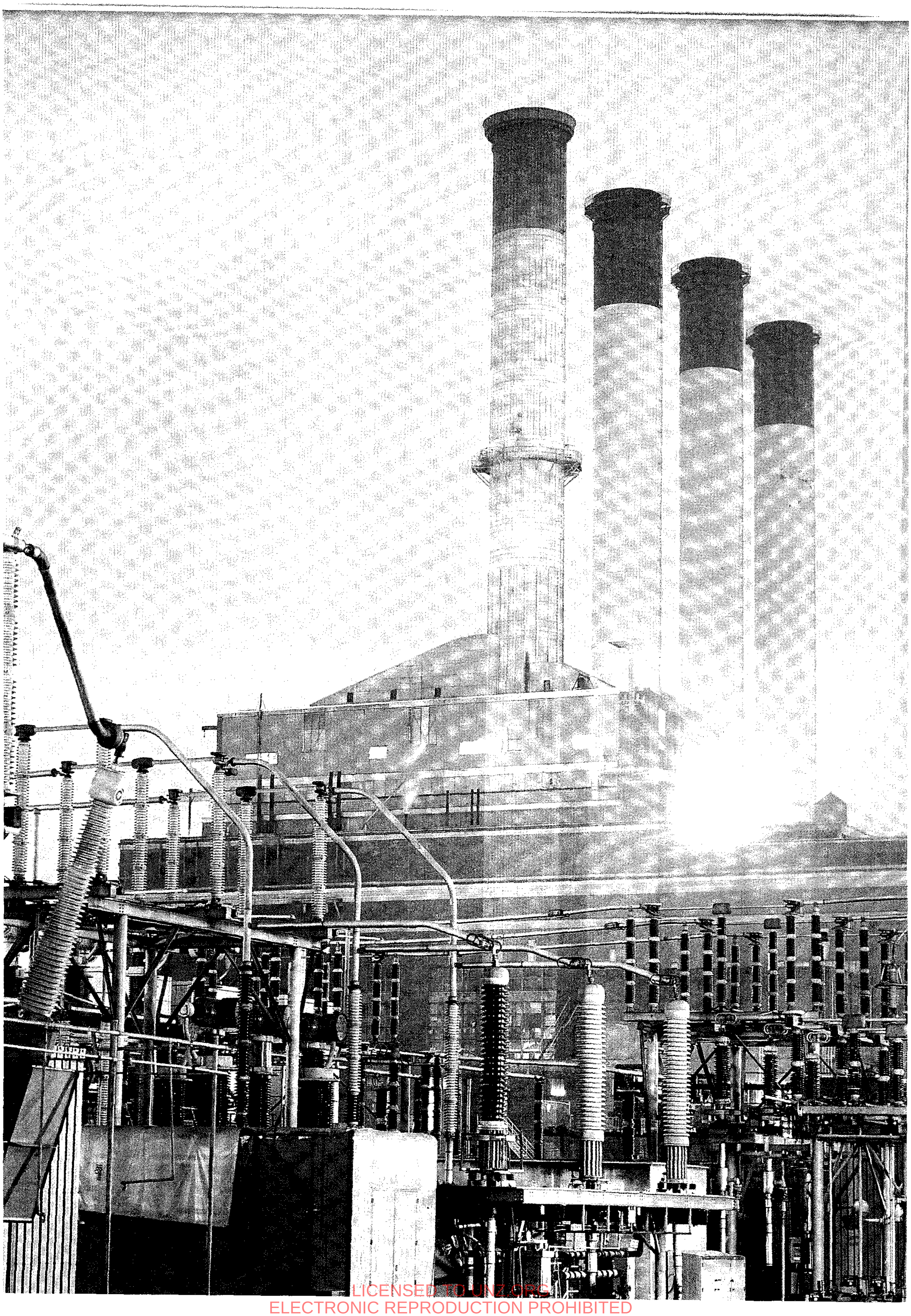
"They're heavy mechanical devices, and when you run these facilities all-out for days, you're increas-

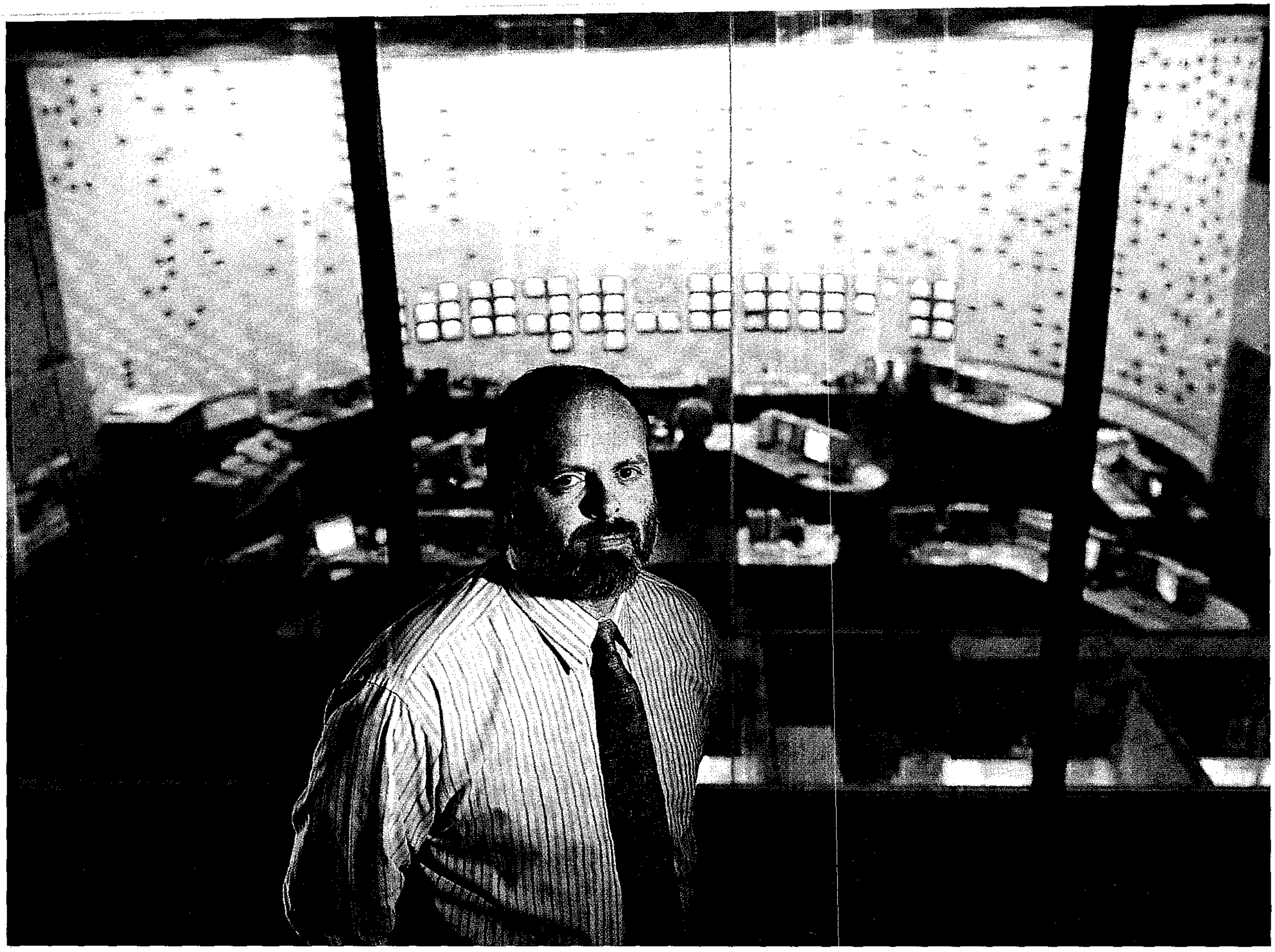
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK JENKINSON





Power to the people: From left, power-transmission lines in upstate New York; a power plant and substation in Queens.





Mission Control: ISO operations manager Jim Castle presides over an *Enterprise's* worth of instruments in his Albany command center.

ing the likelihood of equipment failure," says Castle. Many of New York's power plants are more than a half-century old, and tubes can rupture, pumps can fail.

What happens next all depends on how lucky we are. In order to shore up diminished supply, Castle will try to increase the amount of energy flowing from upstate and New Jersey through the transmission lines that run into the city. If those cables max out, he'll initiate emergency operating procedures: First, he'll order previously designated office buildings to switch off some lights, elevators, and air conditioners; then he'll tell Con Ed to put out a news alert asking the public to turn off unneeded appliances; finally, he'll call for a "5 percent voltage reduction," a small-scale controlled brownout that cuts everyone's electricity by a barely noticeable amount. If all goes well, the crisis will fade with the heat.

If demand continues to outstrip supply, the transmission lines that run into New York City are at stake, and Castle will check the map at the ISO command center that displays their status. If he sees the blinking lights that signal an overload, he'll put in a call to Con Ed's West End Avenue control room and issue the command for rolling blackouts: "Time to shed load."

ON JULY 13, 1977, 8 MILLION NEW Yorkers were plunged into darkness when lightning struck transmission lines north of the city and fried every wire on the power grid. For 25 hours, New York was paralyzed: Thousands got trapped in subways, cars backed up in gridlock without traffic lights, and looters rampaged. By the time the lights went on, three people had died and police had made nearly 4,000 arrests. In the wake of that disaster, Con Ed added new lines, installed safety gauges to prevent overloads from cascading into neighboring networks, and maintained so much reserve energy that for the past two decades, New York's power system has seemed invincible.

By the time California began to implement rolling blackouts last fall, it didn't seem quite so invincible anymore. In November, ISO officials announced that our reserve capacity for this summer would be 5 percent below New York State's reliability requirements. In March, the mayor told a group of Wall Street executives that "no one can tell you we're not in serious danger this summer." And in May, President Bush announced that his team of energy-policy experts predicted the entire Northeast could be facing an energy crisis this summer.

As of now, the city's reserves are back up to state requirements—but only because of controversial last-minute moves by Albany. These reserves should be sufficient for a normal summer, says Maureen Helmer, energy chairman of the Department of Public Service, but "if we have a very hot summer, the city could be facing difficulty." And it will likely be hotter than last year, meteorologists say, because La Niña has faded.

"I am confident, at this point, that the people of New York will not have to feel it the way the people of California have had to feel it," says Richard Sheirer, director of the mayor's Office of Emergency Management. Still, he's prepared: When hot weather hits, "for the first time, my watch commanders will be checking in every evening with Con Ed to get a projection of how much usage they expect for the next day, what reserves they have, and how close we are going to be to the cusp."

To forestall the crisis, state officials spent the past several months building emergency turbines and recommissioning every last scrap of energy-producing equipment that could be put to use in a heat wave—including old, dirty plants and even privately owned backup diesel generators that can pump extra power back into the grid. “We're going to squeak through the summer,” says Carol Murphy, executive director of governmental affairs and communications for the ISO. “But we have a razor-thin margin.” And even this margin is based on a fleet of new emergency turbines the Pataki administration commissioned in November without going through the traditional environmental- and public-review process required for most power plants.

Unlike California's, our problems aren't simply the result of a convoluted deregulation process. Driven by population growth, a dramatic increase in the use of computer equipment, and Pataki's 1995 cutbacks in the state's energy-efficiency program, the demand for electricity in New York City has surged nearly 10 percent in the past five years. But no major new plants have been built here for decades. “It is more difficult to build power plants in the Con Ed grid than anywhere else, because of three things,” says Steven Sullivan, a spokesman for the ISO. “There's extremely limited space, what space is available is extremely expensive, and the resistance groups within the communities are extremely sophisticated.”

“IF WE DON'T ACT FAST, WE COULD SEE OURSELVES IN A CALIFORNIA SCENARIO IN TWO YEARS.”

Since the majority of our current power plants run on oil and natural gas—as opposed to coal, nuclear, or hydroelectric power—the price of the energy they produce has risen dramatically along with the costs of those fuels. That's not a shock if you've looked at your Con Ed statement lately: New York City's electricity bills, traditionally among the highest in the country, rose almost 40 percent in the past two years. And the worst may not be over. Based on market activity in May, “I believe prices are going to be much higher this summer than they were last summer,” says Bryan Kimmell, president of Strategic Energy Management, a consulting group for the energy industry in New England and New York.

California handled its energy crisis by importing electricity from bordering states—albeit at exorbitant prices. But the Con Ed grid, which accounts for more than a third of the state's electricity load, can't rely on its neighbors: There are only three transmission hubs through which power can flow into the city. And there's only so much power those lines can carry. Picture a bottleneck in the Holland Tunnel and you'll get the idea: A heat wave this summer would fill transmission to capacity, like the tunnel on a Friday afternoon in August.

“Transmission is a huge issue,” says Kimmell. “In terms of its ability to bring power in, New York City is more restricted than anywhere in the country.”

In energy-industry terminology, New York is what's called a load pocket, a region where the design constraints of the electricity grid dictate that local generators must supply most of the power—in our case, 80 percent. For at least the foreseeable future, it's likely to stay that way: Adding additional transmission lines to import more power is trickier than it seems. There are two kinds of transmission lines—copper cables that run underground and aluminum cables that must be suspended from huge, hideous towers—and the suburbs around New York City are too densely populated to make room for the former and too concerned about property values to tolerate the latter. Even if Con Ed could find a place to put such lines, New York State Public Service Commission officials estimate it would take at least five years just to get them approved.

The controversial new turbines cost the Pataki administration half a billion dollars, but they won't solve the problem for long: Based on relatively inefficient technology, each produces about one tenth the energy of a mid-size plant. And if demand continues to rise, they will no longer be sufficient to meet the city's needs within two years, experts say. In fact, ISO officials say New York City should increase its generating capacity by more than 40 percent over the next five years. To do that, we'd need to start building large-scale power plants—and soon. “They take at least two to three years to build,” says Sullivan. “We need to get our shovels in the ground now. If we don't act fast, we could see ourselves in a California scenario two years from now.”

FROM THE OUTSIDE, THE SUBURBAN Albany building where Jim Castle and his team manage New York State's power grid is nameless, windowless, and completely anonymous. “If Saddam Hussein showed up in town, we wouldn't want him to know which place to bomb!” explains one of Castle's employees. Inside, it's the nexus of every wire in New York. Five men, four of whom are wearing plaid short-sleeve shirts, sit at boomerang-shaped computer consoles, glancing back and forth between the hives of monitors in front of them and the “Big Board,” a 30-foot-high, 80-foot-wide concave display with a map showing every major power plant and transmission line in New York State. On the base of the board is the all-important “enunciator panel,” an LED screen with red numbers that track the state's electricity needs in megawatts.

Burly, bearded, and jocular, Castle spends twelve-hour shifts leading a team that makes sure that number matches the amount of energy the state's generators are putting out. Since electricity can't stay in the grid, the amount of energy coming into it must always match the amount being used. Too much and wires will melt; too little and a power surge will disrupt the flow of energy through the grid. Because all the grids are connected, a problem in New York could have consequences in Maryland.

To ensure that everything runs smoothly, the team holds conference calls throughout the day with generator operators to assess available supply and with Con Ed to forecast demand. Every hour, it reviews bids from various generators and matches them with wholesale buyers including Con Ed. Every six seconds, it makes last-minute adjustments to fine-tune the balance.

“There's never a moment when these consoles aren't manned,” says Castle, peering down from the glassed-in gallery above the floor. “These guys can't go out to the local diner for dinner.” If nature calls, he says, they have to make sure someone else is covering for them.

The excitement is sporadic but certainly intense. “These guys will go from boredom to sheer terror in about a second,” Castle says. “I've been in there when things just start falling apart with no advance warning at all—it could be a storm, or some equipment failure—and the adrenal response is extraordinary.” It needs to be. When a power plant blows a pump or a line “trips off”—not uncommon occurrences—Castle's team has to reroute the flow of energy or find an alternative supply. Within a matter of seconds.

Since the stakes are so high, Castle puts all of his operators through aptitude tests, simulated catastrophes, and then a psychological exam to see how they operate under pressure. He himself learned to handle the stress in the Navy, where he graduated from the advanced electronics program at 19 and rose to become the supervisor of electronic technicians on the U.S.S. *Nimitz,* a 1,100-foot aircraft carrier, by 21. After eight years in the military, he got a degree in electrical engineering at Syracuse and went to work for NY State Electric & Gas before helping to establish the ISO.

The control center runs with the precision of a military agency, but it has the geekish camaraderie of a Silicon Alley start-up. "Hey—I betcha don't know what the difference is between a mho and an ohm!" jokes Castle, jabbing one of his colleagues in the side. He and one of the other operators furrow their brows. "Just like the words, they're opposites—one's a measure of resistance, and one's a measure of conductivity!" Both of the operators slap their foreheads in mock exasperation.

"Even if I come in at 5:30 in the morning and leave at 7:30 at night, I'm not ready to go home," Castle confides later in the spare, corporate-looking lobby. "I just go out there and sit in the control room. Guys will ask me questions and I'll just sit there and sorta soak it in. And I'll just think, *I can't believe it . . . what an awesome job!*"

"THESE GUYS GO FROM BOREDOM TO SHEER TERROR IN ABOUT A SECOND. THE ADRENAL RESPONSE IS EXTRAORDINARY."

BEFORE PATAKI'S NEW YORK STATE Power Authority announced that it was building eleven emergency turbines, Tony Gigantiello was a school custodian who ran high-pressure boilers. Before that, he was a city engineer who ran air-conditioner turbines in the basements of skyscrapers. With a Magnum, P.I., mustache and the square stance of a linebacker, he's an unlikely choice to become the Erin Brockovich of Astoria.

On a blustery morning in winter, Gigantiello climbs onto a plywood stage erected for the day just north of the Queensboro Bridge. As a small crowd of neighborhood residents cheer and half a dozen TV cameras focus in, he delivers a passionate screed about why the new NYPA turbines shouldn't be put in his neighborhood—or anyone's. "This is not a NIMBY fight," he says, his husky voice rising to a yell. Albany is distorting statistics to underrepresent the state's energy supply, he says, so Pataki can keep electricity prices down and voters happy for the upcoming election. The turbines that will be polluting his neighborhood by June, he continues, aren't even necessary.

He's referring to research by Ashok Gupta, energy economist of the Natural Resources Defense Council, that shows that New York City will have more energy available this summer than the ISO has predicted. By calculating the supply of electricity on a plant-by-plant basis, he's come up with numbers that call into question Albany's official conclusions—and even the predictions of a summer energy crisis that the Pataki administration used to make its case to build the emergency turbines. "They made the decision to build the plants," says Gail Suchman, an environmental lawyer. "Then they grasped for numbers that would enable them to justify it. NYPA circumvented the law."

One by one, Astoria residents who belong to the community group Gigantiello leads, CHOKE (Coalition Helping to Organize a Kleaner Environment), step onto the stage to argue that there's already too much pollution in their neighborhood because of existing power plants. A young woman born and raised next to the Poletti plant in Astoria says she was diagnosed with lung cancer at 27, having never smoked a cigarette in her life. A father who lives in a nearby housing project remembers a night last summer when he checked himself and each of his five children into the emergency room with asthma attacks. City Council chairman and mayoral candidate Peter Vallone takes the microphone to condemn "environmental racism." As he speaks, a hundred yards behind the stage, construction workers are putting up the cement walls that will surround the new turbine.

Besides blighting the landscape and lowering property values, power plants and turbines also spew particulate matter, microscopic soot made up of metals and carbon. When inhaled, the particles can become embedded in the lungs and pass into the bloodstream, causing and aggravating heart and respiratory illnesses. Whereas much of the environmental debate has traditionally focused on greenhouse gasses, particulate matter is becoming a major concern. In April, the EPA issued a report confirming studies that found strong links between the recent rise in levels of particulate matter and a rise in death rates.

New York City has one of the highest rates of particulate-matter concentration in the U.S., which is the main reason local emergency rooms treat 46,000 pollution-related asthma attacks a year, according to a 2000 study by the Clean Air Task Force. Already, New York has 2,290 deaths a year related to particulate-matter pollution. If the standard for particulate-matter pollution supported by Christine Whitman's EPA were enacted by the Bush White House, New York would already be well above it.

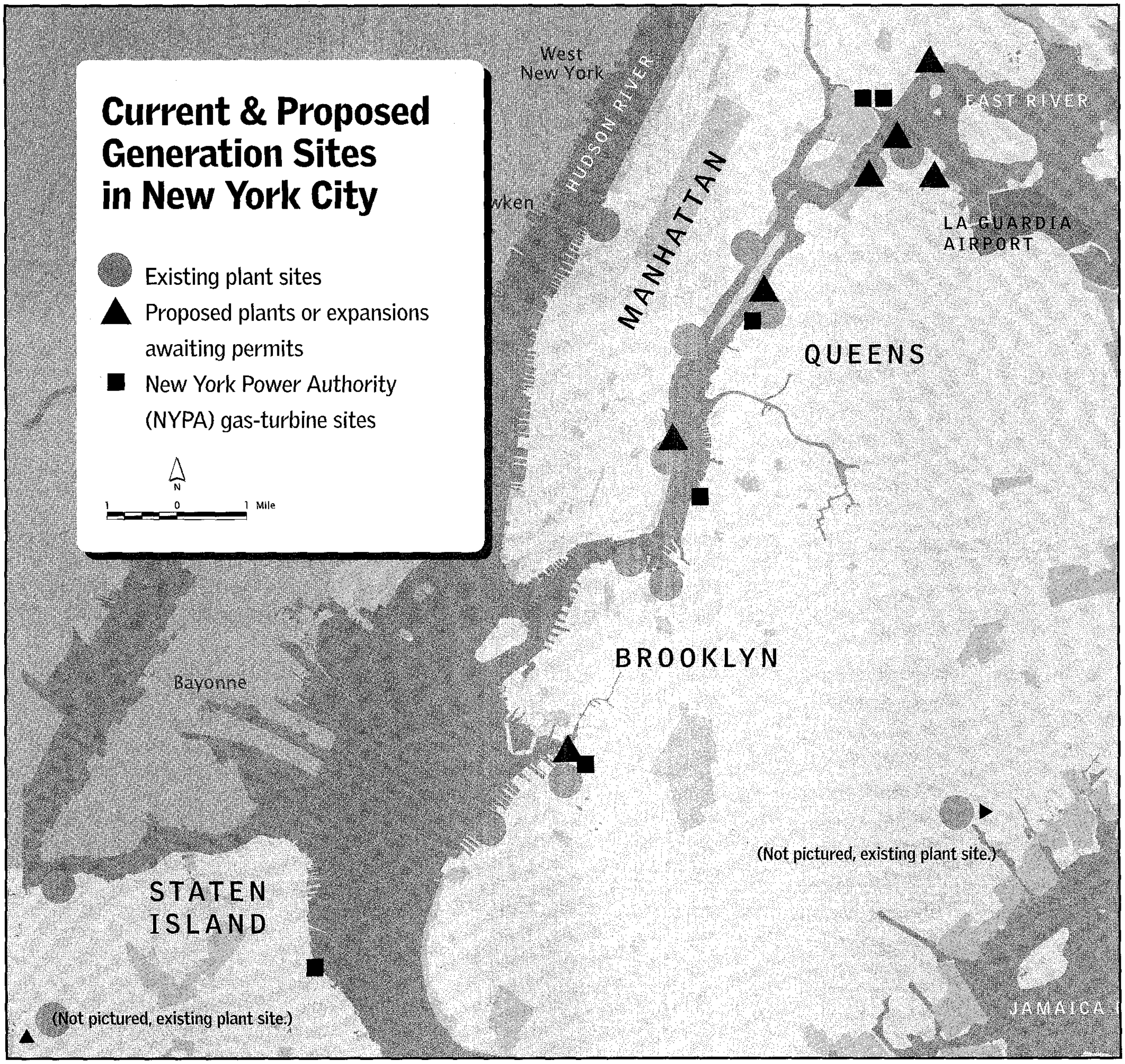
The problem is especially bad in areas zoned for industrial development, generally also home to minority and low-income communities. All eleven turbines are located in such neighborhoods, many of which already have other polluting facilities like bus depots and waste-transfer stations. CHOKE is only one of the organizations that have protested NYPA's decision to build turbines without subjecting them to the normal environmental-review process. There's also Williamsburg's Stop the Barge and El Puente, the Bronx's Nos Quedamos, the United Puerto Rican Organization of Sunset Park (UPROSE), and Communities United for Responsible Energy (CURE), an umbrella organization that coordinates their efforts. In April, a dozen community groups represented by Gail Suchman of New York Lawyers for the Public Interest filed a lawsuit against NYPA to stop construction on the turbines. Although they lost—they filed an appeal, which will be heard June 29—their case received endorsements from national environmental groups including the Natural Resources Defense Council and Environmental Advocates.

One of their less likely allies was Silvercup Studios, the Queens filming location for *The Sopranos* and *Sex and the City,* which filed a separate suit arguing that the proposed turbines on the Queens waterfront would interfere with owners Stuart and Michael Suna's plan to make the area "the Hollywood of the East Coast." In April, the State Supreme Court ordered NYPA to halt construction on those two turbines, on the grounds that the agency had failed to consider whether they would interfere with business development and pose an environmental threat to the community. On the evidence of Gupta's numbers, the Judge ruled that NYPA and the ISO couldn't make a convincing case that New York was facing an imminent energy crisis in the first place. NYPA appealed the decision and was granted a temporary stay that allowed the agency to continue construction.

SO HOW DID WE GET INTO THIS MESS, ANYWAY? Although New York's energy problem is different from California's, both share some roots in an unanticipated demand for electricity. Like many other states, we simply didn't see it coming. With a healthy reserve margin and little political interest in conservation or increasing the power supply, New York hasn't built a major power plant in 30 years.

But there's plenty of blame to go around. When Governor Pataki took office in 1995, he took his cues from what Reagan did on a national level in the eighties. He shut down the New York State Energy Office, then charged with planning new plants, and reduced or eliminated many conservation and alternative-energy programs in preparation for his deregulation efforts.

In 1997, when he opened New York State's power market to competing energy suppliers, Pataki ended Con Ed's regulated monopoly on every aspect of the city's electricity-production-and-delivery process. Con Ed remains the owner and operator of the electricity grid, but it was forced to sell off its generators and allow other companies to pump energy into its wires. (In media terms, the grid would be Time Warner's cable system and the energy would be content from MTV or Showtime.) For the first time, New Yorkers could choose their energy provider the way they picked their long-distance carrier, and receive two separate bills: one from Con Ed for their use of the grid and another from an energy provider for the power they used. (Since there's no way to route electricity from a particular generator to a particular consumer, independent providers simply determine how much energy their customers are using and pump that amount into the grid.) Since then, New Yorkers who re-


Current & Proposed Generation Sites in New York City
● Existing plant sites
▲ Proposed plants or expansions awaiting permits
■ New York Power Authority (NYPA) gas-turbine sites
N
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HUDSON RIVER
MANHATTAN
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EAST RIVER
LA GUARDIA AIRPORT
QUEENS
BROOKLYN
Bayonne
STATEN ISLAND
(Not pictured, existing plant site.)
(Not pictured, existing plant site.)
JAMAICA

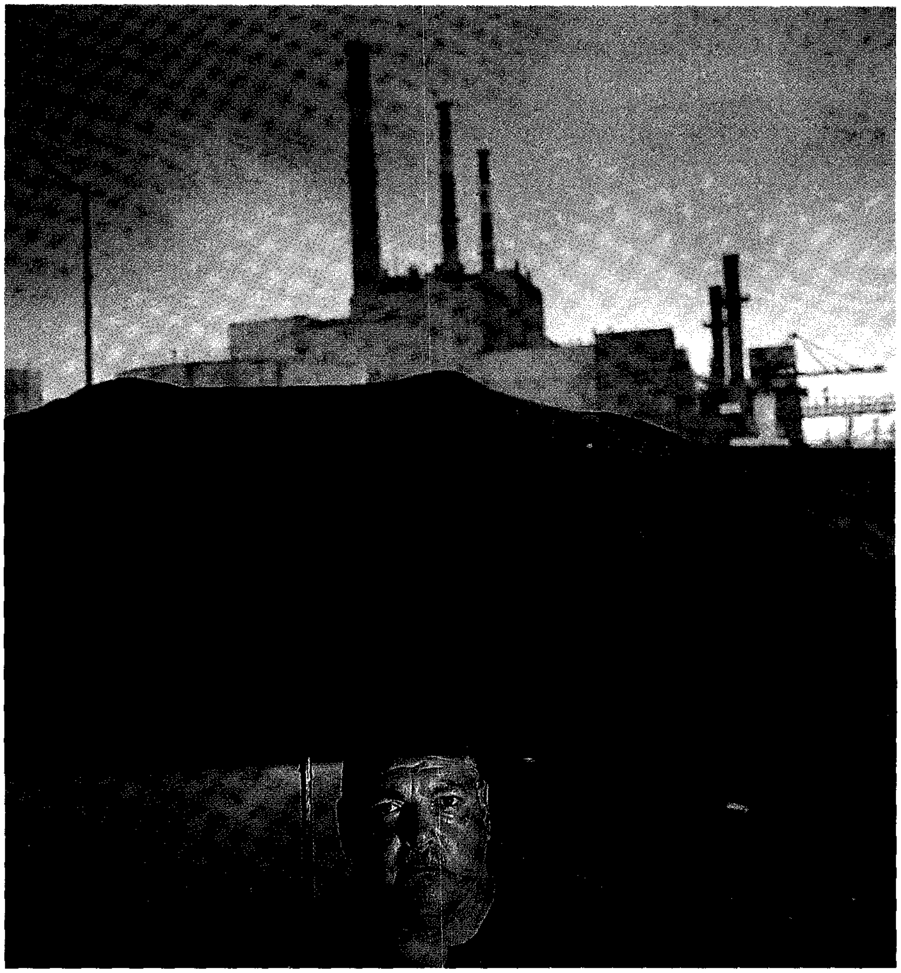
Map Sources: The Public Service Commission; NYPIRG's Community Mapping Assistance Project.

ceive electricity bills from Con Ed have really been purchasing energy it buys from other companies.

In the wake of Pataki's decision, a new generation of energy companies scrambled to claim a slice of New York City's $8 billion energy market, buying up Con Ed's old plants and applying for licenses to build new ones. All the companies—including KeySpan, Enron, Orion Power Holdings, and 1st Rochdale Cooperative—control different parts of the process. Some own power plants; others purchase that power and distribute it to consumers.

The theory behind deregulation—for New York, California, and about 30 other states—was that a free market would encourage companies to build new power plants, which utilities never had an incentive to construct. With consumers free to choose energy providers—known as energy-service companies, or ESCOs for short—companies would compete to supply electricity at the lowest possible rate.

So far, though, the deregulated market hasn't been very competitive here. Fewer than 2 percent of New Yorkers have switched from Con Ed to another energy provider—many don't even know they have a choice—and the anticipated price decreases haven't panned out.



Organization man: Tony Gigantiello, the founder of CHOKE, stands up for cleaner energy.

Neither did the expected new plants—new generating companies like Keyspan and Orion have been producing energy in plants they purchased from Con Ed—partly because New York is such a difficult market to enter. "If you're a developer who wants to build a plant and you're deciding between Texas and New York, you have to consider that you're going to spend a lot more resources trying to get into New York," says Lance Brasher, a lawyer who represents power companies at Skadden, Arps in Washington, D.C. "The process is far more cumbersome in New York. The regulations are all the same, but you have to jump through a lot more hoops to get the same approval and you have a stronger element that is resisting."

"IF CUSTOMERS ARE GOING TO BE ABLE TO PAY THEIR UTILITY BILLS, THEY HAVE TO BE BREATHING."

As of yet, none of the generation companies that want to do business in New York have been able to get the necessary permits to build new plants. "There are proposals to build as much as 4,000 megawatts of additional capacity in the metropolitan area," says David Flanagan, a spokesman for the New York State Public Service Commission. "It can be frustrating," says Liam Baker, an asset manager at Orion, which is in the process of getting approvals to build a new plant on the site of an old Con Ed facility in Queens. "You have to deal with a cornucopia of agencies: the Department of Environmental Conservation, the Department of Health, the Economic Development Corporation, the Department of Transportation, and the ISO. It's a process that could definitely be streamlined."

But though deregulation is largely responsible for getting us into this mess, it may also be the best hope we have of getting out of it. As generation companies expand and upgrade existing Con Ed plants, they're learning how to cooperate with communities. At CHOKE's request, for example, both Keyspan and Orion have agreed to "repowering programs" to clean up the existing plants as they add new capacity.

Deregulation gives companies an incentive to upgrade older, less efficient plants with modern technology that's also cleaner. Since new "combined cycle" generators operate with roughly twice the fuel efficiency of older "simple cycle" technology, all of the power plants in the development pipeline will use that system. "Think of power plants as if they were cars," says the ISO's Steven Sullivan. "If you had to drive upstate in a Honda Civic, it would be a reliable, relatively inexpensive trip. But what if you had to pull your grandfather's 1965 Mercury Marquis out of the garage? The Marquis is a gas guzzler, and if you run it pedal to the metal the whole trip, it'll be superexpensive and you'll have a breakdown."

TOMMY THOMPSON POPS THE ESCAPE hatch on the top floor of a midtown co-op and dashes across a gusty stretch of rooftop with the frantic resolve of someone trying to catch a getaway chopper. He halts suddenly, cocks his head back, and scans the sky. Nothing. He peers into the canvas tote bag that dangles from his elbow, removes a black box the size of a toaster, and places it at his feet. Then he tilts his face into the sun and widens his iridescent blue eyes. It seems completely conceivable that he's trying to summon a flying saucer.

Thompson is a renewable-energy guru, and he's figuring out the proper placement for an array of solar panels he's going to install on the roof of this 800-unit apartment building. The black box is a device that helps him determine the angle of the sun. "The exposure up here is dy-no-mite," he shouts. "This is the highest building around, so we don't have to worry about shadow." His eyes dart toward the power plants that line the Queens side of the East River. "No Dark Side here!"

Thompson is one of the few energy experts in New York City thinking outside the grid. "The bottom line," he says, "is that if customers are going to be able to pay their utility bills, they have to be breathing!" A reedy jokester given to wearing a purple fanny pack, Thompson directs the sustainability division of 1st Rochdale Cooperative, a two-year-old not-for-profit ESCO focused on improving clients' energy efficiency and providing the cleanest energy possible.

In December, 1st Rochdale launched its "Green Apple Initiative," aimed at installing solar panels, microturbines, and emission-free fuel-cell generators onto 1,600 New York City businesses and residences over the next ten years. Metered by 1st Rochdale, such installations will pump electricity directly into buildings, bypassing the grid and its attendant pressures. While they won't meet all of a building's energy needs, 1st Rochdale provides electricity from traditional generators to make up the shortfall.

Though it requires a considerable investment, using diverse energy sources makes economic sense in the long run. Richard Perez, an energy researcher at SUNY Albany, found that New York's peak-load periods correspond to the days when the city gets maximum exposure to the sun. Since those are also the times when prices spike and supply gets scarce, solar panels are one obvious solution.

"We are at an energy crossroads," Gupta says. "Free-market forces, environmental regulations, and technological innovation are dramatically changing the landscape of the energy industry." Even the Pataki administration is beginning to catch on: Six years after eliminating the New York State Energy Office, the governor in January doubled his funding for subsidies to offset investments in clean technology and energy-efficient appliances; soon after, he proposed tax credits for energy-efficient buildings.

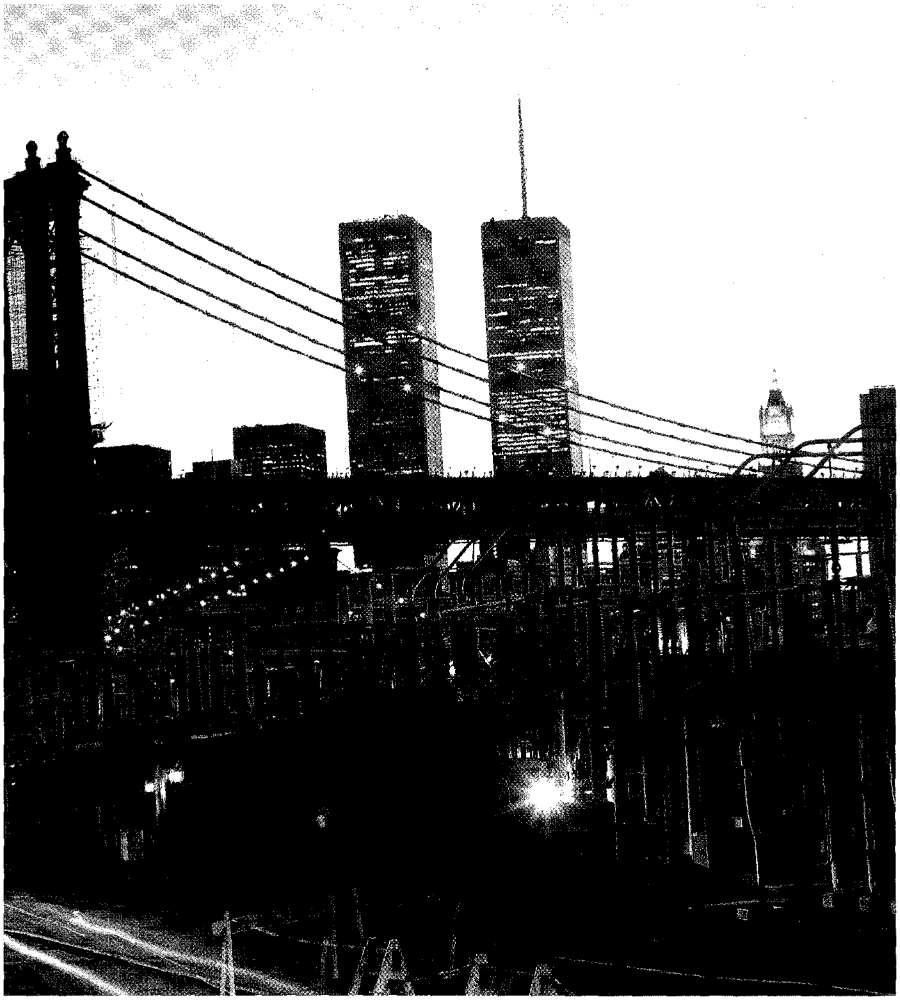
TWO YEARS AGO, ARCHITECT ROBERT FOX oversaw the completion of Condé Nast's 4 Times Square headquarters, the first building in New York to incorporate renewable-energy technology, in the form of fuel cells on the fourth floor and solar panels built into the upper part of the structure's façade. "A building that is environmentally smart is economically smart," says Fox, who predicts that by 2005, every new building that goes up in New York will incorporate energy-saving measures.

Since Fox paved the way, dozens of existing buildings, from the New School to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, have made plans to install rooftop solar panels. And the Building Congress recently launched an outreach program to educate real-estate owners and commercial tenants about conserving energy with insulated windows, efficient heating and cooling systems, and sensors that shut off unneeded lights and appliances.

But the most ambitious energy innovation could be a building Fox has planned with developer Douglas Durst, a proposed office complex that would occupy a full city block between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues and 57th and 58th Streets. It would include its own power plant—six gas turbines with emissions filters—with sufficient generation capacity to stand independent from the city's grid. "The Durst building is a model of the way we should build buildings in the future," says Thompson.

Many of the tenants will need the energy. The space not used for offices will serve as a telecom hotel, Fox explains, "one of the energy-guzzling buildings that's partly responsible for causing such a huge increase in energy demand." ■

***Switched-on:* A Brooklyn substation connects power plants to the energy grid.**



Hardball's Chris Matthews earned his stripes in Washington as a true-believer Democrat but won his TV audience bashing Clinton. Now he's tearing up the tube—and tearing into the political Establishment—playing by one set of rules: his own. **By Ned Martel**

The Cable Guy

IT'S A DRIZZLY LATE-MAY MORNING, AND THE citizens of Philadelphia are filing in to the City Hall council chambers. The coalition that runs the city is out in force: a horn-rimmed Main Line GOP stalwart, some Italian and Irish reps from working-class neighborhoods, a couple of Hispanic and black councilmen, and a motley group of community activists. Two sign-language interpreters are on hand, clad in black like mimes.

Naked bulbs dot the ornate grid of a ceiling, and a few flicker to dark. A woman rabbi offers some words to open the session, honoring two hometown heroes: a police officer and a talk-show host.

Chris Matthews, the blond, motormouth 55-year-old moderator of MSNBC's *Hardball*, is called up to the rosewood podium, his wife, four brothers, and 81-year-old father in tow. Councilman Frank Rizzo Jr., whose late father turned the cranks of the city's political machine as mayor, lauds Matthews as a man whose crowded family "taught him to eat fast if he wanted seconds and to talk fast if he wanted to be heard." Now, Rizzo continues, Matthews anchors "one of the highest-rated shows on the network."

"It's *the* highest," Matthews blurts. A wave of laughter rises from the crowd, and a dashikied spectator stands for a lone ovation. The police chief makes Matthews an honorary commissioner. The fire chief gives him a helmet and "permission to extinguish any honorary fire." The mayor has sent a miniature Liberty Bell.

In the hallway after the ceremony, Matthews is standing among a small cluster of men, regaling the old-timers with stories of his earlier political triumphs: "Know what Tip said? This is so Tip . . . "

Matthews's father, Herb, grabs my forearm to tell me of his son's days visiting him in this very building, where the elder Matthews spent 30 years as a court stenographer. It was Chris's maternal grandfather, a Democratic committeeman, who indoctrinated Chris, alone in the family, into the Democratic club. The four other Matthews boys were all Nixon-loving Republicans, like their parents.

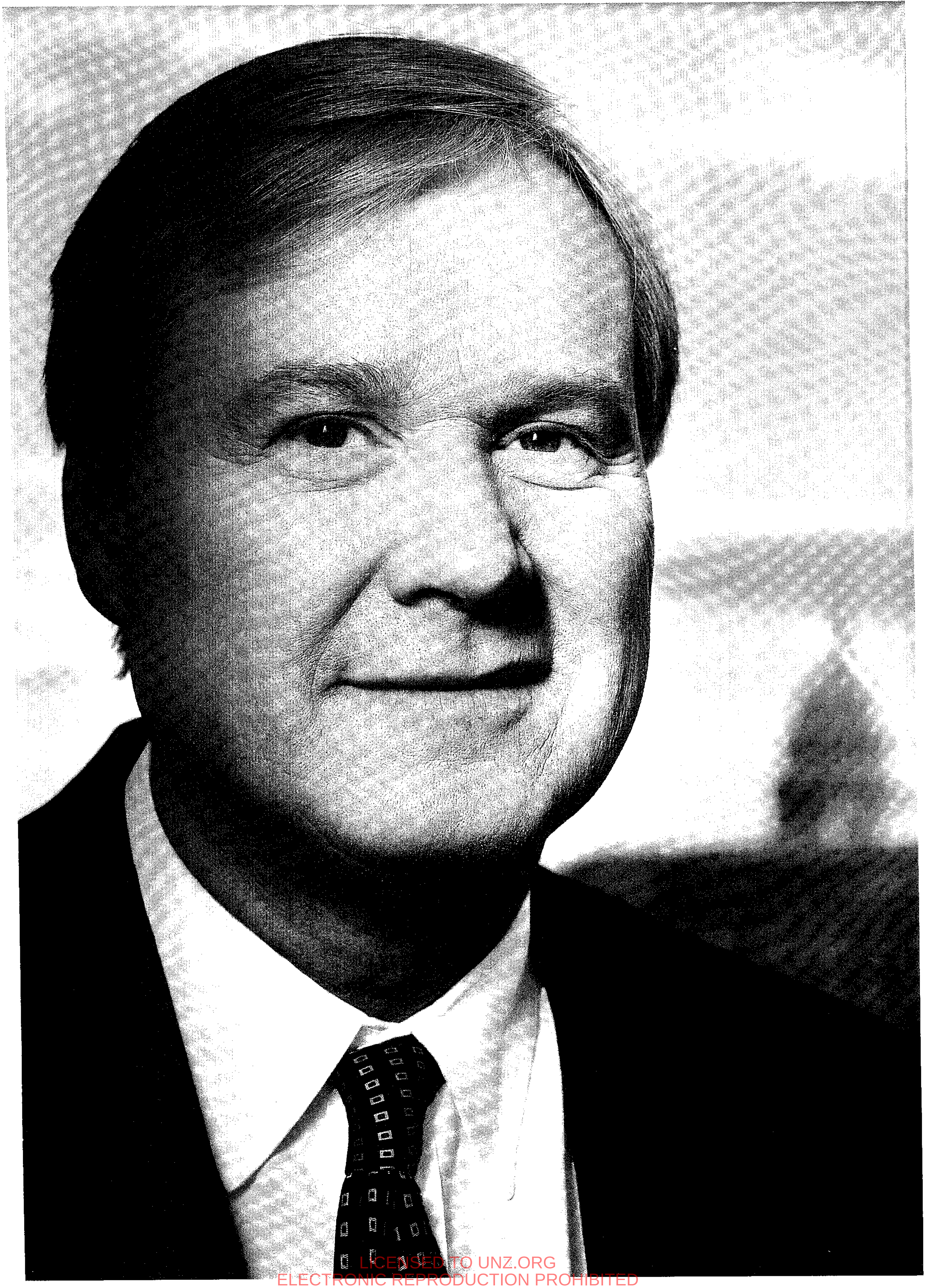
Those Democratic convictions are rarely visible on Matthews's rapid-fire mêlée of a talk show, where he rose to glory over the past four years flogging the Clinton White House, inspiring a legion of imitators who covet Matthews's wealthy, all-worked-up audience. But his ease at crossing party lines, it seems, is another skill he learned from his grandfather. As the elder Matthews recalls, watching his son from a distance, his father-in-law's ideology shifted according to what would best serve him. "He switched—you know, wherever you'd get a job."

THE SAME WEEK, BACK IN MATTHEWS'S adopted home of Washington, D.C., another political switch-hitter—Senator James Jeffords—was stealing the national political spotlight. "He doesn't like being bossed around by these grits!" Matthews offers on-air, by way of explaining Jeffords's flight from the Republican Party. *Newsweek*'s Howard Fineman—a frequent *Hardball*er called upon to offset Matthews's enthusiasms with a Zeppo Marx calm—reminds Matthews that there was no evidence of a North-South antipathy fueling Jeffords's departure.

"I heard he doesn't like Phil Gramm *personally*," insists Matthews, referring to the obtrusive Texas senator who himself abandoned the Democrats eighteen years back. "At least Phil Gramm gave the decision back to the voters!" The whole question of whether people like a party loyalist or a lone wolf strikes a nerve in Matthews. He was once a standard-bearer for the Democrats; he scripted Jimmy Carter in the White House, and as Tip O'Neill's aide he helped the Irish populist from South Boston brand himself as the authentic dandruff-on-his-collar antithesis to Ronald Reagan's sound-stage-groomed charmer. From there, Matthews gave up his job behind the TelePrompTer, publishing words in his own name with a left-leaning column in the San Francisco *Examiner*.

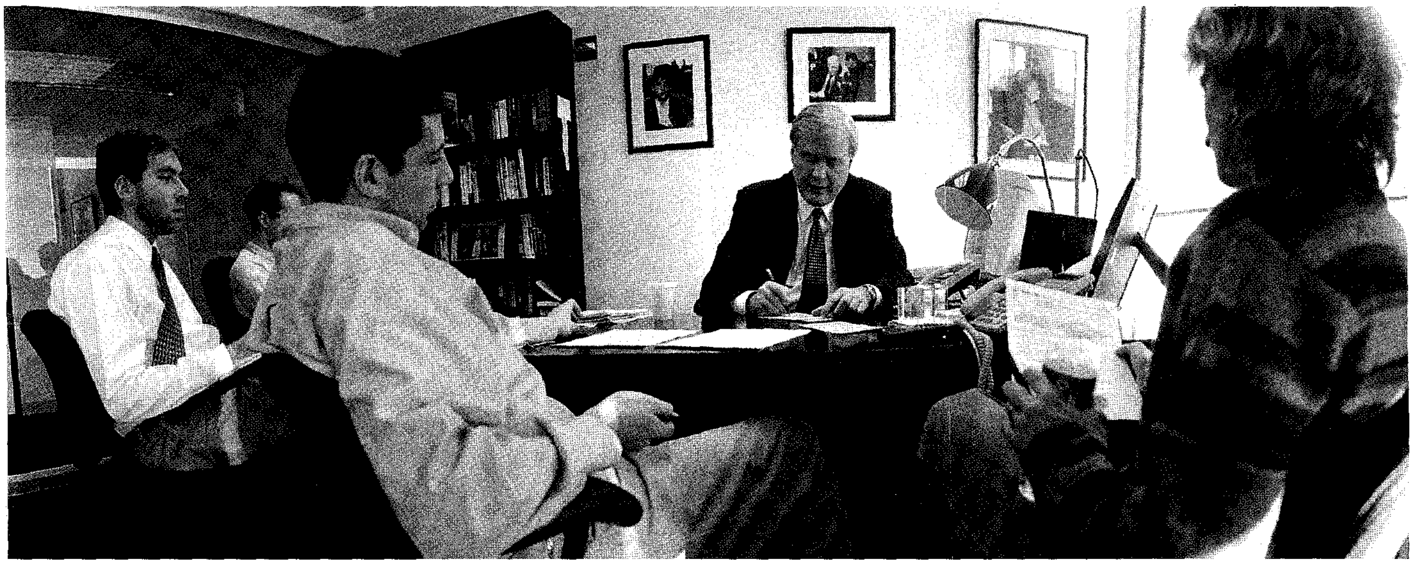
But by 1996, in teetotaling middle age, Matthews had taken up the modern megaphone—the lapel mike—and was talking a different game. He was among the first (and noisiest) to rage against Clinton during the impeachment scandal, and he won a fervent audience with his blend of Democratic credentials and unvarnished contempt. What he did not win, of course, was the affection of his old Democratic pals. "He was crazy," recalls a former White House aide, who regularly turned down requests to book top advisers on Matthews's show. "His was just another very large, loud voice out there who marketed himself by beating up on the president." Others are more generous. Old friend and Cheney counselor Mary Matalin says of his ex-cohorts' bitterness about

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3



Matthews's change of colors: "It's easy to eat pizza and talk policy all night and live in an English basement. So what they're saying is, 'He's grown up.' "

Matthews's mouthing-off not only sold his show but defined a new form of news in the process. "It's all part of this changing landscape of television news—cable in particular—where personality and opinions count for a lot," says Jeff Zucker, the NBC executive producer who first put Matthews on the *Today* show. "Chris is the face of that."



***Hard* reign:** Matthews and staff in his office.

Think of Matthews as a new kind of machine politician—and the machine is television. Like a candidate tuned to the polls, he analyzes ratings, segment by segment, to see which topics keep viewers transfixed. His conclusion: Anytime you go hard right, your numbers go skyward.

Hardball's success during the impeachment was followed by another ratings windfall, this one created by the Florida recount, during which Matthews's ward-level knowledge and articulate outrage reached more than 2 million viewers each night. Now, four times every evening, over two cable outlets, NBC broadcasts his hour-long roundtable of Cabinet members, senators, congressmen, lobbyists, analysts.

In his spare, chilled studio, Matthews still suffers from preshow angst, worrying about intros and outros and whether the Commerce secretary on the satellite feed is going to get dropped mid-sentence. (He does.) A congressman and a senator from Florida get miked and take the seats across from their host. Matthews takes his feet out of his loafers and crosses them under his chair. Juiced by unflavored coffee ("Hazelnut is a gender-specific coffee," he says), Matthews launches into a sneering synopsis of Janet Reno's chances to become Florida's governor. "You must have the fastest TelePrompTer in America," says Bill Nelson, Florida's junior senator, as he finishes his round in Matthews's hot seat. "It must scroll 90 miles an hour!"

For the next segment, with Margaret Carlson, the *Time* columnist, he is running the reel from the latest *Saturday Night Live* parody of his show. A Darrell Hammond impersonation has become a de rigueur status symbol in D.C., and even Katie Couric noted on-air that Matthews's gleeful airings of the segments were signs that he "thinks he's arrived." But now the critiques are getting pointed and less flattering—Matthews is portrayed as cynically inciting radicals for shock value.

A *Hardball* cameraman jokes with him about the recent skit. "I was laughing so hard! I had to wake up my wife," he says.

"And the really funny thing was you were having sex at the time!" Matthews replies dryly. He's getting prickly now. He is focused on another turn Hammond's portrayal has taken. "He's fatter. He's sweatier. He's got a hairline back farther," he says to Carlson just before they go live. "They decided he was too glamorous."

IN THE FIRST OF MANY OFF-HOURS, hour-long phone conversations, Chris Matthews bellows into the receiver, insisting repeatedly that he's the same man off-air as he is on. Idling in his driveway, on the cell phone, he plies me with digs at Bush's Inaugural shimmy onstage with singer Ricky Martin ("There's his pass at the don't-ask-don't-tell rule!"), with buzz about NBC's attractive new White House correspondent ("Campbell Brown is a *knockout*!"), with a protestation that he has a good heart. But just before his wife appears at the doorway of their Chevy Chase home, wondering why he's still sitting in his car, he confides that he has a calculated on-air plan. "It's like tennis," he says of his verbal freestyle. "Hit the chalk line a lot, but you just don't want to go over it."

Matthews believes he travels by a fixed star, however hard it may be for others to track. "I am what I am," he says, growling like Popeye. He abhors abortion but condones it on the grounds of privacy (and the unfeasibility of anti-abortion-law enforcement). He supports gay rights. He celebrates civil rights. He loathes Hillary Clinton, whom he calls "Evita," and Upper East Side hostesses who fête politicians "to buy a contessaship."

"He has five ideas where other people have one," says former Utah congressman Wayne Owens, who mentored Matthews in the Senate when he was starting out, "but he's good enough to figure out that three of those are bad, and he discards them." Former Philadelphia mayor and ex-Democratic Party chair Ed Rendell agrees: "Even when he's at his most infuriating, nobody gets a free ride. He can be partisan; he's certainly not Peter Jennings. But then he's got an inherent streak of fairness that comes out."

MSNBC's Brian Williams—a traditional-anchor-in-the-making—admits that "Chris has said some hair-curling things, but in the context of the show, it works." It's not a role Williams envies, but he believes it has its place. "He can cajole. He can tweak. Hell, he's even free to express opinions," Williams says. "I'd sooner put my hand in a food processor."

The hand-to-hand combat inside Matthews's arena thrills network executives.

"It surprises me how few others are willing to put themselves out there in the same way," says Tom Rogers, former president of NBC Cable (now chairman and CEO of Primedia, which owns this magazine). "You find it in talk radio, but those people are not nearly as informed. In TV, there are very few who do it. And Chris owns the upper echelon of that landscape."

And Matthews's bombast has spawned a series of imitators. Roger Ailes, who first launched *Hardball* for Matthews, moved over to run the Fox News network in 1996, where he arguably created Bill O'Reilly in Matthews's image: a tough-talking Catholic commentator drubbing Clinton defenders and stoking conservative critics. Not that there's much love lost between Ailes and Matthews now: A Fox spokesman declined an interview with Ailes, saying simply, "Ailes is the one who made Matthews. He doesn't want to talk about him. He's moved on."

Though O'Reilly has bested Matthews's numbers in the 8 P.M. time slot, sometimes by a three-to-one ratio, MSNBC points out that *Hardball* has better demographics: an audience with an average age of 55, compared with O'Reilly's 61. And he's more sophisticated.

"Chris Matthews is a longtime student of political and social wars in America and the deal-making that drives our primary social and political contracts," says MSNBC general manager Erik Sorenson. "O'Reilly's program is about class warfare in this country."

> 'Chris is to Bill O'Reilly as Edmund Burke is to Rush Limbaugh,' says longtime pal Hendrik Hertzberg.

"I'll never use race," Matthews attests. "And I won't mention some people who do." He earlier has suggested that Fox gooses its numbers with wall-to-wall Jesse Jackson–bashing on certain shows.

As longtime Matthews pal and *New Yorker* commentator Hendrik Hertzberg puts it, O'Reilly is "without any of Chris's nuance—if Chris and nuance can be used in the same sentence. Chris is to O'Reilly as Edmund Burke is to Rush Limbaugh."

And unlike O'Reilly, Matthews is enough of a political insider to cut through his guests' evasions. "He can have a politician on and say, 'C'mon, don't BS me, I understand how this works.' He does have the goods on them," says Howard Fineman.

Those lawmakers, pundits, and political kingmakers make up Matthews's most important constituency. "In the scheme of people who watch TV, those who are devotees of news shows are a small percentage of overall viewers but are a huge slice of influential people in the business world and the political world," says Rogers. "Shows like Chris's can define agendas, shape the perception of public policy."

Yet, like our current president, Matthews reserves contempt for the intellectual elite. This caste, for him, is embodied in the *Times* critic Michiko Kakutani, his disdain for whom comes out in his numerous syllable-by-syllable mentions of her name. "I bust my ass six years on a book!" he says, inveighing against her tepid review of his 1996 historical tome, *Kennedy and Nixon*. "I wasn't part of her Weltanschauung."

Nevertheless, he delights that his show has won him a viewership beyond the rank-and-file readership he reaches in his nationally syndicated column. He also now wins over country-club Republicans, who stop him in airports to praise his anti-Clinton rants. Al Michaels has declared himself a major Matthews fan on *Monday Night Football*. Lou Diamond Phillips stopped him at an Inaugural ball and praised him. On a recent trip to L.A., so did Mary Tyler Moore. And Milton Berle too. "Uncle Miltie, with the food coming out of his mouth!" Matthews recalls giddily. "I'm a little kid about this!"

CHRIS MATTHEWS WAS BORN IN Nicetown, a working-class section of Philadelphia. Once a week at minimum, he mentions on-air his roots in the Catholic row-house neighborhood in which Irish and Polish kids like him would sit around and watch trash collectors load up their horse-drawn wagons, a practice that continued into the fifties. By the time he reached first grade, his family moved farther out to Somerton, and the Matthews brothers were altar boys at St. Christopher's. On Sundays after church, they played piano for the nuns from a nearby convent that two of their aunts had joined.

During Chris's LaSalle High School days, at a quiz-bowl competition against a crosstown rival school, Jim Matthews recalls, he sat in the stands when a classmate gave him a chuck to the rib cage, wanting to know "Who's that asshole on the end?" Jimmy had to admit that the junior with his buzzer going before the question came out was his older brother. At the time, he remembers, Chris told him, "I'm not bright. I'm not brilliant. I'm not intelligent. I just remember things."

Matthews hit the books at Holy Cross College and started work on a Ph.D. in economics at the University of North Carolina. In 1968, he avoided the Vietnam War by enlisting in another kind of national service, the Peace Corps, which won him a two-year draft deferment. He went to Swaziland, where he taught bookkeeping, hitchhiked across the continent, read *Siddhartha*, and talked politics with other expats. On his return in 1971, he knocked on doors of lawmakers all over D.C. (at least 200, he says) and got a job with a Democratic senator from Utah. The gig required him to work nights for three months as a Capitol Hill cop. He later won a loftier job on the Senate Budget Committee, in the employ of Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie.

In 1974, he abandoned his job on a Brooklyn congressional candidate's staff and traveled back home across the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to put what he had learned to better use. He ran for U.S. Congress at the age of 28, soliciting votes and checks door-to-door along his old paper route. "It was the McCain campaign," he says vigorously. "Same platform." He got walloped in the primary (78 to 22 percent) by Joshua Eilberg, the Democratic incumbent who eventually left Congress under the cloud of indictment, admitting to breaking federal conflict-of-interest laws.

He went in 1977 to the Carter White House, then to Tip O'Neill's office, where he stayed until O'Neill retired in 1987. After that, Matthews spent 15 years in the media boiler room—metropolitan op-ed pages, small local-affiliate roundtables, morning-show political patter—and was even, according to Hertzberg, approached to be Clinton's press secretary, though Matthews issues a shaky denial about this when asked. Then, in 1996, he scored his own show, *Politics*, on the America's Talking cable network, which became MSNBC. In 1998, his half-hour program doubled its airtime (and had its name changed to *Hardball*) when the president's affair became a huge story. As happens in politics, one man's extracurricular activity became another man's career.

In his office, Matthews lifts his feet off the kelly-green carpet and rests them on the kelly-green seat of a big, gray plastic adjustable chair. He has the makings of a Santa belly, which has tugged his shirttails loose. I ask him what's behind his tsk-tsking of Clinton's adultery, and he answers with a reminiscence.

"Before I was married, you had girlfriends you had a fondness for. Old girlfriends. Most people do. You know, it's a nice thing. You bump into them or have lunch with them once in a while or something. You know what I mean?" he asks. "I'm kind of a romantic. I've always thought that I would never hold it against a guy, even one who was married for 20 or 30 years, who fell in love with his secretary. Just honestly it happens, you know? And you feel sad about the consequences and argue about the morality of it, but I would always understand, and I would never like the guy less. I would say, 'I get it.' " He pauses. "I think this *isn't* like that."

Matthews once got confessional about his own wandering eyes and hands. Last May, in one of his highest-profile bookings, he confided in his guest, George W. Bush, about his reasons for quitting drinking (he's been sober six years). A roomful of the traveling press corps—as well as a live audience surrounding the two—could hear their conversation, as Matthews rambled on during a commercial break. "It was one of these parties, Sam Donaldson's daughter's party," he said to Bush, relating three hours of afternoon drinking. "And I am *gone* at about six or seven at night. I've got my hand on somebody's leg. Where's this going? Who am I kidding?"

Bush nodded and said simply, "Yeah, yeah," remembering the mike was live.

"I don't mind occasional disasters, but I was heading in the wrong direction," Matthews said. Bush assured him he did the right thing by cutting himself off the booze. By occasional disasters, Matthews meant only flirting, he says months later by way of explanation.

But then he wants to know why I asked. He knows that he has enemies, that some have told me that Matthews's anger toward Clinton has a weird dissonance with his own insensitivity toward women in his workplace.

"There's two governing emotions in this city: jealousy and fear, and you can't tell 'em apart," Matthews says. Maybe he was mean one day to an underling, snapped at a hairdresser, he admits. Maybe he's reached a height where bigger guns are aimed at him.

> "Matthews muses about going to a bar after the taping, to see how he goes over. 'It'd be like Huck Finn going to his own funeral!'"

"What's the bounty on Chris Matthews?" he asked me in our first lengthy phone conversation. "What do you get for bringing back Chris Matthews in a bag?"

ON A TYPICAL CHRIS MATTHEWS day, he takes the kids—two boys and a girl—to diving practice, maybe does a *Today* show spot, and then books guests from his home phone. (An often uphill battle, especially among Clinton-friendly Democrats, though the new White House is happier to oblige.) Then he goes to lunch.

At one of those meals recently, Matthews has invited a surprise guest, his wife, Kathleen—"my queen," he calls her—to join us. She is lovely in a pale-blue, dark-trimmed anchorwoman suit, having taken a break before her five o'clock duties at the ABC affiliate in D.C. Her eyes are sunny, and her opinions strong. But she doesn't get much of a chance to voice them, except to point out to her husband that he has ordered for her the one soup she doesn't like.

When she arrives, Matthews is giving another essay answer, to a question about an on-air shouting match he had with Matt Lauer last October. "Let's be honest here," Lauer had said. "Al Gore irritates you." Matthews had unconvincingly dodged and weaved with answers about his alliance with millions of then undecided voters. (He won't reveal for whom he voted in 2000, although he pulled the lever for Clinton in the previous two contests.) That Gore-bashing accusation was followed in December with Matthews's dewy-eyed praise for the vice-president's concession speech, which Matthews called almost "sacramental in quality." "There's nothing here but a sublime masculinity," he said of Gore at the time.

At my insistence, Kathleen Matthews gets to talk, and she describes other "lachrymose" moments, as conservative commentator Bill Bennett teasingly called Matthews's Gore tribute. Once, in 1994, Kathleen saw him tear up talking with Charlie Gibson on *Good Morning America* the day after the death of Tip O'Neill. Then there was the time at a Hay-Adams reception for French businessmen when Matthews waxed poetic about General John "Black Jack" Pershing. She looked up and he was weeping, she recalled.

"That was the white wine!" he interrupts. Some baguette crumbs fly from his lips.

We cross the street to his office, where he's got about two hours until his taping begins. The NBC network can be divided into four fiefdoms: 30 Rockefeller Plaza is the Brokaw domain; MSNBC's Secaucus, New Jersey, studio houses Brian Williams's expanding realm; Tim Russert commands the D.C. bureau on Nebraska Avenue; and Matthews gets this spot facing Capitol Hill, on the former site of an old hotel where the then congressional aide Lyndon Johnson, the ultimate modern *Hardball*er, used to board. It is the lowliest of the perches, with tattered backdrops and a tendency toward technical problems.

At 3 P.M., a steak and five Diet Cokes are doing battle to keep his postlunch energy level high. He beckons some staffers into his office, where they participate in a conference call with executive producer Phil Griffin and other producers in Secaucus.

Norah O'Donnell, an NBC reporter who got her start spinning Capitol Hill insights on cable shows like Matthews's, appears on his TV screen, which is emitting CNBC analysis at a low volume. She is blue-eyed and dignified, and Matthews stares at her with a furrowed

Photograph by Terry Ashe/TimePix.

brow. He interrupts the meeting's proceedings. "Hey, Phil, there's Norah again, busy doing *something else.*" She has begged off a few recent booking requests. He later speaks wistfully of her and her upcoming wedding, noting that when she takes her fiancé's surname, she'll be Norah Tracy, which to him sounds like the greatest name in the history of television. "I said to him, when I met him for the first time, 'So what was it that attracted you to *her*?' " He ends with a big grin and a wheezy laugh.

On the windowsill sits a series of photos of Matthews with politicians, each of whom have scribbled a quip in the margins. Many older images are evidence of his late-in-life dye job; he was sandy-haired back in the eighties when he strolled outside the Capitol at Tip O'Neill's left flank. In a nearby frame, he shakes Jimmy Carter's hand. In another, he whispers to Bill Bradley during a break in one of his college-tour shows. Dan Quayle and his beautiful blonde daughter joke with Matthews in another shot. He points to the daughter. "*Who knew?!*" he asks.

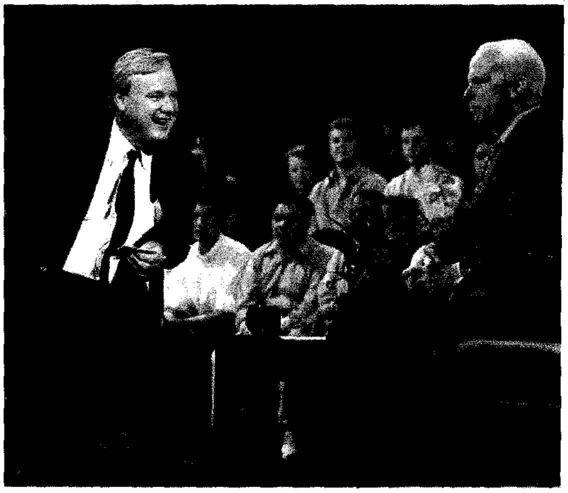
The most poignant shot is a 12-year-old photo of him in the yellow-walled private residence of the White House. He has his right arm around his wife and his left hand holding a glass of white wine. His parents and George and Barbara Bush are also in the frame, and Matthews gets a little misty recalling it—his now-departed mom bursting with pride and his true-believer GOP dad bestowed with a moment that he could carry all his days. The First Couple had shown the Matthews family where they slept, the rug Barbara made with their names woven in it, and their broken clock in the hallway. It was precious and damaged and repaired with tape. "It proved they were from old money," Matthews says.

It's almost 5 P.M. when Matthews tapes his one live program of the day. He goes into what appears to be a mild panic, sweating the details and wondering how the show will be perceived. He muses about going to a bar after the taping to see how he goes over. "It'd be like Huck Finn going to his own funeral!"

"THIS TELLS YOU SOMETHING," MATTHEWS says, pulling out an NBC News full-page ad in the Washington *Post.* There's a totem-pole-style layout that puts his face just below those of icon-in-chief Tom Brokaw, *Meet the Press* host Russert, and anchor-of-tomorrow Brian Williams. "Maybe I could move up," he wonders aloud.

What could Matthews do next? He claims not to think about it, and then relents. "I like what Koppel does," he says, referring to ABC's *Nightline* host, who seems likely to retire in the next five years. "There's Tim, who's very good at what he does," he says, meaning Russert, who is unlikely to budge but could use some sharper Sunday-morning competition. "And if circumstances change and I were to be given a Sunday show, I think I could do the job, but I'd still want to add to it my touch of a little entertainment, a little liveliness, a little pushing the envelope."

White noise: Matthews during the presidential campaign with George W. Bush (above) and John McCain (right); opposite, Matthews with former boss Tip O'Neill in 1986.



But not the nightly newscast anchor role, which, despite dwindling ratings, remains the top perch in any network. Matthews doesn't volunteer what he must know: In all his on-air railing against the Clintons, he's talked himself out of that job.

The other job he has probably talked himself out of is any elected office, although Pat Buchanan proved a career of sloganeering and pontificating can serve a presidential candidate well—and boost a pundit's on-air longevity. Recently, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* claimed Matthews was mulling a challenge to his old friend and on-air regular Arlen Specter. When I put in a call to Specter's office, Bill Reynolds, his spokesman, is clearly infuriated by the question. In the meantime, Matthews says he's considering buying a house in Bucks County, just to keep his options open.

Howard Fineman has heard Matthews muse on his "Walter Mitty dream of being the Man." But he's always doubted it: "I've always thought, 'Why bother?' Why not go straight to emperor?" Says Hertzberg, "In my life, I've met three people who were obscure but I thought could be president. Chris was one of them."

Senator John McCain, to whom Matthews gave ample airtime during the presidential campaign, imagines that Matthews might ultimately have more political power on the air. "I wonder if at the end of the day he might consider that he probably reaches more people and is better-known where he is."

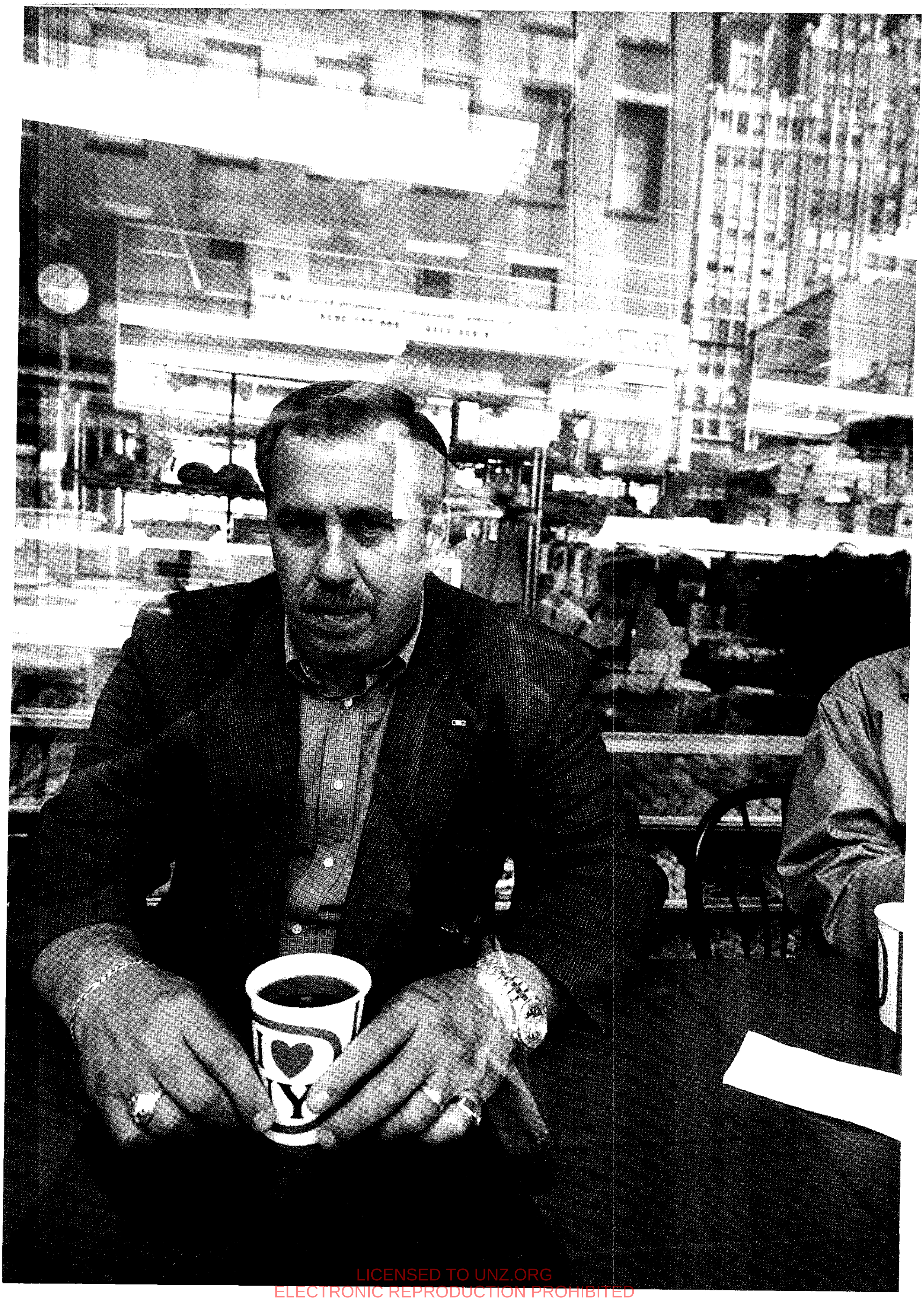
He wants to ascend, it's clear. His old friends note a particular dissing of the old neighborhood in his sending his kids to D.C.'s Waspy St. Alban's. "Did he lose his way?" one dear friend asks with a laugh. "Is he secretly some high Episcopalian—is that why he hates Clinton? Is that why he likes the Bushes?" He earns eye-rolls from some within his own network, who point out that while he gets maximum mileage out of his Holy Cross tie to NBC chief Bob Wright, who graduated from the Jesuit college two years ahead of Matthews, he has a snappish tendency toward press secretaries and TV producers. "He's trying to make his way in the world. It's calculated and based in insecurity," says one prominent MSNBC insider.

On the wall of Matthews's office is a framed cover of the paperback printing of his first book, also called *Hardball,* a well-received guide to conniving your way to D.C. power. The central space is reserved for a blurb from one of his first boosters: George Will, who calls Matthews "half-Huck Finn, half-Machiavelli." Matthews takes respectful exception to Will's words. "Some people say I'm more like Tom Sawyer," he says.

"What do you say?" I ask.

"More like Tom Sawyer," he says earnestly. "Huck Finn was an operator." ■

Photograph, right, by AP/Wide World Photos.



Pro Bono P.I.

Mike Race was an East New York cop in the crack years, and it changed him. Now he works to get innocent people out of jail. By Chris Smith

MIKE RACE GREW UP IN East New York when Danny Kaye lived around the corner. After the Marines and a beat in Fort Greene, he came back as an NYPD homicide detective-sergeant, "in 1985 B.C.," Race says, then pauses. "You know what *B.C.* stands for? *Before crack*. East New York averaged 40 murders a year; when 1985 came, it doubled. We had 500 people being shot a year. It was like I finally got to Vietnam. What was really horrible was you never met the good people. You didn't have time to meet any good people."

Not that Race, 50, ever believed the neighborhood was anything out of *Hans Christian Andersen*. His father and older brother were both detectives; he suggests meeting today at East New York's Lindenwood Diner, where John Gotti used to chat and chew. "We'll sit at a non-bugged table," Race says with a laugh.

He came through the carnage of the crack wars emotionally numb but not hardened. "November 10, 1988," Race says, chewing his scrambled eggs. "Two kids were walking out of the grocery store on Sutter Avenue at Euclid. Car comes westbound, makes a left-hand turn, stops, pulls out a gun, starts blasting these two kids. One's dead, one lives. A grandmother comes running down, she's heard the shots. Her grandson, he's laying there dead. Her biggest concern was her Levy rye. I said, 'What?' 'I sent my grandson down for Levy rye. I want my Levy rye.' So I opened the bag in the kid's hand. I gave her the bread. Sometimes the only one who actually cared about the homicide case was the detective who had it."

After 23 years and 750 murder investigations, Race retired and moved to upstate Otego (pop. 1,068) so his daughter could attend high school in rural peace. He bought a hot-dog cart and peddled Sabrett's. But with his daughter safely off to college, Race got his private investigator's license and, in 1996, returned to prowling Brooklyn. He did the unglamorous chores all P.I.'s do, like pacing off the distance between a crime scene and a girlfriend's apartment to test an alibi. Like other P.I.'s, Race got dozens of unsolicited letters bearing prison return addresses. "Every single letter says the same thing," Race says. " 'I've been falsely accused and convicted of a crime. I didn't do it.' "

Most P.I.'s toss the missives in the trash. But something compelled Race to keep opening them. He was looking for an interesting case, sure; but Race was also looking for a way to live, at least for a while, in a cleaner moral universe.

IN OCTOBER 1998, A 29-YEAR-OLD BROOKlyn man named Jeffrey Blake walked out of the maximum-security Green Haven Correctional Facility after eight years in jail. A jury had convicted Blake of a double homicide on the testimony of a single eyewitness, Dana Garner. Finally, a Legal Aid lawyer discovered that Garner was in North Carolina at the time of the shooting he claimed to have seen in East New York. Where did Garner get the crime-scene details that made him such a temporarily credible prosecution witness? Garner says they came from the detectives of the 75th Precinct, including Mike Race.

Howard Kirsch was Blake's defense lawyer the first time around; Kirsch subsequently hired Race to do P.I. work. "I've known Mike since he was a detective in the seven-five," Kirsch says. "He was a gung-ho type of cop. Could he put words in a witness's mouth? Possibly."

Race says Garner is lying about him too. "Did we make a mistake?" Race says, his light-green eyes flashing. "Yeah, I guess we did. Did the district attorney make a mistake? Yeah, they all did. Look, did we have doctors, lawyers, the pope, testifying in homicide trials? No. You had crackheads, prostitutes, people hanging out at all sorts of hours of the night. It's sad, but that's the way it happens."

Three months after Blake was exonerated, in January 1999, a letter from Green Haven landed on Race's desk. It was one of 76,000 written by Anthony Faison, who was serving twenty years to life for a 1987 homicide. Race sounds uncharacteristically mystical trying to pinpoint why Faison's letter immediately seemed different. "The way he wrote, it had a flair, a charisma, a character to it," he says. "It's hard to explain. If you went window-shopping with your wife and she looks at a dress, she says, 'Wow, I like that dress!' You look at it, you have a different opinion. But she just *knows*."

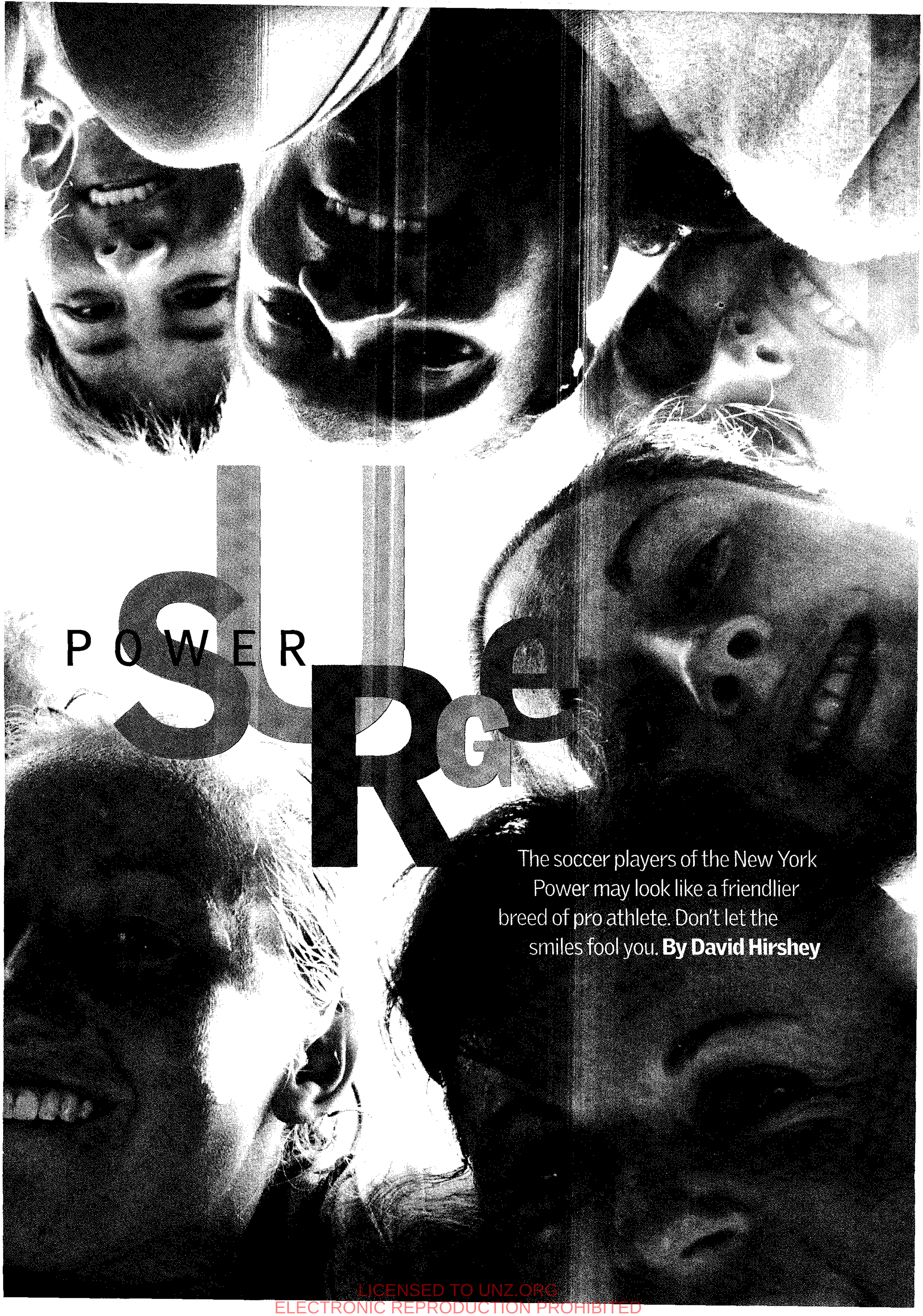
Faison and his co-defendant, Charles Shepherd, were convicted on the testimony of a single eyewitness. Race established that her testimony didn't fit the physical facts of the 4:30 A.M. killing of a livery-cab driver. When he tracked down Carolyn Van Buren, she tearfully admitted she'd framed Faison and Shepherd to collect $500 in reward money to feed her crack habit. A judge refused to free the pair simply on the recanted testimony. So Race spent another year collecting evidence to identify and arrest the real shooter. In May, thirteen years after they left Brooklyn in handcuffs, Faison, 35, and Shepherd, 38, stepped out of court and into Cadman Plaza as free men.

After he retired from the NYPD, Race didn't have any hokey spiritual epiphanies about the validity of police work as he ladled sauerkraut. "It's not like I'm a liberal now," he says. "Far from it. But I came to the realization that everything is not what it seems in life. It's all in your perception of the situation. When you're inside the Police Department, you only see one side of how the game is played. You don't see the system's imperfections. Maybe you don't want to." Race likes to think he'd have pursued justice for Faison and Shepherd even without the shadow of Jeffrey Blake—which isn't to say that the shadow has disappeared. "Hey, look, Jeffrey Blake was an embarrassment to a lot of people, not just me," Mike Race says. "Getting Anthony and Charles out of prison doesn't erase that embarrassment. Nothing is ever going to make it go away." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASTIENNE SCHMIDT

GROUP HUG The New York Power.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAREN KUEHN



POWER SURGE

The soccer players of the New York Power may look like a friendlier breed of pro athlete. Don't let the smiles fool you. **By David Hirshey**

YEARS FROM NOW, IF CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS LOOK BACK AT THE EXACT moment when New York morphed into a women's-soccer town, they may well point to an epochal evening in May when a bunch of evangelists in shorts and cleats captured the hearts, minds, and feet of a new generation of ponytailed converts. It was an incongruous setting for such a paradigm-shifting event, a swath of grass nestled rather unhappily between a garbage-recycling plant and the Manhattan Psychiatric Center on Ward's Island. But it was there on a recent Friday that 160 girls from the Manhattan Soccer Club journeyed to love-bomb the New York Power, the local entry in the newly minted Women's United Soccer Association. • This being New York, behind every dribbling wizard and potential college-scholarship winner stood a heavily invested parent. "What are you waiting for, Sarah? Ask Tiffeny for her autograph," bellowed one anxious father, shoving his towheaded daughter toward Power star Tiffeny Milbrett, recently voted the top-rated women's soccer player in the world. Milbrett scrawled her name on the kid's shorts and jogged to the field, where about a dozen girls, much to their bug-eyed amazement, had been selected to scrimmage with the former college all-Americans and World Cup veterans who make up the Power. Imagine, for a second, the Knicks showing up at the Cage on West 4th Street, handing out jerseys to the regulars, and playing a pickup game to 21!

"Oh, my God, I'm so nervous," said Claire Staby, a feisty 17-year-old midfielder who is a junior at Brooklyn Friends. "What if I suck?"

She needn't have worried. Playing without shin guards, their socks rolled down in the universal soccer gesture of "Easy does it," the Power loped around the field, doing their best to make the girls look good. When Milbrett neatly laid the ball in the path of Holly Nord-Podberesky, a fearless, blonde 12-year-old, there was a collective intake of breath as the pint-size pre–bas mitzvah girl stutter-stepped around U.S. World Cup defender Christie Pearce and lashed a shot, low and hard. The goalie made the save, which didn't deter Holly's mother, Lisa Nord, from celebrating. "Tiffeny Milbrett passed *my* daughter the ball," she shouted, bounding off toward the Triborough Bridge. "Tiffeny Milbrett passed *my* daughter the ball."

It's been two years since the hyper-successful Women's World Cup was sold to a nation of soccerphobes on the tent poles of good old-fashioned jingoism and the wholesome personalities of the women doing the ass-kicking. But there's a difference between an isolated national celebration and a viable ongoing sports-business venture. How, you might ask, do the Power plan to slide-tackle their way into the wallets of local fans who, after a torrid two-week fling with the World Cup "soccer babes," have reverted to regarding the world's most popular game with the same xenophobic disdain that Paulie Walnuts evinced on a recent episode of *The Sopranos:* "You hear about that fuckin' stampede in Zimbabwe?" Paulie asked Tony. "Fuckin' soccer."

Say hello to the marketing of Nice. Fed up with paying the freight for all those Bible-thumping, coach-choking, drive-by-shooting male superstars? Looking for healthy, accessible role models for your kids? As the ad says, Come on out and "get empowered!"

It's family values meets the sort of postfeminist sex appeal that had David Letterman groveling at the feet of Brandi Chastain and Mia Hamm. "These women are all so incredibly positive," says Power

GIRL POWER Tiffeny Milbrett signs autographs for fans.

general manager Susan Marenoff. "What we're saying to girls is that if 5 percent of the players' attitude can rub off on them, they can become a better person." Then she ramps up into full proselytizing mode. "Plus the players have these great athletic bodies. I mean, look what people saw when Brandi Chastain took off her jersey—muscles! How empowering is that for a little girl?"

True, cobblestone abs and ripped arms have long been an inspirational sight in New York, but only if you have the attitude to back them up. This city has always liked its superstars ornery, outsize, blustery, ready to do battle with opponents and owners alike. The archetypal New York sports heroes—Reggie Jackson, Lawrence Taylor, Mark Messier—did not make nice.

And neither, as it happens, does Sara Whalen, the Power's homegrown star, who once decked an opponent in a high-school game after being body-slammed one too many times. "I don't play dainty soccer," says Whalen, whose loyal following at Power games seems to include everybody from her hometown of Greenlawn, Long Island, but the chief of police.

The Power play at Mitchel field in Uniondale, only a corner kick away from Whalen's hometown, right in the heart of a burgeoning grassroots soccer community. Uniondale may be a long psychic commute from the media vortex of Manhattan, but it's where the WUSA is placing perhaps its biggest chip in the hopes of carving out a niche in the national sports landscape. "New York is a key franchise," says John Hendricks, the league's founding father and a very rich soccer dad who owns the Discovery Channel, "but we have realistic expectations." Hewing to a modest business plan that calls for crowds of 6,500 per game, player salaries between $25,000 and $85,000, and tickets priced at $12 and $25, the league's owners, a cabal of cable-TV behemoths including Time Warner Cable and Comcast who have ponied up $64 million, are, according to Hendricks, "willing to lose money for five years, if that's what it takes to make this a success."

"What we're saying to girls is that if 5 percent of the players' attitudes can rub off on them, they can become a better person."

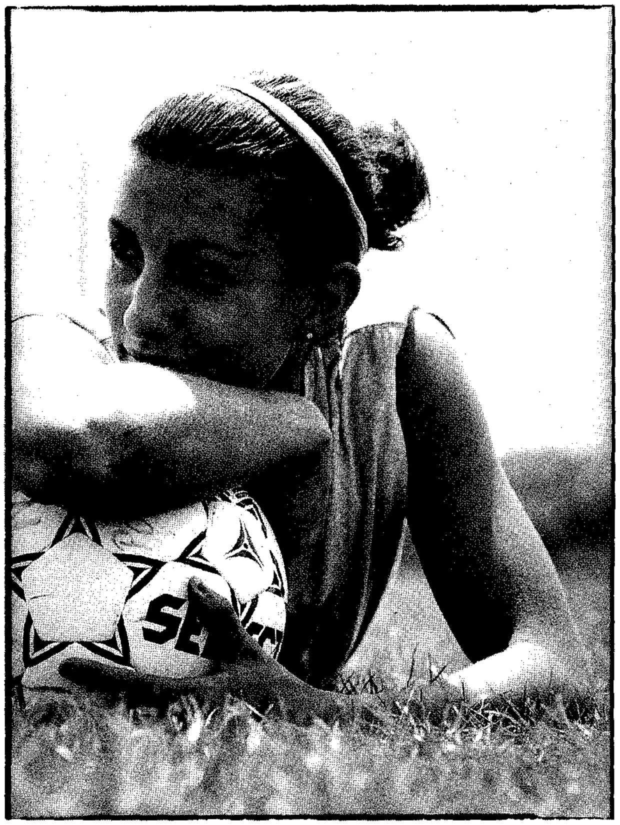
Seven weeks into the season, the Power are moving steadily, if not spectacularly, toward that goal. They're fighting for first place, and their average attendance, albeit goosed by the teen-idol hysteria accorded Mia Hamm's sold-out appearance two weeks ago, falls just shy of the mark.

In addition to Milbrett and Whalen, the Power is a polyglot collection of gregarious, wisecracking women that includes a defensive quartet who bark at each other in four languages: English, Chinese, Norwegian, and, as coach Pat Farmer says of Nel Fettig's native tongue, "Southern." ("I do get some funny looks when I call out 'y'all,' " says Fettig, a former three-time all-American at North Carolina.) They're also smart. Forward Jessica Reifer is a Ph.D. candidate in political theory and reads Kafka in the original German; defender Ronnie Fair was a two-time all-academic at Stanford; midfielder Emily Stauffer, an all-American at Harvard, of all places, commutes from Jersey City, where she teaches third grade; and reserve midfielder Beth Zotter scored 1590 on her SATs. "Hey, Zotter," Whalen teased one day in practice. "How stupid of you! What question did you miss?"

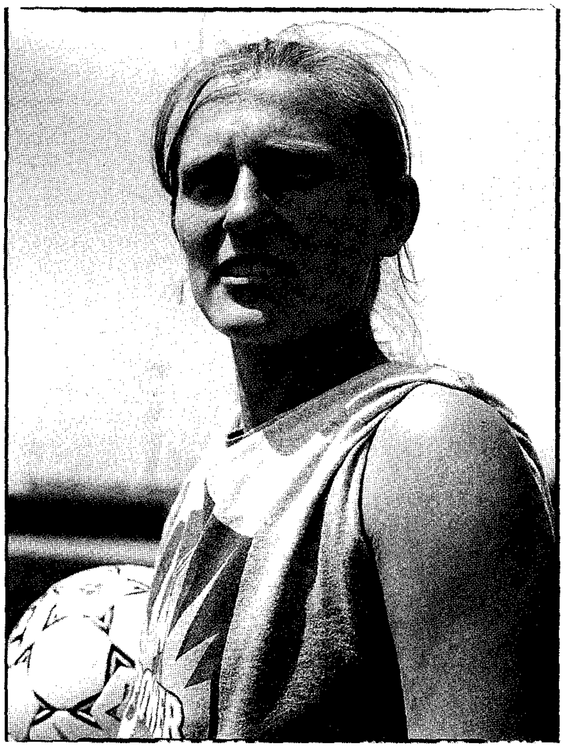
But only Whalen can lay claim to the title of "Long Island's own sweetheart," as she was introduced at the inaugural Power press conference. "Sweetheart?" Whalen says, laughing. "I can think of a few people who would take issue with that." An all-state performer in three sports—track, basketball, and soccer—at nearby Harborfields High in Greenlawn, Whalen was also your basic freewheeling, mischievous teenager. "I remember once in history class sitting by the window and thinking what a beautiful day it was," she says. "So when the teacher turned his back, I crawled out the window. Of course, I was busted."

At the University of Connecticut, she was considered the greatest player in the school's illustrious soccer history and certainly the best ever to wear a tongue stud. "I don't think Sa (pronounced *say*) ever lacked for boyfriends," says Christie Pearce, her closest friend on the Power, referring to Whalen by her nickname. "She likes to make the scene, and she goes all out in the way she dresses. It's no surprise that she chose to live in Manhattan rather than out here on Long Island with the rest of us." To see Whalen, all suppleness and coltish verve in her tight leather pants and tank top, cutting loose on the dance floor at Float is also to get a sense of the glam quotient and pedal-to-the-metal energy she brings to the soccer field. "Sara can burn you with her speed," says Power coach Pat Farmer, "but she's also not afraid to get in an opponent's face when necessary."

TOUGH LOVE Sara Whalen, a.k.a. "Long Island's own sweetheart."



Pat Farmer says the secret is in this city's DNA. "People here will knock you down in a supermarket for a loaf of bread," says the Power coach. "They'll



HER MAJESTY Power team captain Tiffeny Milbrett.

smash your car to get on the L.I.E. If we just pinged the ball around, played six or seven touch passes to get into the attack, we'd be laughed out of town. This is not a place for little namby-pamby people.” A burly, barrel-chested man with a wide, ruddy face and a gray mustache, who built Ithaca College and Penn State into women's-soccer juggernauts, Farmer looks like a cross between the actor Wilford Brimley and an offensive lineman gone to seed. He exudes a kind of Falstaffian jollity that belies his intensely competitive nature. Warm and fuzzy he's not. “I remember once when I was at Ithaca going by the football coach's office and he called out to me, ‘Hey, Pat, you're a big guy and I heard you were out with the fellas last night, drinking, cursing, and shooting pool. Why the hell do you coach women?’ I looked at him and said, ‘Coach, I've got women playing for me who could kick your quarterback's ass.’ ”

Gro Espeseth would be the likeliest candidate for the job—assuming she knew what a quarterback was. At a muscularly compact five feet six, the Norwegian defender rules the air with imperious authority. “Gro is the single best competitor I've seen in any sport,” Farmer says. “Before the season, I talked to her about being captain. After all, she captained Norway to a World Cup. She looked at me and said, ‘I can be very hard. Maybe next year after I've helped the rest of the team become hard, I will be captain.’ She's a true warrior. She goes into a tackle and announces herself. *Bam. Here I am.*”

Farmer sometimes looks like he is about to implode, the blood pooling in his face like bubbling lava. One day in preseason, after the Power gave up three “soft” goals on set plays, Farmer erupted, and it was only Tiffeny Milbrett who kept the locker-room walls from buckling. “Pat's an emotional guy, sometimes too much so,” says Milbrett, the team captain, “and I thought he was being a little too harsh with his words, so I told him. I said, ‘Listen, you've got to give us time to come together as a team. We're going to make mistakes, and we're going to learn from them. But yelling at us is not going to make us play better.’ There was silence, and everybody walked away uncomfortable. I know we're taught the coach is the be-all-and-end-all authority and you don't cross the line. But I felt I needed to.”

"There is a double standard in sports. Can you name a single male athlete who's getting endorsements solely on the basis of his looks?"

Just now, Milbrett is sitting on the floor in the living room of the nondescript two-story Colonial in North Bellmore, Long Island, that she and her teammates Christie Pearce and Jennifer Lalor lease for $2,700 a month. The house is 3,000 miles from the piney, small-town ambience of Hillsboro, Oregon, where Milbrett grew up among the Birkenstocks-and-Starbucks crowd. “I can't say New York was my first choice,” Milbrett says of the WUSA dispersal draft in which the members of the U.S. World Cup team were parceled out to eight different cities. “I was hoping to be placed on the West Coast, nearer my home.”

As much of a dreamscape for a female athlete as a professional career is, there is something stripped-down, rented, and lonely to the life. The backyard is unsodded and the furnishing sparse, save for four TVs and piles of sports magazines. Milbrett's most prized possession appears to be the gleaming black Chevy S-10 4WD flatbed with the Oregon plates in her driveway, which she received for being selected female athlete of the year by Chevrolet, beating out Mia Hamm.

Dressed, as usual, in T-shirt and shorts, she talks about the sweet vindication she feels, having, at 28, finally been recognized as the No. 1 women's player in the world. “I feel I was never given some of the opportunities my teammates had,” she says. “I've had to work so hard for respect. I fought and fought and fought for every ounce of playing time. I came off the bench to score the winning goal in the Olympics. Boom. Then I score three goals in the World Cup and think that will catapult me to another level of respect. But afterwards, I'm still a role player.”

You can perhaps forgive Milbrett for never feeling fully comfortable on the celebrated national team, where she toiled in the penumbra of her attacking partner, Hamm, the It girl of women's soccer. When the bandwagon jumpers of Corporate America came calling for the Girls of Summer, they pursued the glam stars of the team, like Chastain, Hamm, and Julie Foudy, all of whom received a commercial windfall. “I don't begrudge any of my teammates their success,” says Milbrett. “But I do believe there is a double standard in sports. Can you name a single male athlete who's getting endorsements solely on the basis of his looks? I call it the Kournikova syndrome. She's not won a damn thing. That's absolutely absurd.”

Of course, No Tact Tiff, as Milbrett was known at the University of Portland, has never been afraid to speak her mind. “Am I a role model?” she asks. “It all depends on your definition. I'm not sure parents would want their kids to emulate everything I've done. When I was younger, I was a total candy freak and I used to shoplift Paydays and Jolly Ranchers. Oh, well, there goes my image.”

The image that Americans have of Gao Hong is of the prone and sobbing bookend to Brandi Chastain's jersey-doffing dance of joy at the 1999 Women's World

Cup. When Chastain's penalty kick billowed the net behind her, the proud Chinese goalkeeper, who had guessed right but could not propel herself through the air with enough velocity to make the save, rolled on the ground as if she had been shot.

"There was a time when it was a very painful memory," the Power goalkeeper says now through an interpreter. "I cry a lot. But then I realize that God let the United States win, so what can I do?" Then she smiles. "You should thank me," she says. "If I save the kick, maybe we win the World Cup and the new league is in China, not the United States."

This remark triggers paroxysms of laughter from her audience of Chinese-American journalists and local Chinatown pols who have come to Jing Fong restaurant to welcome their compatriot to her Brave New World. Gao frequently cracks herself up, her handsome, roundish face crinkling up in stages until she is shaking her reddish-brown bowl cut in raucous merriment. Suddenly, she is convulsed looking at a letter of support from the local Chinese community that has been presented to her by a man named Rocky Chin, who is running for City Council. "The word *Power*," she giggles, whispering to her translator, "is spelled wrong."

Gao's smile masks a ferocious competitive zeal. "She will do anything to throw you off your game," says Milbrett, remembering how daunting it was to face her in the World Cup. "Sometimes she lets out this scream charging out of the goal, and other times she'll simply look at you when you line up to take a free kick and smile so that your concentration is broken. The key was never to look at her before you shot."

Now that's a problem for other teams. "Thank God for Gao," Milbrett continues. "She saved our butts in the first two games." Those were both desultory scoreless draws, and the only thing that kept people in their seats was Gao's daring acrobatics. After one scissorlike kick save, she clapped for herself and motioned her defenders over. Pointing to her toe, she exclaimed, "Amazing. I am amazing."

Gao has been ingratiatingly cooperative with the American press, but her smile disappears when asked about the recent Chinese-U.S. diplomatic standoff over the downed spy plane. "I am a soccer player," she says peremptorily, "not a politician."

Her teammates could tell that the incident weighed on her, even though nobody said a word about it. "There was some talk about holding a team meeting to clear the air," said forward Jessica Reifer. "But we decided to leave it alone. I have talked to her a little about what it was like playing for the national team in China, how regimented the environment was—training at 6 A.M., everybody in the same dorm, lack of freedom. Most Americans look at it as negative, but it's just a different culture." When Gao is not training or going to Nassau Community College to learn English, she spends her days hanging out with her roommates, Power defender Gro Espeseth and forward Ann Kristin Aarones. "I never dreamed I would come to New York and live with two Norwegians," she says, laughing between bites of beef chow fun. "But it has been good. They teach me English and Norwegian, I teach them Chinese. I think my English and Norwegian is better than their Chinese."

Aarones says Gao sometimes gets homesick and watches a video of her family she made before she left China. "And she calls home every day," she adds. "We have the same phone bill, so Gro and I will be checking it very carefully."

There are, however, encouraging signs that Gao is slowly adapting to American culture. She likes watching the Cartoon Network because "it's a good way to learn the language." And certainly Gao is always expanding her English vocabulary. She claims to know only a handful of key words, most of them soccer-related: "*Keeper. Switch. Away. Man on.*" The next day at practice, however, it is clear she has mastered more than she lets on. When goalkeeper coach Greg Kenney drives a corner kick, high and swerving, into the penalty area, Gao rushes out of the goal to snare it but mistimes her leap. The ball deflects off her fingertip into the net. "Oh, shit," she yells in perfect English.

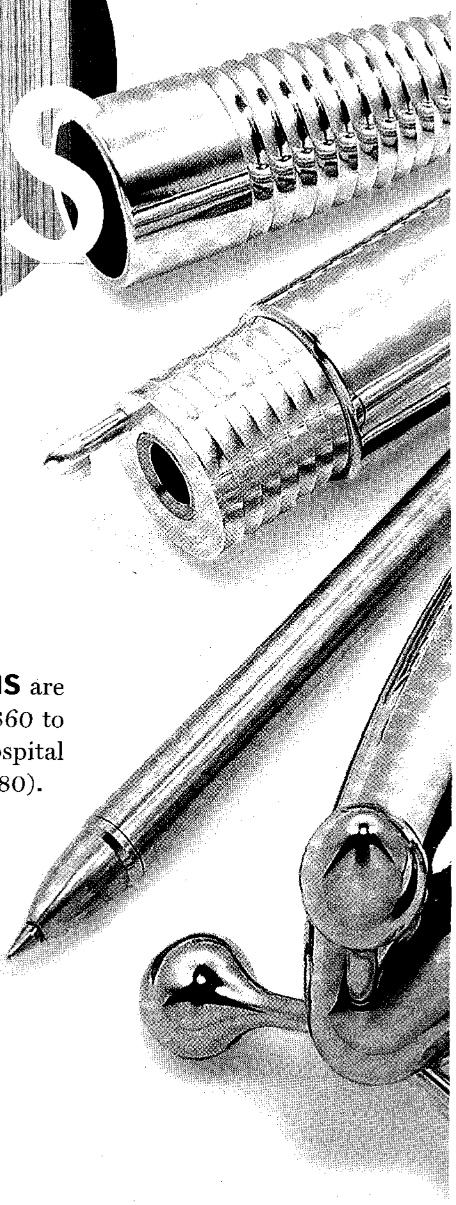
AS THE TOWERS OF THE TRIBOROUGH Bridge fade into the dusk on Ward's Island and the Manhattan Soccer Club's scrimmage with the Power sweetly draws to a close, Pat Farmer watches his brief professional career pass before his eyes. He watches as Elia Monte-Brown, a student at Hunter High School who is going to the University of Southern California on a scholarship, slides, cleats first, into a sprightly 12-year-old, sending her crashing to the turf. "Please," says Farmer, alarmed by the kamikaze play, "keep that girl away from Tiffeny." You can understand Farmer's concern—he'll be back coaching college if his franchise player is stomped by an overzealous teenage defender—but he has only Milbrett and the rest of the Power to blame. Theirs is a loud, brassy, fender-bending New York kind of game, and it may be good, but it sure as hell isn't nice. ■

SIGNS OF SUPPORT The Power play at Mitchel field in Uniondale, Long Island, in the heart of the girls'-soccer belt.

Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

This year, don't get him a tie or cuff links—Dad deserves better than that. Opt instead for out-of-the-box items with a little ingenuity.



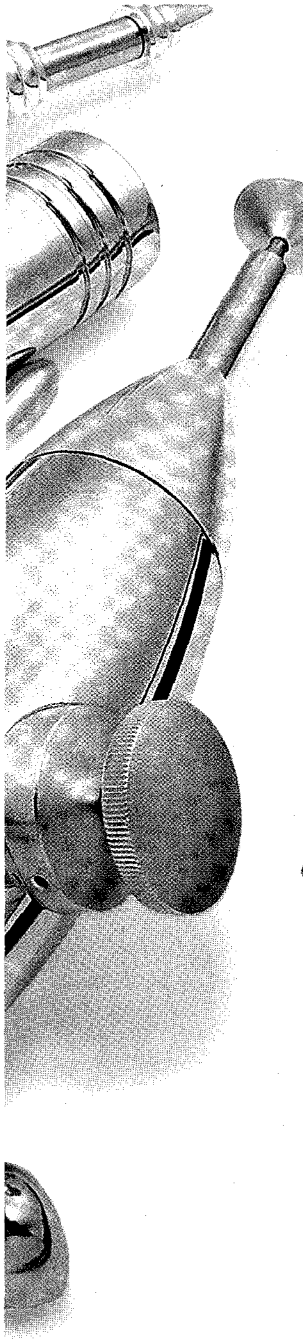
Sliding Futuristic Pens are very George Jetson and only $60 to $125 at the Fountain Pen Hospital (10 Warren Street; 212-964-0580).

ACQUA DI PARMA
ACQUA DI PARMA
ACQUA DI PARMA
ACQUA DI PARMA

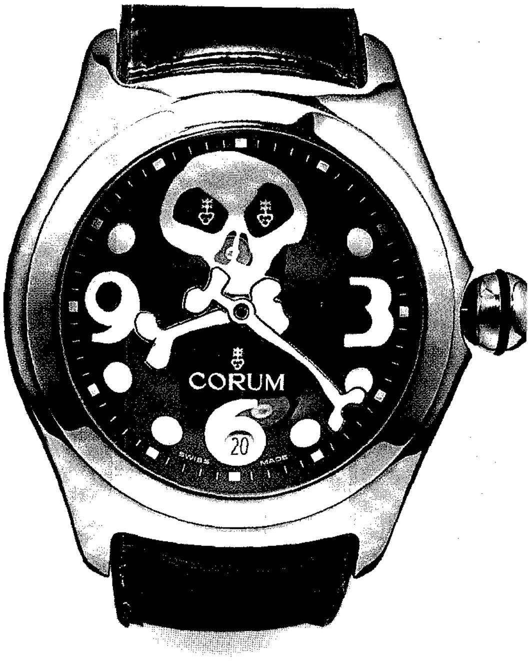
Acqua di Parma's gift box is $120 at Bergdorf Goodman (754 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street; 212-753-7300).

Wooden Frames with powerful magnets to hold photos are $16 to $27 at the MOMA Design Store (44 West 53rd Street; 212-767-1050).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL KRAUS



Jolly Roger automatic bubble watch by Corum is $2,395 at Tourneau TimeMachine (12 East 57th Street; 212-758-7300).


9
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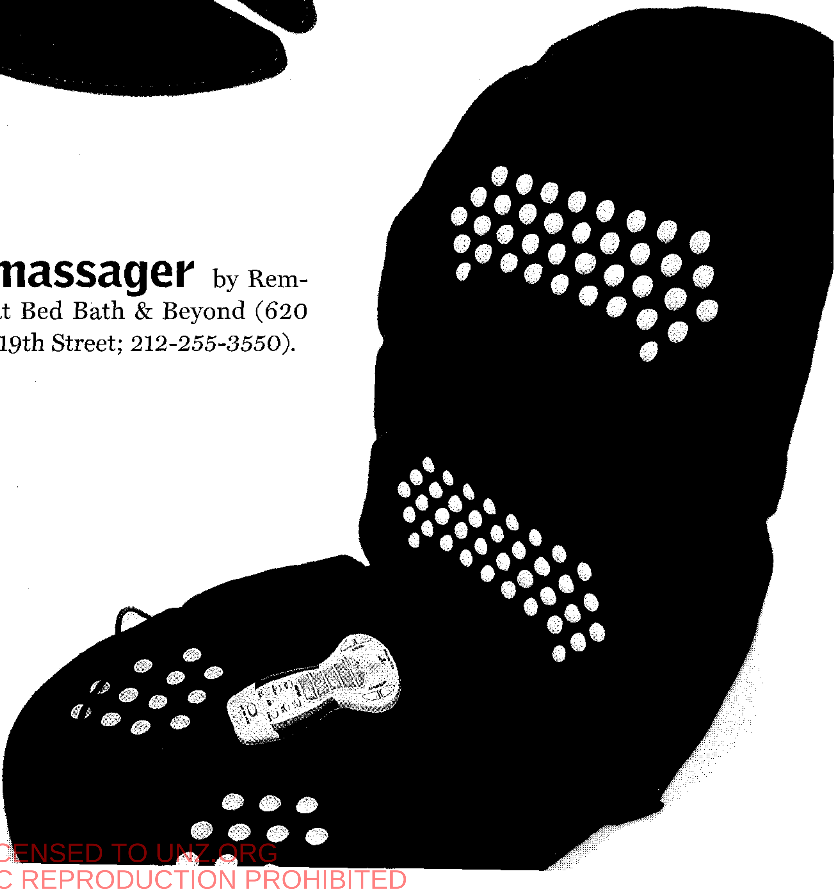
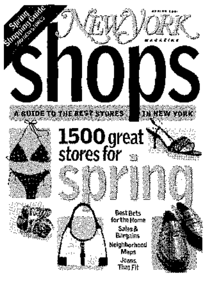
CORUM
SWISS MADE

Leather and Felt bowls by Ply Design are $40 to $70 each at Auto (805 Washington Street; 212-229-2292).

Portable massager by Remington is $150 at Bed Bath & Beyond (620 Sixth Avenue, at 19th Street; 212-255-3550).




New York
Shops
1500 great stores for spring

Check out the spring 2001 issue of **New York Shops**, *our guide to the city's best* stores, including a six-month roundup of "Best Bets." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

BRIDIE CLARK

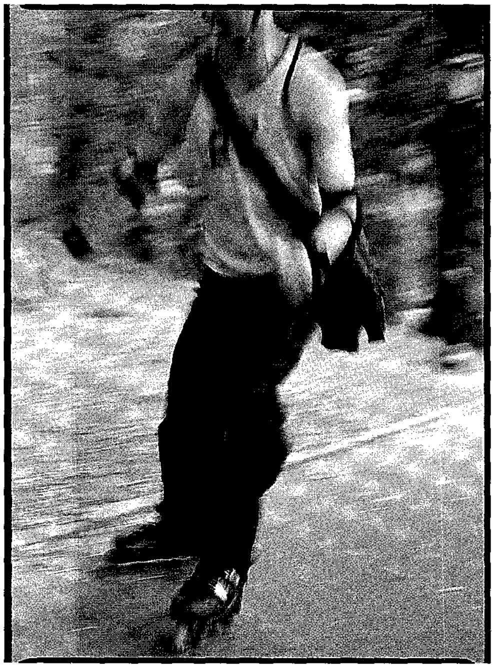
Deals on Wheels

Get in-line! Take advantage of this special discount on brands like Rollerblade, K2, and Salomons, and you—*and* your dime—will roll a lot farther.

WHO WANTS TO bang out muggy laps around the reservoir jogging trail when you could be coasting around the Park Drive, wind whipping through your hair? If it's the expense of buying new in-line skates and protective gear that has you reaching for your sneakers, "S&B" just sweetened the deal: From now until June 22, roll into any of the following stores with this page in hand and you'll get a markdown on both skates and equipment.

Blades Board & Skate will discount its Rollerblades (normally $139 to $199), Salomons ($139 to $399), and K2's ($139 to $349), as well as protective gear, by 10 percent—helmets start at $20, and a three-pack of elbow, knee, and wrist pads usually sells for $30. The store will even throw in a free lesson to get you started. **Peck & Goodie**—a tiny shop with a vast knowledge of what works best for each customer's needs—offers the same markdown, and so does **City Sports** (Rollerblades are $100–$150, Salomons are $170 or $180, and K2's are from $150 to $250. A three-pack of pads by K2 is normally $30). Downtown shoppers can hit **G&S**—10 percent off blades, protective gear (including helmets, which are regularly sold for $25), and skates for the kids ($45 to $150). **Panda**'s staff will help you find the perfect pair (they're trained as ski-boot fitters)—and with the enormous selection, you should be able to. The store also rents skates ($15 for two hours, $20 a day), and if you decide to invest in a pair of your own afterward, you can apply the rental fee against your purchase. **New York Pipe Dreams** will also cut 10 percent off prices on skates and equipment.

Blades Board & Skate, 120 W. 72nd St. (212-787-3911), 160 E. 86th St. (212-996-1644; call 212-807-6011 for more store locations); Peck & Goodie, 917 Eighth Ave., near 54th St. (212-246-6123); City Sports, 153 E. 53rd St. (212-317-0541); G&S Sporting Goods, 43 Essex St. (212-777-7590); Panda Sport, 9213 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn (718-238-4919). New York Pipe Dreams, 1623 York Avenue, near 85th Street (212-535-7473)



On a roll: Coasting on the Park Drive in Central Park.

Picks of the Week

J.Crew men's and women's summer sportswear, accessories, and shoes are up to 70 percent off. Women's cotton checked dresses were $68 and are now $35, men's cargo shorts were $42 and are now $16. *125 W. 18th St. (212-463-0200, ext. 227); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 9-5; 6/12-6/17.*

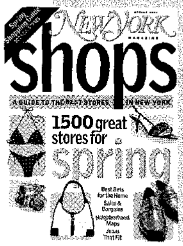
Michele Saint-Laurent Maternity Paris has spring and summer maternity dresses for $49 to $99 (retail, $279 to $549), and pants for $29 to $49. Lycra skirts, pants, and Capris that were $89 to $129 are now $19 to $69. *1028 Lexington Ave., near 73rd St. (212-988-8686); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-7, Sat. 10-6; 6/11-7/14.*

Alexis Bittar's bright, hand-painted Lucite jewelry, which also sells at Bergdorf Goodman and Barneys, will be mostly 50 percent off. *555 Eighth Ave., near 37th St., twentieth floor. (212-279-3638); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. 4-8, Sat. 12-6; 6/15-6/16.*

Heat getting to you? Call **Homes Sales Enterprises** for a discount on an air conditioner: A 5,000-Btu Frigidaire was $215 and is now $172; a 10,000-Btu Amana was $360 and is now $298. Prices include free local delivery (usually within 24 hours). *(800-221-2897 or 718-241-3272); cash or certified check only; Mon.-Fri. 9-5; 6/17-7/8.*

Rafe New York classic multicolored bags will be 50 to 75 percent off retail. A wood-handled straw tote was $190 and is now $57. *1 Bleecker St. (212-979-1863); A.E, M.C., V.; Tues.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 12-8, Sun. 12-6; 6/12-6/17.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Sales & Bargains, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale.



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Photographed by Eric McNatt.

cue

Critics and Listings

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos

Movies

Monty Python and the Holy Grail

Opens June 15

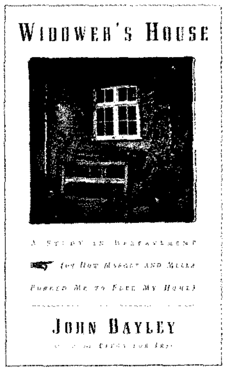
Not everyone can get in to see *Tomb Raider* this weekend, but the nerd overflow will happily be making its way to Cinema Village, where the audience will be filled with people able to recite every line. New negative, blessedly improved soundtrack, missing footage restored. *And there was much rejoicing.* (Pictured, John Cleese and Eric Idle; see listing, page 58.)

Books

Widower's House

By John Bayley; W.W. Norton; $23.95

The critic John Bayley had two exceedingly unlikely best-sellers in his memoirs of his wife Iris Murdoch and her descent into Alzheimer's disease. (A movie, with Judi Dench, is due in September.) The new book tells of the earlier books' strange consequences: the parade of acquaintances and strangers who turned up at Bayley's door, offering companionship, solace, and baked goods. In bookstores now.



Art

China Without Borders

At Sotheby's New York

You'd never know it from some collections, but Chinese art doesn't stop with Ming vases. Works from 30 top contemporary Chinese artists are on exhibit at Sotheby's through June 28, when they'll be auctioned. Proceeds benefit the China Institute in America. (See listing, page 68.)

In Concert

Hallucination City

At the World Trade Center

Glenn Branca's tone poem for 100 (!) electric guitars, getting its world premiere on the plaza next to Tower One on June 13, kicks off the summer "Evening Stars" series. Listen and watch the fun as the passersby do *whazzat?* takes. (See listing, page 85.)

Theater

Measure for Measure

Shakespeare in the Park

Shakespeare's tale of propriety versus power comes to the city that knows both tendencies all too well. Billy Crudup—the actor everyone knows is talented but nobody recognizes—stars. (Pictured, Crudup with Joe Morton.)

Restaurants

The Palm

Father's Day special

Best of the Week

You know what your dad wants on Sunday. He wants a porterhouse the size of a manhole cover. He wants nothing green on the table except *maybe* some creamed spinach. And he wants to top it off with a hunk of cheesecake—which the Palm is providing gratis, on this day, to dads dining with kids. BYO Mevacor. (Call 212-333-7256 for the Palm, 212-697-5198 for Palm Too.)

Nightlife

U2

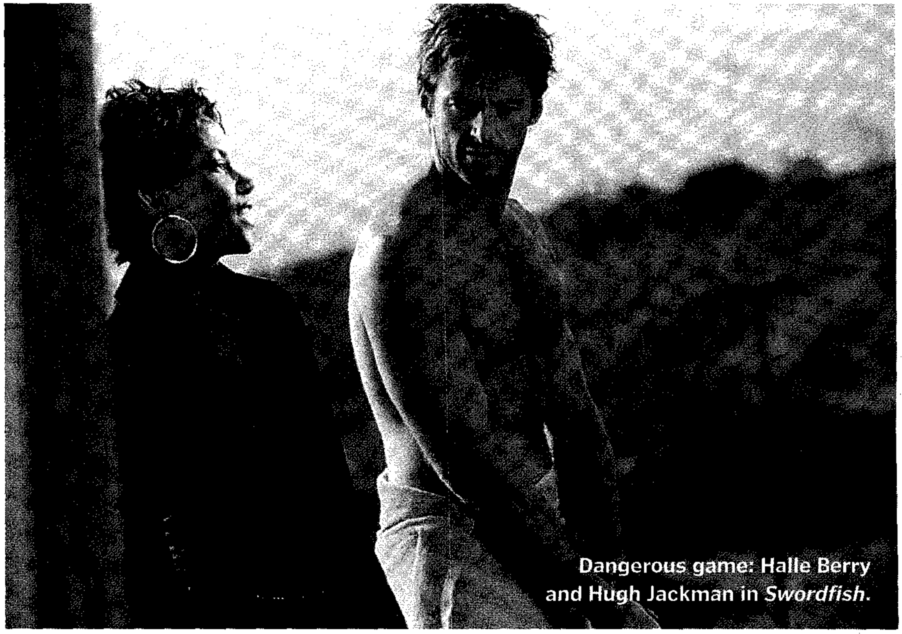
At the Theater at Madison Square Garden

A group (pictured) with seemingly endless reserves of stamina reinvents itself once more, this time as a straight-ahead rock band. At least they haven't lost their Edge. Find what you're looking for at the Garden on June 17 and 19. (See page 83.)

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Python Pictures; Anton Corbijn; Michal Daniel.

Access Denied

Not even Hugh Jackman as a hunky hacker can bring *Swordfish* to life; in *Bride of the Wind,* Sarah Wynter plays Alma Mahler, who had a jones for geniuses.



Dangerous game: Halle Berry and Hugh Jackman in *Swordfish.*

JOHN TRAVOLTA HAS AN AMUSing look in **Swordfish,** where he plays a warped anti-terrorist superpatriot named Gabriel Shear. His thick, matted hair is parted down the middle and then falls away into a modified bowl cut; beneath his lower lip is a soul patch, like Dizzy Gillespie's. The look is more promising than the character, who is less of a swinger than a starer. He doesn't blink a lot, which is how we know he means business. In the end, *Swordfish* is another in a long line of middling movies for Travolta, who must have been so stunned to regain his stardom with *Pulp Fiction* that he hasn't stopped working since. He trades on his quicksilver presence here, but the movie, full of explosions and shoot-outs, dabbles in an uneasy and opportunistic amorality, in which Gabriel is proudly displayed as a kind of avenging angel—a combination Ollie North and Timothy McVeigh.

Dominic Sena, who directed *Gone in 60 Seconds,* knows how to keep things propulsive, but too much of this Joel Silver-produced movie is like sweepings from the cutting-room floor of *The Matrix* (which Silver also produced). More and more thrillers are featuring cyberspace as the great new frontier for criminal activity, but there's a basic dramatic problem with this: Watching someone hacking away at a computer is inherently dull, no matter how many lives and how many billions are at stake. In *Swordfish,* Hugh Jackman plays the most dangerous hacker in America, hired by Travolta, but sitting in front of a bank of computers, he might just as well be another cybernerd. Villainy and heroism don't jibe with all these buzzing monitors and access codes.

IN **Bride of the Wind,** ALMA Mahler (Sarah Wynter) is the babe no genius could resist. There's Gustav Mahler (Jonathan Pryce), her first husband; Walter Gropius (Simon Verhoeven), her second; and Franz Werfel (Gregor Seberg), her third, along with hot-blooded lover Oskar Kokoschka (Vincent Perez), who is so obsessed with Alma that after she calls it quits, he lugs around a full-size doll of her. Left out of the lineup are Enrico Caruso and Arnold Schoenberg, with whom she reportedly also had affairs. Gustav was briefly treated by Freud, and so one wonders—maybe Alma had a fling with Siggie too? (Now, if only she had set her sights on a young Viennese painter named Adolf . . .)

As Sarah Wynter plays Alma, it's difficult to see what all the hue and cry was about; she's rather petty and rancorous, complaining that her own songwriting gifts are being stifled by these male control freaks and yet, at the same time, ridding them out for all their fame and glory. Alma is supposed to be a nascent New Woman in old-world Vienna, but her wiles seem pretty time-honored. The director, Bruce Beresford, can't bring this saga to life because Alma herself never fully comes to life; her contradictoriness, like the way she embraces Mahler only to rail against his "Jewish music," doesn't add up to a whole and complex human being. We're just watching random jottings from the bio. The only character who comes across with any depth is Mahler, and that's because Jonathan Pryce has a way of looking hangdog yet tempestuous that perfectly fits the composer. When he walks out alone into the night air after the death of his young daughter, with Mahler's lyrically funereal *Kindertotenlieder No. 3* rising on the soundtrack, the man and the music are perfectly fused with the actor.

Swordfish
Starring John Travolta and Hugh Jackman.

Bride of the Wind
Starring Sarah Wynter.

Evolution
Starring David Duchovny.
See Movies listings for details.

Evolution, THE NEW COMEDY FROM DIRECtor Ivan Reitman, began life as a standard sci-fi horror script before mutating into the unfunny mess it now is. Large swatches of the film still seem primed for scares; the meteor-driven organisms that evolve from flat slug-worms into jumbo be-

Photograph by Andrew Cooper.

fanged horrors owe a lot more to *Jurassic Park* than, say, to *Ghostbusters.* David Duchovny, riffing off his *X-Files* persona, plays a disgraced former government scientist reduced to teaching biology at a community college in Arizona, where, along with a fellow instructor played by Orlando Jones, he investigates the meteor-crash site and ultimately rescues the ecosystem. Julianne Moore turns up as a starched epidemiologist who is told that all she needs is a "good humping," a view the filmmakers apparently heartily endorse. (They all need a good thumping.) When the government intervenes and attempts to destroy the organisms with napalm, the destructo comedy becomes particularly gross: Napalm is just not very funny. *Evolution* is from DreamWorks, which last year brought out the neglected sci-fi spoof *Galaxy Quest,* a movie with ten times the laughs and one tenth the promotion. Rent it.

The Anniversary Party IS A HEAVY DOSE of movie-colony narcissism posing as warts-and-all honesty. Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, the film's co-writers and directors, play a Hollywood couple who, after a year's separation, invite their close friends over to their glass-and-stone aerie for an anniversary bash that includes the ingestion of much ecstasy. The drug acts as a kind of truth serum on the mostly showbiz crowd, and lots of pent-up resentments are released—as if, in Hollywood, you needed *drugs* for that. The cast members, including Kevin Kline and his wife, Phoebe Cates; Gwyneth Paltrow; Jennifer Beals; and John C. Reilly, are all reportedly friends of one another and of the filmmakers. It's as if we were being told, *Hey, we may be famous, but we're human too. We bleed.* On the evidence of this movie, my advice would be: Go back to just being famous. Please.

In brief: THE COEN BROTHERS' *O BROTHER, Where Art Thou?* had one of the best soundtracks in years, a mix of traditional folk and blues and bluegrass, played by Ralph Stanley, Emmylou Harris, Alison Krauss, the late John Hartford, and many more. Most of these same musicians, along with the selections they played, are in **Down From the Mountain,** a documentary by D. A. Pennebaker, Chris Hegedus, and Nick Doob of a Nashville concert given in conjunction with the movie's production. Seeing these performers up close is a double blessing. (At the Screening Room.) ■

Love Needs No Pedigree

Photographed by Mary Bloom.

Emme, Host of E! Entertainment Television's Fashion Emergency, and "Emme The Cat".

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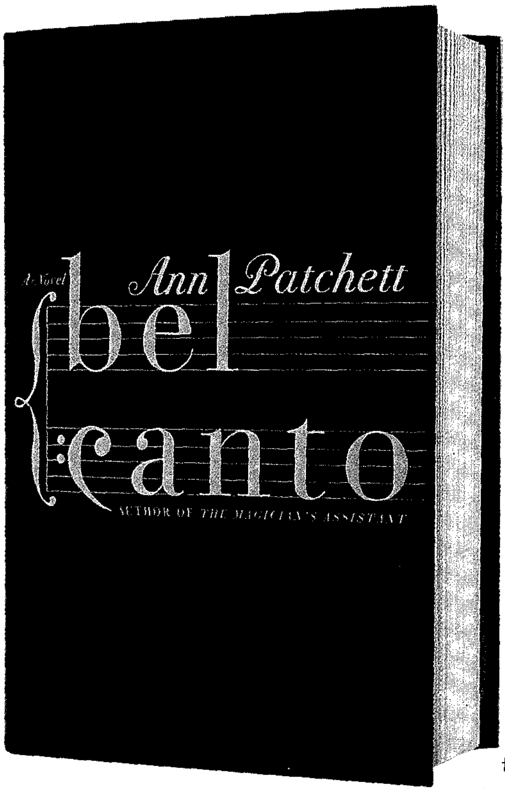
BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Ransom Notes

In Ann Patchett's new novel, South American terrorists take hostages, including a famous opera singer—and everyone learns why the caged bird sings.

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, **Bel Canto** is about finding beauty in unexpected places. On the most obvious level of plot, Ann Patchett's latest novel is about a group of (not very violent) Marxist rebels in an unnamed South American country who take over the vice-presidential palace during a glittering party. Strange and marvelous things start to happen once the rebels and their illustrious hostages, one of whom is a famous opera singer, get to know one another. On another level, Patchett has managed to find the material for a fantasy in a violent real-life event. (In December 1996, a group of Marxist rebels stormed the home of the Japanese ambassador to Peru while a gala celebration of the emperor's birthday was in progress; after releasing most of the guests, the terrorists settled in with a few dozen hostages for four tense but weirdly quiet months until April 1997, when government commandos raided the ambassador's house, freeing the remaining hostages and killing all of the rebels.)



But on a whole other level, *Bel Canto* is an unexpected transformation in Patchett's writing. Faced with the incident that inspired this book, many novelists would focus on either the action—the takeover, the tense negotiations, the bloodily climactic raid—or the anguished politics of the situation. Patchett takes another, subtler route, weaving her story from the four months of forced cohabitation of the jungle guerillas and their prisoners. No surprise there: This is an author who's always liked to throw odd groups of troubled characters together in confined spaces and see what happens. Her 1992 debut, *The Patron Saint of Liars*, was set in a home for unwed mothers; her 1994 follow-up, *Taft*, was about a black nightclub owner in Memphis who takes a pair of troubled white teenagers under his wing. In *The Magician's Assistant*, the title character discovers that her late magician husband has another, secret family—and goes to live with them.

And yet although (or maybe because) the earlier books were competently written, well-meaning, and earnest, they always seemed somehow minor (the phrase "woman's novel" comes to mind). In the new novel, the group of characters whom Patchett has chosen to assemble, which includes diplomats, political ideologues, priests, and artists, elevates the narrative to the level of allegory. The author has taken what could have been a variation on the *Lord of the Flies* scenario (a descent into primitive chaos after the onset of lawlessness) and fashions instead a "Lord of the Butterflies," a dreamlike fable in which the impulses toward beauty and love are shown to be as irrepressible as the instincts for violence and destruction.

The ascent from chaos to culture that Patchett charts is a gradual, even languid one (at times, rather too languid.) Apart from the violence that frames the narrative—the rebels' raid at the beginning and the government commandos' raid at the end—much of this novel swims by in a hallucinatory mode. "We have done away with time," a Russian diplomat gleefully declares as he and several other characters discard their watches. His comment reminds you that this is, in the end, a story that takes place out of real time. Out of real space too. The house in which the captives are being held is surrounded by a thick mist that cuts the inhabitants off from the outside world.

Despite its incremental pace, this story, like all fables, is one in which miraculous transformations take place. Katsumi Hosokawa, the buttoned-down tycoon whose birthday was being celebrated, turns out to be capable of great passion, embarking on the first real love affair of his life. His trusty interpreter, the shy Gen Watanabe, a "genius" at languages who "was often at a loss for what to say when left with only his own words," becomes a person of great authority, indispensable to the smooth running of the polyglot household. General Benjamin, the leader of the terrorists, is revealed as a sensitive, tormented man with a complicated past. (In a more surprising turn of events, two of the gun-toting rebels turn out to be girls named Beatriz and Carmen—and not, as you're led to believe at first, teenage boys.) Most memorable of all is the charismatic American diva, Roxane Coss, with whom pretty much everyone, hostages and rebels alike, ends up falling in love by the end of the novel. Long used to in-

Bel Canto
By Ann Patchett
HarperCollins;
318 pages; $25.00.

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

spiring but never feeling love, Roxane finally discovers, during the course of her imprisonment, the true meaning of the outsize emotions about which she has always sung. (*Bel canto* is Italian for "beautiful singing.")

Roxane's uncanny effect on people is meant to symbolize the transformative power of art, the way in which art and culture are as inevitable as the beauty and desire that inspire them. Patchett conveys this by small, insignificant-looking events. These are the few "plot points" you get here. Gen teaches Carmen to read and write, and the two fall in love. One of Hosokawa's corporate underlings, long thought of as nothing more than a numbers man, turns out to be an excellent pianist and accompanist for Roxane (whom the terrorists, as mesmerized as everyone else, allow to practice every day). Vice-President Iglesias starts rehabilitating the neglected gardens with the help of one of the rebel youths. The rebels become addicted to *telenovelas*. Hosokawa, who never had time for anything but business, decides to learn Spanish; other hostages catch up on their García Márquez. Beatriz, the only other female guerrilla besides Carmen, learns to tell time and makes her first confession, to a music-loving priest. The French diplomat, Thibault, teaches everyone to cook. And Roxane, finding that one of the rebel boys has an extraordinary voice, takes him on as a student.

Literature, music, horticulture, drama, language, religion, cuisine, pedagogy: These are the elements of civilization itself, and Patchett's optimistic point is that they will spring up in the most inhospitable of places. "Who knew that being kidnapped was so much like attending university?" one of the characters jokes at what proves to be the end not of a nightmare but of a culture-filled idyll, a time-out-of-time in which politicians and corporate tycoons and terrorists get a prolonged taste of literature, art, music—"all the brilliant things we might have done with our lives if only we suspected we knew how."

Patchett takes her time getting there, but by the climax of her story, you find yourself hoping that the idyll will—somehow, magically—last. Of course, it can't. The fact that it lasts as long as it does, in such improbable circumstances, is a testament to her own magical powers. ■

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Good Nudes

Framing three vivid characters in the throes of love (and art forgery), *The Credeaux Canvas* is no still life.

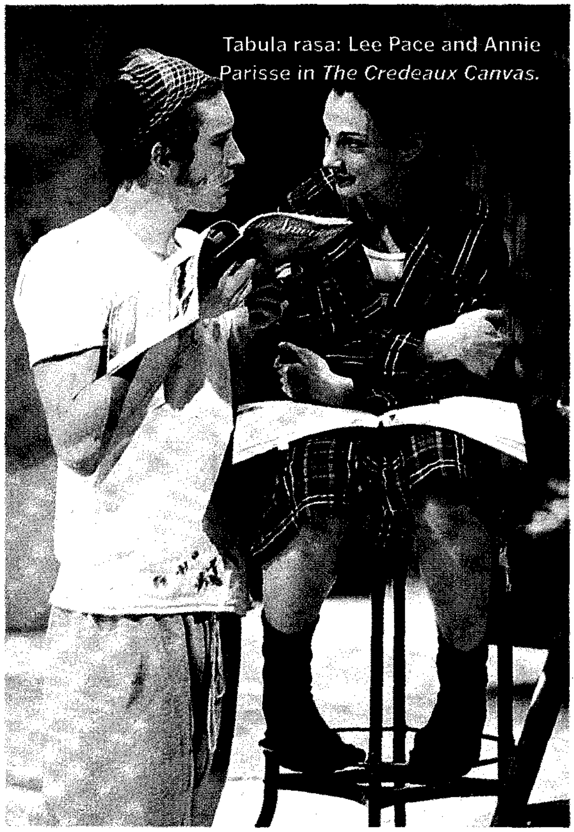
The Credeaux Canvas
By Keith Bunin; directed by Michael Mayer. At Playwrights Horizons.

Chaucer in Rome
By John Guare; directed by Nicholas Martin. At the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater.

Hamlet
By Shakespeare; directed by John Caird. At BAM (closed). See Theater listings for details.

The Credeaux Canvas IS THE third recent play about painters, and I was prepared to resent it. Instead, it turned out the best of the lot, better even than most plays about non-painters. Keith Bunin's serious comedy concerns three friends in their twenties in an East Village attic apartment shared by Winston, a gifted art student, and Jamie, a low-level real-estate agent. For the past six months, Amelia, a struggling chanteuse, has moved in as Jamie's lover. Jamie's wealthy art-dealer father has just died, leaving his son nothing except sudden despair begetting a vengeful, foolhardy scheme.

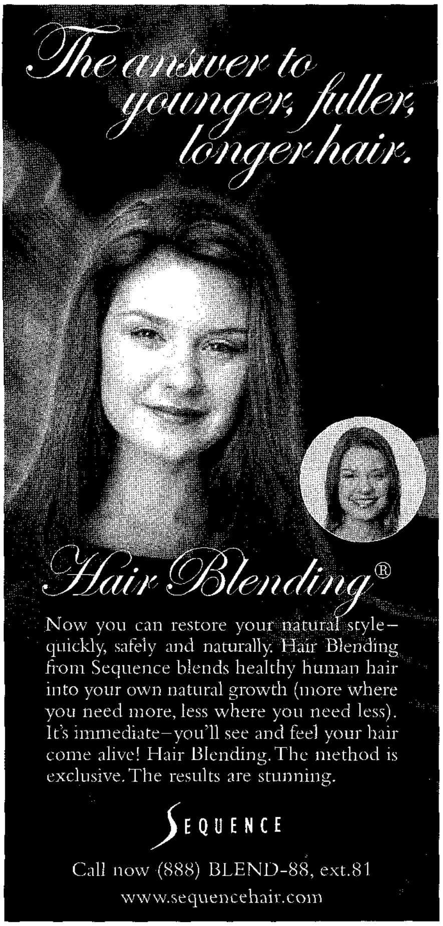
For an art-school thesis, Winston has been copying, brilliantly, a still life by the great, obscure dead painter Jean-Paul Credeaux, who is soon to be discovered, especially as more and more of his nudes keep surfacing. The plan is for Winston to paint a Credeaux nude—with Amelia posing—supposedly inherited by Jamie from his father, to be sold to Tess, a rich widow client of the father and already the proud possessor of a genuine Credeaux still life. She is stubbornly and stupidly sure of her own expertise and never consults experts: The fake Credeaux should make the young people's fortune.


Tabula rasa: Lee Pace and Annie Parisse in *The Credeaux Canvas*.

Winston and Amelia very reluctantly go along with the scheme, which brings much farce and drama to three young lives. Among other things, Amelia, nervous about posing in the nude, is emboldened when Winston, too, strips to paint her, which soon leads to a hectic love triangle. (The nude scene is played so naturally by the two gifted actors that the spectators take it easily in their stride.) The plot twists this way and that over a four-year span, sometimes slightly straining belief but never relaxing its hold on the attention.

Bunin writes dialogue that is charming, funny, at times deliberately awkward, full of headlong starts and tongue-tied stops, rather in the delightful mode of Kenneth Loner-

Photograph by Joan Marcus.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gan. You feel empathetic anxiety for the characters even as you laugh and rejoice with them, however amoral or harebrained their meanderings. It is a dance on the razor's edge that requires expert production, which from the sure-footed direction of Michael Mayer and the nifty design team of Derek McLane, Michael Krass, and Kenneth Posner, it gets in spades.

The acting is perfect. Glenn Howerton's Jamie hovers wonderfully between crazy self-assurance in intrigue and pathetic fragility in love. Lee Pace's Winston is near-horizontally laid-back one moment, jack-in-the-boxishly resurgent the next—now with a bumbling stammer, now with torrential volubility. As Amelia, Annie Parisse is prodigious, playing virtually four different women in one. She negotiates the transitions with total ease, absolute credibility, and irresistible appeal. As the silly but not so stupid Tess, E. Katherine Kerr contributes a bravura cameo. Can you ask for more?

THERE IS ALSO, HOWEVER, THE *WORST* recent play about painters, art curators, demented parents, tormented sons, and a batch of fiendishly zany pilgrims in Rome for the Holy Year, as well as additional caricatural others. This is the worthy John Guare's latest and least play, **Chaucer in Rome**, a misbegotten sequel to Guare's delicious best, *The House of Blue Leaves*. It is so murky that I am sure only that it takes place mostly in Rome, and that it has nothing to do with Chaucer. For the rest, make of it what you will—or can.

The farce is in the hysterical-absurdist mode, leaping from excess to excess, part souped-up gazelle, part nastily laughing hyena. It could have been written by a fatally navel-gazing author or by four baboons adoring a typewriter. I won't waste your time or mine trying to summarize the unspeakable, but will tell you that the usually deft Nicholas Martin could not direct any sense into the senselessness that swallowed alive even such valiant actors as Dick Latessa, Polly Holliday, and the especially apt Bruce Norris.

Carrie Preston thrashes about helplessly, and Jon Tenney, as a frantic artist poisoned by the venom in his paints—the only ones he can work with—lacks any resources to mitigate the mess. Worst of all is Lee Wilkof, who with wildly varying wigs gives the selfsame crude performance as four outré characters and who, when meant to speak Italian, sounds like a high-school-imitation Sid Caesar.

AFTER LAST MONTH'S APPALLING PETER Brook *Tragedy of Hamlet*, the play cut to shreds and loaded down with every imaginable and some unimaginable nonsense (only Mrs. Brook, the marvelous Natasha Parry, as Gertrude, managed to surmount this inferno), you would have thought that John Caird's Royal National Theatre **Hamlet**, also at BAM, would have it made. Indeed, with much to quibble about, there was also much to admire; but what can you make of a *Hamlet* lacking a Hamlet and an Ophelia?

Simon Russell Beale is an able actor in character parts (I especially enjoyed his London Thersites), but can the princely Dane be short, stout, homely, and overage? Can he, unlike some fat men, move without nimbleness, chop his verse-speaking into jagged fragments, have a strident voice that in the high register becomes a squeal, and not display the least smidgen of charm? And can the Ophelia of Cathryn Bradshaw be a plodding, buxom milk- or barmaid with a smarmy voice and no sense of her role—not to mention misdirected and miscostumed in the mad scenes?

Otherwise, the production had its strong points. Despite uncalled-for infusions of Christian symbolism, Tim Hatley's scenery, Paul Pyant's lighting, and John Cameron's music achieved some lovely effects. The supporting cast ranged from adequate to proficient, the two Peters (Blythe as Polonius, McEnery as Claudius) being particularly noteworthy; and Caird's cuts, rearrangements of sequences, and canny directorial details were often captivating.

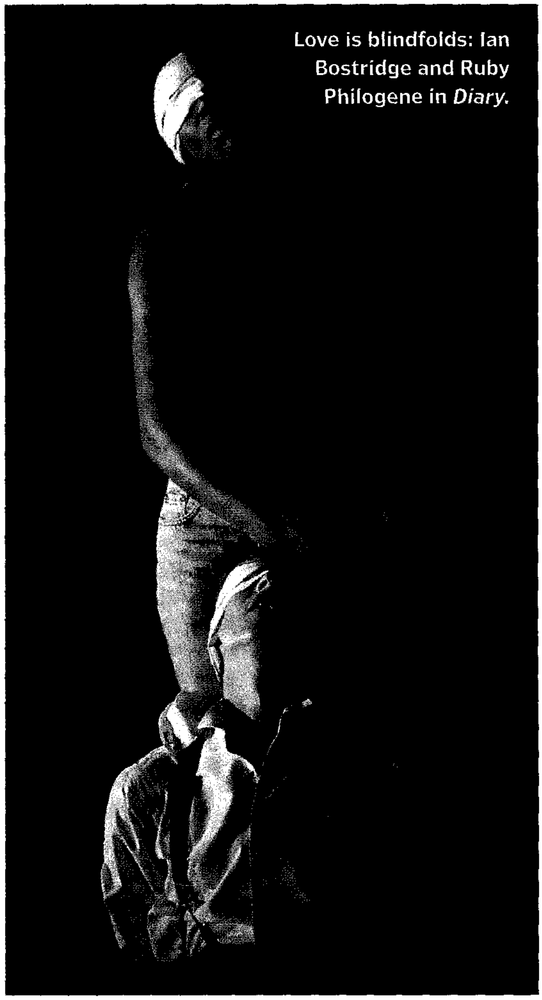
Other things misfired. You can't cut Fortinbras and the great "How all occasions" speech with impunity; you don't want Claudius's reaction to *The Mousetrap* to be ludicrous; Gertrude should not be rummaging in a trunk full of mementoes; the dying Hamlet should not remain vertical long after all others are flattened; the entire cast should not promptly arise from the dead (one ghost is amply sufficient); etc. Still, a watchable *Hamlet* if you could get past the catastrophic lovers, seemingly turned into Pandarus and *As You Like It*'s Audrey. ■

cue **CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS**

Too Darn Hot

Lincoln Center's recent (and rare) staging of Janácek's erotic song cycle, *Diary of One Who Vanished,* left too little to the imagination.

AS A RULE, AUDIENCES do not arrive at a song recital to find the singer peering moodily at them from under the piano. And yet, there was tenor Ian Bostridge, sulking beneath a Steinway grand at the John Jay College Theater not long ago and preparing to sing Leos Janácek's searing **Diary of One Who Vanished.** Talk about an in-your-face shake-up of conventional concert-hall protocol. This was the latest installment in Lincoln Center's "New Visions" series, and Janácek's 40-minute song cycle describing the seduction of a farm boy by a gypsy lass got the full treatment: staging by British director Deborah Warner; sets, lighting, and video design by Jean Kalman and Tom Pye; costumes by John Bright; and a new English translation from the original Czech by the Irish poet Seamus Heaney.


Love is blindfolds: Ian Bostridge and Ruby Philogene in *Diary.*

Actually, none of this is unprecedented—attempts to stage the *Diary* began soon after its premiere in 1921. After all, the poems describe the heated events in detail as a tenor, mezzo, and three offstage women's voices interact to create what is essentially a tiny three-act drama: Janik's first sight of Zefka and his growing obsession with her; their meeting and passionate lovemaking; and the young man's fateful decision to leave his family and accept a gypsy's life with Zefka and their newborn child ("To find my life, I lose it," in Heaney's moving translation). Janácek even indicates entrances, exits, and lighting cues in his score, while the expressive ferocity and sheer erotic power of the music make these two young people seem very real.

Diary of One Who Vanished
The song cycle by Janácek, staged by Deborah Warner for Lincoln Center's "New Visions" series. With Ian Bostridge and Ruby Philogene.

Despite these theatrical elements, I'm bound to say that this particular "new vision" of Janácek's great score did not work for me. For all their drama and physicality, these songs are for the most part introspective, tracing a young man's painful interior journey no less than Schubert's classic song cycles. To see it unfold in this mixed-up context—Bostridge in shirtsleeves and suspenders, his eyes often bandaged (love is blind?); Ruby Philogene slinking about in blue jeans, both diving back under the piano for some enthusiastic coupling; lighting that suggests the changing seasons; pianist Julius Drake playing in stockinged feet—only stresses the obvious and insults the imagination. Perhaps a fully staged production would work better than this self-conscious blend of concert-hall and opera-house conventions, which created a precious, even artificial atmosphere—surely the wrong way to represent Janácek's uncompromising reality.

I was also disappointed by Bostridge, a singer I have greatly admired in the past. Here his English-schoolboy looks and fragile stage presence hardly put one in mind of a rough peasant lad, while his singing, although typically refined and expressive, lacked robustness—the two killer high Cs at the end were just barely there. Philogene, on the other hand, sang Zefka's lines exquisitely, and Drake made the piano part sound positively incandescent. For my money, this inspired accompanist is now the best in the business.

I think it's also fair to say that a 40-minute piece, even one this powerful, is rather skimpy for a full evening's program, and I felt shortchanged. A perfect companion piece would have been *Six Songs From the Arabian,* Hans Werner Henze's new song cycle, written especially for Bostridge. The tenor has already made a recording for EMI Classics, and it is a tour de force; seldom does a major composer write music these days that explores, challenges, and flatters every facet of an important singer's voice and artistry. Anyone who felt let down by Bostridge in Janácek's *Diary* should hear him sing this and be reassured. ■

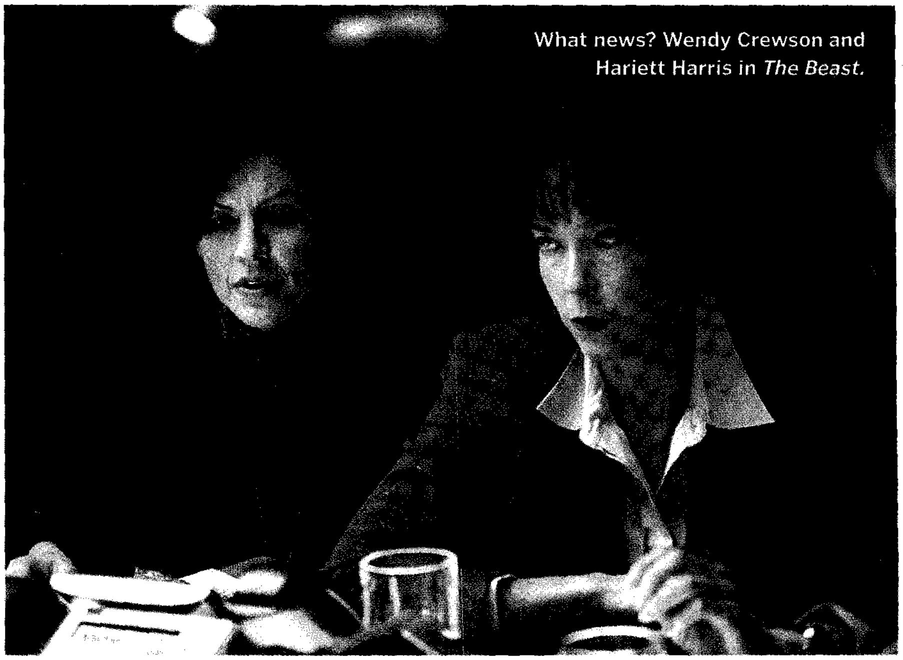
Photograph by Bill Rafferty.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Urban Legends

An Orwellian look at an all-news network, *The Beast* is the latest ABC series to be unceremoniously dumped; *Witchblade* conjures modern and ancient tales.

WENDY CREWSON MUST wonder what she ever did that ABC should hate her so. Only a little more than a decade ago, the talented Crewson—a Canadian version of Anne Archer, especially suited to playing adult women who prove to be as smart as they are handsome—was cast as the honest producer in *Studio 5-B*, an ABC dramatic series about a morning-TV-news program, with George Grizzard and Jeffrey Tambor. I will admit that I was kinder than I might have been to this show, which lathered up more soap than journalism, because I had liked Crewson as a reporter on the CBS newspaper series *Hard Copy,* and liked her even more when I met her in October 1988 at the Cannes Television Festival, where she was hanging out with Robert Altman's entourage. Still, *Studio 5-B* deserved better than the three weeks ABC gave it before the ax.


What news? Wendy Crewson and Hariett Harris in *The Beast.*

And now Crewson is ever so briefly back in **The Beast**, another ABC dramatic series, this time about a whole 24-hour-broadcast news organization instead of just a single show. But if you tune in the next six Wednesdays, try not to get excited: Even though it's better than anything else on ABC, the network pulled the plug not only on Wendy Crewson, but on Frank Langella, Elizabeth Mitchell, Peter Riegert, Jason Gedrick, Naveen Andrews, and Harriet Harris, all of whom also work for World News Service (WNS), where the people who are watching us find themselves watched as well.

If the media are the "Beast," WNS is Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon, an all-seeing model prison. Langella, the maverick mogul who has created this monster of surveillance, believes that journalists have lost their objectivity. To encourage them to find it again—a kind of obligatory introspection reminiscent of the self-criticism sessions of the Chinese Communists during the Cultural Revolution—he has cameras trained on their workplace, in the halls, from the ceiling, so that the very process of news gathering is itself recorded and can be broadcast live on the Internet. There is a supereditor somewhere in the pixeled sky, more God than ombudsman, a divine executive producer determining which failures of craft or character are made public. It's as though, in some second-guessing chat room made entirely out of two-way Microsoft Windows, *Cops* met *The Blair Witch Project* during halftime at an XFL game.

The Beast
Wednesdays,
starting June 13, 10 to
11 P.M., ABC.

Witchblade
Tuesdays, starting
June 12, 9 to 10 P.M.,
TNT.

Thus the new girl on the block, former freelancer Mitchell, has been lured by Langella to WNS specifically for her righteous standards. Will she lower them to get that interview with a death-row convict, and even allow herself to be fondled to secure exclusive broadcast rights to his "live" execution? Thus news anchor Gedrick is so furious about the lunacy of most of what he reports that he sounds hourly more and more like the prophet Jeremiah with a substance-abuse problem. Thus news director Riegert, unemployable anywhere else because of his terrible temper and even greater contempt, stays on in the belly of the "Beast" because Langella's process would seem to require his potential for creative violence.

While Crewson wants a baby of her own, with test-tube help if necessary, she will have to settle for being the managerial mother of the rest of these misfits. The divine executive producer has to decide whether to inform his fellow WNS employees that the McVeigh-like media bomber being so assiduously tracked by Naveen Andrews has actually signed on as an intern in the Panopticon, and looks poised to strike at the very nerve center of the military-industrial-entertainment complex while the rest of them are all too busy worrying about their professional

Photograph by Danny Feld.

ethics to notice or, except for Harriet Harris, to care.

The Beast was created by Kario Salem, who wrote the remarkable *Don King: Only in America.* Executive producers include Mimi Leder, who directed the first episode; Ian Sander and Kim Moses, who co-conspired at *Profiler;* and Ron Howard. The cast is as snap-crackle-and-pop as the dialogue put in their mouths. It is as satisfying as it is provocative, much like *Max Headroom,* the dramatic series it most resembles and the best one ever on any network about TV news, which also embarrassed ABC by being more subversive than it could stand. And that was in 1987, before Disney. As with *Wonderland,* so with *The Beast.* So long, we never knew you. It's getting worse, folks.

ON THE OTHER, HAPPIER HAND, THE **Witchblade** that originated last August as a TV movie—in which Yancy Butler, a New York City homicide cop buffer than Buffy with Antarctic eyes to die for or drown in, battled the supernatural forces of evil with a magic glove from an ancient suit of sentient armor—returns this week to TNT as a series dark and slick. I described *Witchblade* the movie as "Rambimbo/Ninja/Terminator Chic." But that was before I had seen *Crouching Tiger, Inner Yancy.* It is now clear that we are tapping into something deeper. Never mind the random appearances of the motormouth ghost of Yancy's dead partner (Will Yun Lee). Or if the tormented Nottingham (Eric Etebari) is a guardian angel or an assassin. Or whether media mogul Kenneth Irons (Anthony Cistaro) wants Yancy for her body or her blade. Or why her new partner (David Chokachi), who gave up perfect waves for violent crime, would ever surf any other woman. All this is beside the point, which is kick-ass sisterhood.

Even episodic plot details are really a screen. In this Tuesday's "Parallax," so many men in black are trying to waste one another on motorcycles, it's impossible to know who's satanic and who used to be Special Forces before they were turned into killer zombies by psychotropic drugs and virtual-reality music videos, while in next Tuesday's "Conundrum," either a serial killer or a giant boa constrictor specializes in the crushing to death of fashion models between flashbacks to Hitler's Germany and what appears to be Batista's Cuba. But in both cases, what's really at stake is possession of the Witchblade, which not only confers superpowers on warrior Yancy, but also foists upon her hallucinatory glimpses of Empowered Womanhood down through the darkest of ages, from Cleopatra in Egypt to Kali in India to Joan of Arc in France. Somewhere along this long bloody line, I am encouraged to believe, the adopted Yancy will discover her true mother. Meanwhile, more religions are ransacked for metaphor than Joseph Campbell ever shook his shtick at.

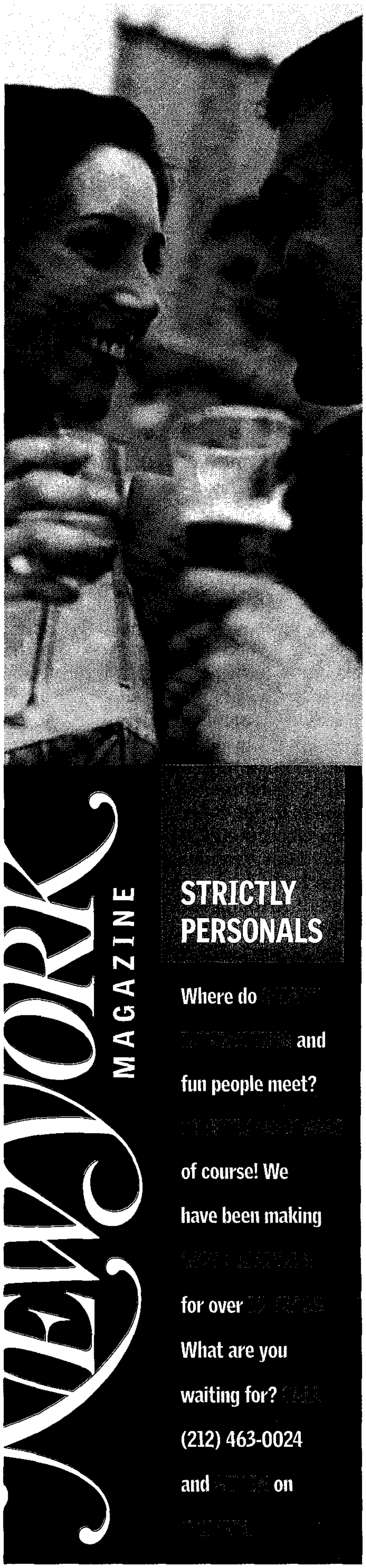
TV Notes

Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures (June 12; 7:30 to 10 P.M.; Cinemax), narrated, alas, by Tom Cruise, is plopped down in the middle of a Kubrick cable-TV festival. Tribute is paid by the likes of Woody Allen, Arthur C. Clarke, Shelley Duvall, Nicole Kidman, Paul Mazursky, Malcolm McDowell, Jack Nicholson, Martin Scorsese, Steven Spielberg, and Sir Peter Ustinov. Snippets are snipped from many movies. Disinformation is repudiated, with a schoolmarm hand. And all of this is actually more interesting than *Eyes Wide Shut.*

Tasmania: Land of Devils (June 12; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13), the latest in "The Living Edens" series, goes to Australia to look at the tallest flowering tree in the world, hack through giant kelp forests to get to friendly sponge gardens where the weedy sea dragon and the giant cuttlefish hang out, and spend some quality time with the devil himself, the biggest marsupial carnivore still at large, which is in the habit of devouring every bit of its prey except the jawbone.

The Kitchen (June 15; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is percussionist Andre Degas's lovely attempt to come to terms in a semi-autobiographical play with the ghost of his patriarchal father, who emigrated from Egypt to Hell's Kitchen, where he ran a bodega and tried to run his son's life. Jason Raize plays Jamal, who wants to be in a band instead of a bodega. Mark Margolis plays his father, who drove away the most important woman in their lives, and who will have to go to the hospital to see the light.

Heroes of Iwo Jima (June 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E), narrated by Gene Hackman, goes behind Joe Rosenthal's AP photo of the staged flag-raising, a couple of hours after the Marine Corps photo of the real flag-raising, to talk to the young men who raised both flags in the middle of horrific fighting, who became famous for having done so, and whose memory of the volcanic ash and dangerous caves of Suribachi is somewhat less than heroic. ■


NEW YORK MAGAZINE

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RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

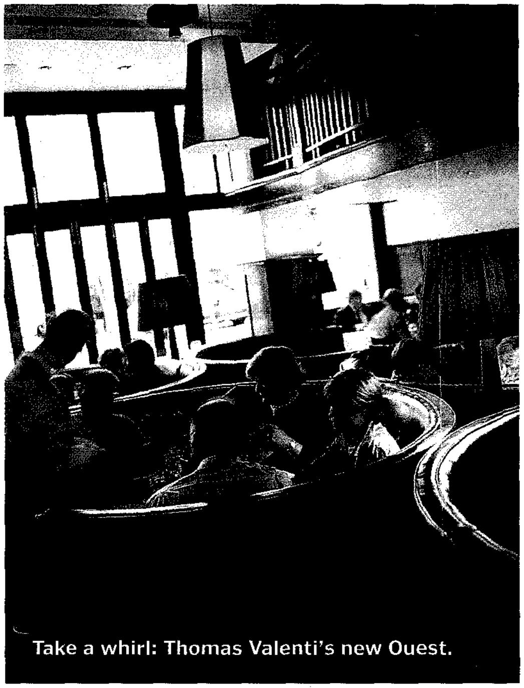
Go Ouest

Thomas Valenti's sublime new Upper West Side outpost should dispel the neighborhood's culinary blues for good. That is, if the locals will let it.

THERE ARE MANY PRINTED things in life you can be sure of. The New York *Post* is going to endorse the Republican candidate. Aileen Mehle will regularly sit at dinner next to people you thought died ages ago. And sure as Tavern on the Green buys twinkle lights in bulk, any time someone writes an article about dining on the Upper West Side, the opening paragraph begins with a bemoaning beguine about the lack of worthy places to eat in those environs.

Frankly, the complaint is getting tired. Got a pencil? Cafe Luxembourg, Sarabeth's, Picholine, Nick & Tony's, Good Enough to Eat, Rain, Metisse, Calle Ocho, Jean Georges and Nougatine, Gennaro, Ruby Foo's, Avenue, and Gael's beloved Shun Lee. Okay, so maybe it's not exactly the 8th Arrondissement in Paris, but try tallying up the can't-miss spots in the Garment District, Yorkville, or Murray Hill. Bet you haven't dog-eared *those* lists in the back of your pocket *Zagat's*.

The opening of **Ouest** should shatter the misperception for good, since Thomas Valenti's newest outpost (co-owned with Godfrey Polistina) is polished and appealing enough to prompt twinges of jealousy from other neighborhoods. Designer Peter Neimitz has taken an unwieldy space burdened with shallow balconies, an endless narrow corridor, and a central room with too high a ceiling and, using an Ivy League–ish dark-wood stain and a Tilt-a-Whirl's worth of spherical cherry leather booths, created coves of such intimacy that those who've grown accustomed to communal dining tables may be overcome by an eerie sense of isolation. This is what was once known in the service industry as giving a customer some privacy. Don't fret, you Mercer Kitchen refugees: If it's too much, you can always eat at the bar.


Take a whirl: Thomas Valenti's new Ouest.

Regardless of where at Ouest you lift a fork, it's noteworthy (as well as celebratory) to see how much culinary baggage the chef has shed in his move uptown. At Alison on Dominick Street, Valenti's dishes would occasionally be undone by his overtly showy intentions; at Cascabel, he sometimes went out of his way to juxtapose never-the-twain-shall-be-eaten combos. Perhaps sensing that here is a neighborhood that customarily has guilt pangs over having forsaken the home-cooked meal, Valenti has focused and honed Ouest's menu to the point where almost every dish resonates with such love-it-in-an-instant flavors that their appeal is likely to mask their degrees of difficulty.

Foie gras agnolotti is one such plate. Valenti's sly pairing of this aromatic meat with a fragrant sauce of leeks and basil comes close to airy bliss. He does it again with sweetly smoked duck breast buttressed by brash bitter greens.

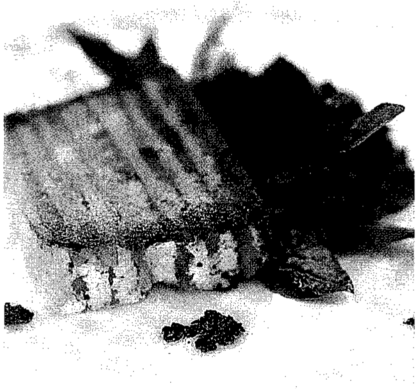
The gravlax is something special: meltingly lush, coated in a sheer veil of caviar and mustard oil, held back from overkill by a rustic chickpea pancake. There's an elegant oyster pan roast with black trumpet mushrooms, a goat-cheese-and-truffle terrine with a bonus of roasted red beets, and a too small, but feisty, disk of pork terrine that would get you good even without the kicker of mustard crust. The too smoky sweet-pea broth needs adjusting, though, if only to highlight its pearls of luscious parmesan custard, as does the goat-cheese ravioli, whose velvety squares are muddled by a dominating pancetta tomato sauce.

The happy news is Valenti's appetizers aren't even his strong suit, not when one gets to delight in the gutsy finish seared tuna acquires with chickpea purée, or to relish an atypically tart tomato-chive broth on a tenderly flaky sautéed skate. He easily passes the neighborhood's stringent roast-chicken-with-mashed-potatoes test. The rabbit is tender but bizarrely tastefree, and the vegetarian millefeuille seems made with less heart and soul. But Valenti's halibut in fava-bean purée, golden roast squab sitting atop roasted-tomato risotto, bacon-wrapped pork tenderloin with a white-bean purée and peppercorn sauce (the man loves them legumes), short ribs with lush polenta, and a filet mignon in an almost luridly seductive crust of peppered, smoky mushrooms are five persuasive reasons to check Sunday's real-estate section for a classic six on Riverside Drive.

I can't recall the last time I wanted a restaurant to offer more desserts. But with a crackling strawberry-scented rhubarb crisp; a crunchy, citrus-laced raspberry financier; an actually cakey chocolate cake (though here's one vote for an option of banana ice cream); and a sensational crème fraîche panna cotta with fresh passion fruit, Michael Moorhouse exhibits a rare ability to satisfy both a pastry chef's urge for discovery and New Yorkers' lust for solid, third-act gratification.

Ouest
2315 Broadway, at 84th
Street (212-580-8700).

Photographed by Patrik Rytikangas.



Get yours: Goat-cheese terrine at Ouest.

And yet, I'll bet that Ouest's success will do nothing to change the persistent perception of upper Broadway as the land that fine dining forgot. Because curiously enough, it is *not* the lack of stimulating destinations after all but the locals' determination to treat every place like it's their own personal hangout, no better than their corner sports bar.

No offense, my Fairway-loving friends, but Ouest is not the Popover Cafe. Despite Ouest's stunningly civilized decision to play soothing jazz and cabaret artists, when the music gets turned up at 10 P.M. the mood recommendation goes unnoticed. Instead, families continue to backslap and high-five across the table. Others bicker as a check for six is split four ways. Finicky diners continuously redesign the menu more thanks to idiosyncrasy than to any doctor's orders.

Sorry, but this is one time when the West Side's fervent egalitarianism is not merely misplaced but dishonoring. I'd lay down money that everyone in the room loves the place. And Valenti's such an eager, earthy guy, he'll brush this criticism off, saying, 'Don't worry, you guys. It's cool.' But it's not. A bit of behavior modification in the presence of real talent is not just a nice gesture. It's deserved. The folks at Ouest are doing something special way uptown, something a lot better than what's under the heat lamp around the corner. They deserve appreciation and respect. And I sure hope they get it.

And I also hope I don't get popcorn dumped on my head the next time I go to Sony Lincoln Square. ■

Ouest 2315 Broadway, at 84th Street (212-580-8700). Sunday through Thursday 5 to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday 5 P.M. to midnight. Appetizers, $7 to $12; entrées, $16 to $27. All major credit cards.

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Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

This Week's Releases

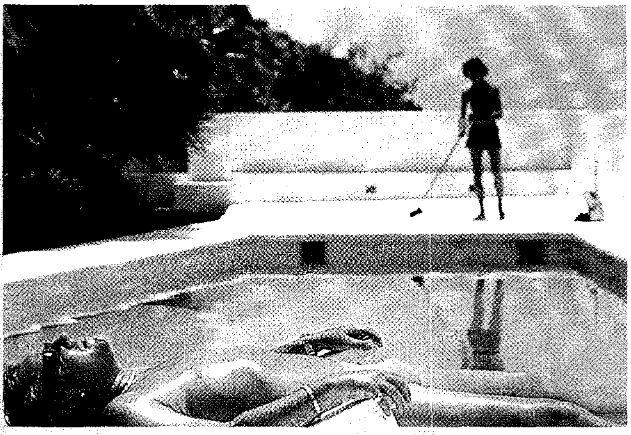
The Adventures of Felix
When Felix (Sami Bouajila) gets laid off, he leaves his boyfriend and journeys to the south of France to find his absentee father. Written and directed by Jacques Martineau and Olivier Ducastel. (1 hr. 35 mins; NR) • Opens 6/15.

Atlantis: The Lost Empire
Michael J. Fox, James Garner, and Leonard Nimoy voice Disney's new animated yarn about a young explorer's voyage to the city under the sea. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) • Opens 6/15.

Dirty Cop No Donut
Director Tim Ritter's graphic *Cops*-style spoof envisions the police after the camera stops rolling. Joel D. Wynkoop plays Officer Friendly. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) • Opens 6/15.

Lara Croft: Tomb Raider
Angelina Jolie is the titular Lara, a shapely crime fighter who must save the world. Also with Jon Voight, directed by Simon West. (1 hr. 40 mins; PG-13) • Opens 6/15.

Russian Doll
A noirish film about a dejected private eye (*The Matrix*'s Hugo Weaving), an adulterous married man (*Moulin Rouge*'s David Wenham), and a Jewish mail-order bride from St. Petersburg (newcomer Natalia Novikova). (1 hr. 30 mins; R) • Opens 6/15.



The thong is you: Ray Winstone in *Sexy Beast.*

Sexy Beast
Ben Kingsley plays a bank robber who lures a luxuriantly retired Ray Winstone back for that mythic one last score. Directorial debut of Jonathan Glazer. (1 hr. 31 mins; R) • Opens 6/13.

Songcatcher
Janet McTeer plays a musicologist in 1907 who scours the Appalachian mountains for music. Also starring Aidan Quinn and Jane Adams, and featuring songs by Emmylou Harris and Taj Mahal. (1 hr. 49 mins; PG-13) • Opens 6/15.

New Films

About Adam
Love and marriage reinterpreted by a polyandrous Dubliner (Stuart Townsend) and a torch singer (Kate Hudson) in a comedy from writer-director Gerard Stembridge. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • CC Sutton.

All Access: Front Row, Backstage, Live!
The IMAX concert film features Moby, B.B. King, Carlos Santana, and many others. (1 hr. 4 mins.; NR) • Loews Imax Theater.

Along Came a Spider
With his courtly grace and sonorousness, Morgan Freeman is fun to watch, even though the role barely tweaks his talent. (Rainer; 4/16/01) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • Loews 42nd Street E Walk.

★ Amores Perros
The debut feature from director Alejandro González Inarritu is an extraordinary triptych about life and suffering in Mexico City. In each of the three sections, which cross over into one another, the subject is the damage done to people by violence. Each section also brings out the almost mystical specialness that exists between humans and their dogs. The dog-fighting sequences in the first section (no dogs were actually hurt) are full-throttle harrowing. The entire film is harrowing. (Rainer; 4/9/01) (2 hrs. 33 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Loews State.

Angel Eyes
Jennifer Lopez plays a Chicago cop who wears her bulletproof vest as if it were a fashion accessory and Jim Caviezel is the glassy-eyed romantic who saves her life and sports a chic, faint beard. (Rainer; 4/28/01) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; UA Gemini; Concourse Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex.

The Animal
Rob Schneider plays a police file clerk infused with animal DNA in director Luke Greenfield's comedy debut. *Survivor*'s Colleen Haskell co-stars. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Anniversary Party
Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, who wrote and directed, also co-star in this so-so drama in which the two leads, playing a couple celebrating their anniversary after a year's separation, host a party for their friends that gets out of hand. The film is a prime example of movie-colony narcissism; the cast, including Gwyneth Paltrow, Kevin Kline, and Phoebe Cates, play mostly showbiz types and pour out their hearts in order to show us how "real" they are. (Rainer; 6/18/01) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square.

Blow
Johnny Depp stars as the real-life drug dealer and junkie George Jung, and the movie tracks him from the late sixties, when he was in his early twenties and riding high, through four decades, ending in his incarceration. The early scenes set in Manhattan Beach have an ominous casualness, and so does Depp's performance. But George never really takes hold of our imaginations: A cipher in misery is still a cipher. The filmmakers—director Ted Demme and screenwriters David McKenna and Nick Cassavetes—are torn between celebrating George's gonzo entrepreneurship and crying crocodile tears at his downfall. (Rainer; 4/16/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Sutton; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Bread and Roses
Ken Loach, the glumly social-realist British director, turns his attention to Los Angeles in this dramatization of the real-life Justice For Janitors strike. Much of it is agitprop, but Loach has gotten hold of a great subject—the invisibility of the poor who clean up in the environs of the rich—and Elpidio Carrillo delivers a furiously sad monologue about her sacrifices that leaves one shaken. Pilar Padilla and Adrien Brody co-star. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Bride of the Wind
Director Bruce Beresford misfires in this turgid drama about the life and loves of Alma Mahler (Sarah Wynter) and her many genius lovers and husbands. As Gustav Mahler, husband No. 1, Jonathan Pryce is admirably restrained and touching. (Rainer; 6/18/01) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.

Bridget Jones's Diary
Renée Zellweger is charming in this otherwise mostly forced and unsprightly comedy based on the 1997 Helen Fielding best-seller. (Rainer; 4/23/01) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Bayside.

The Center of the World
Wayne Wang's movie about a techno-geek soon-to-be-IPO-millionaire who cares only about connecting with a lap dancer. He pays her ten grand to spend a long weekend in Vegas with him. She should've asked for a lot more. Peter Sarsgaard and Molly Parker star. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) • CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.

Chocolat
Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties bewitch a small town. Co-stars Johnny Depp and Alfred Molina; Lasse Hallström directs. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Cinemart.

★ The Circle
Jafar Pahani's movie about the linked lives of a series of fugitive women has been banned in Iran, and it's easy to see why. The ordeals the women endure are made to seem like summations of human experience; their misery and resolution come through with the force of accusation. (Rainer; 4/23/01) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Set in nineteenth-century China, this Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) • The Screening Room; Loews State.

Dead or Alive
Sleazy cult director Takashi Miike's quick-cutting film

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph by Nick Wall.

about guns and gangsters in Tokyo. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

★ Divided We Fall

A small Czech town is occupied by German forces in this uneven but occasionally moving drama that at times recalls the bittersweet humanism of the Czech New Wave films from the sixties. A Gentile couple (well played by Boleslav Polivka and Anna Siskowa) shelter a Jewish concentration-camp runaway, with ghastly and comic repercussions. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Evolution

David Duchovny and Julianne Moore play civilization's best defense against an alien-infected meteor hurtling toward earth. Directed by Ivan Reitman; also starring *Bedazzled*'s Orlando Jones. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; UA Union Square; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Fast Food Fast Women

An ensemble dramedy about two generations of New Yorkers and their dalliances with love. Directed by Amos Kollek, and starring Anna Thomson, Louise Lasser, and Vincent Argo. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The Golden Bowl

The latest literary adaptation from the producing-directing team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory is an overexplicit rendition of Henry James's illustrious, overimplicit novel. It's decorous and rather bland. In a cast that also includes Kate Beckinsale, Jeremy Northam, and Uma Thurman, Nick Nolte shines as the tycoon art collector Adam Verver. (Rainer; 4/7/01) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Paris Theatre; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The King Is Alive

A Dogma 95 production, shot in digital video, about a busload of stranded tourists in the Namibian desert who, to keep sane, stage the world's sweatiest production of *King Lear*. A good cast, including Jennifer Jason Leigh, Janet McTeer, and Bruce Davison, can't rescue this movie. (Rainer; 5/28) (1 hr. 58 mins; R) • Two Boots Pioneer Theater.

A Knight's Tale

Writer-director Brian Helgeland is aiming squarely for the youth audience in this trying-to-be-hip medieval romp starring current teen heartthrob Heath Ledger as a lowborn thatcher's son who dreams of being a jousting nobleman. Helgeland mixes modern-day anachronisms and eighties arena rock on the soundtrack, but the results seem less daring than opportunistic. This movie doesn't pull young audiences into the past; it brings the past right into the present, with a smirk. (Rainer; 5/14/01) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld.

Let It Snow

A romantic comedy about high-school sweethearts who reunite, sort of, in Manhattan. Written and starring Kipp Marcus, from Broadway's *Les Miserables*. Directed by Adam Marcus. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • CC Angelika Film Center.

The Luzhin Defence

John Turturro stars as a pathologically withdrawn chess genius who attracts the love of a devoted woman, played by Emily Watson, in this adaptation of the Vladimir Nabokov novel. Watson has a shining purity in this role, but too much of the movie is blandly conventional, without the fire of obsession that might ignite it. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 6 mins.; PG-13) • Clearview's 59th Street East; North Shore Towers.

The Man Who Cried

A World War II movie from director Sally Potter that's more about the friendship between two women (Christina Ricci and Cate Blanchett) than about battlefield blood and guts. Also starring Johnny Depp and John Turturro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Coronet.

★ Memento

Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a character with a mental handicap: a condition where he can't remember anything for more than fifteen minutes or so. The story is worked out in roughly reverse chronological order, and Nolan has a fondness for existential dread, but it's an intriguing movie anyway. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Moulin Rouge

Baz Luhrman's turn-of-the-century musical set in the famous Parisian dance hall stars Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, and it's meant to resuscitate the movie-musical genre for modern audiences by referencing just about every other musical ever filmed. Songs ranging from Rodgers and Hammerstein to Patti LaBelle segue into one another; the screen is replete with grease-painted plug-uglies who look like they were out of a Fellini casting call. The entire experience is exhausting and assaultive, less a resuscitation than a stomping. (Rainer; 5/28) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; CO Alpine; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Mummy Returns

Rachel Weisz and Brendan Fraser reprise their roles as husband-and-wife archaeologists at war with the undead in writer-director Stephen Sommers's second installment of the *Mummy* canon. Also starring the Rock, as the Scorpion King. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Our Song

Writer-director Jim McKay has a sweet and respectful connection to the Crown Heights girls in this movie who spend a hot summer examining their lives. It's just a squiggle of a film, but McKay and his actresses have an intuitive feeling for the betweenness of people's lives, the things that go on in between the big moments. Anna Simpson, Melissa Martinez, and Kerry Washington, who has a marvelous face for the camera, star as the three friends. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; BAM Rose Cinemas.

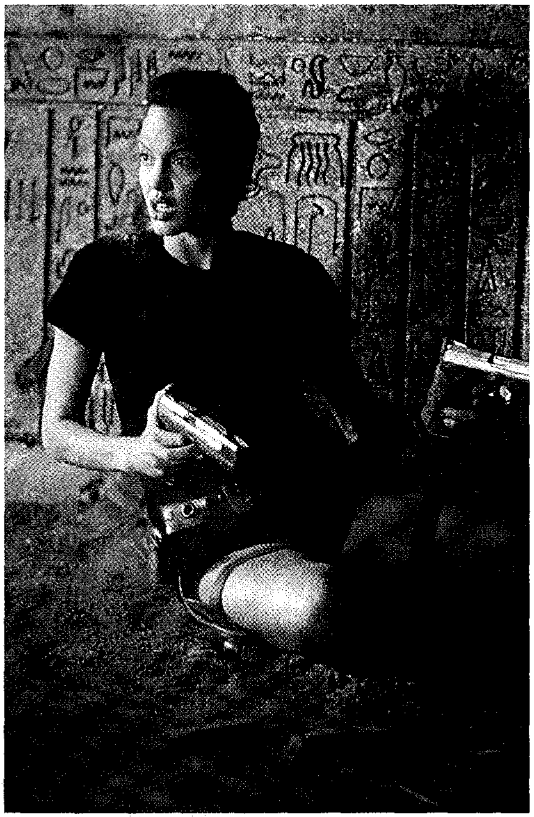
Pearl Harbor

Michael Bay has done a highly impressive job of staging the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, but his achievement is largely technological. The film, for all its agonizing true-life trappings, has the staying power of a grand-scale video game. It's big and square—like a recruitment poster. Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett star as best-buddy flyboys and Kate Beckinsale is the nurse they both fall for. (Rainer; 6/4/01) (3 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cine-

Opening

They Got Games

When **Lara Croft: Tomb Raider** opens, champagne glasses will clink at Eidos, the San Francisco software company that invented the game on which the movie is based. "What this does for brand recognition just blows my mind," Eidos executive Paul Baldwin says. In exchange for giving Paramount rights to its game, Eidos insisted on three things: No cussing, no nudity, and right of refusal on script and star. According to Baldwin, there was no argument about that vixen Angelina Jolie (pictured). "She just looks right—the full lips, her olive skin, plus she's *buxom.*" And though video games-cum-films aren't always big hits, our Eidos exec scoffs at his predecessors. "*Mortal Kombat* was just two people kicking each other's ass," he says. Baldwin expects the film to gross *at least* $100 million, and hopes Lara Croft isn't Eidos's last video game to go Hollywood. "We have a John Woo-style game about these sexy, kick-ass mercenaries which is garnering interest," he offers. "But they aren't as sophisticated as Lara." *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* opens on June 15. B.K.

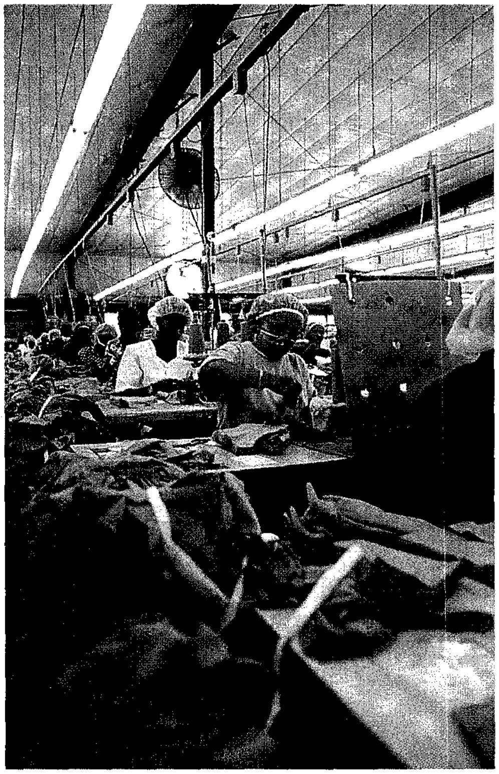


Photograph by Alex Bailey.

Festival

Rebels With a Cause

Stephanie Black, the New York documentarian whose *Life and Debt* will open the **Twelfth Annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival**, knows that "message" movies are a tough sell. "Somehow, knowledge isn't fashionable right now," she says. To combat apathetic MTV audiences, she has infused her film, about the relationship between Jamaican poverty and the practices of the World Bank and the IMF, with the most vibrant reggae soundtrack since Jimmy Cliff's *The Harder They Come*. Ziggy Marley will even perform at her movie premiere. "I wanted my film to be hip enough to grab an audience's attention," she says. "The issue is so confusing to young people that I thought music would be a good way to help it get through." *Life and Debt* (pictured) is just one of the 38 call-to-action films from fifteen countries screening at the Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center. Many are making their American premieres. Additionally, director Raoul Peck, who used to double as the Haitian minister of culture, will screen his film *Lumumba*, about the Congolese leader, and receive a lifetime-achievement award at the film's opening. Other pictures include *Trembling Before G-d*, about Hasidic homosexuals; *Jung (War): In the Land of the Mujaheddin*, a documentary about life in Afghanistan; and *90 Miles*, about an expatriate Cuban's return from Miami. "I think this festival stands to be very important," Black says. "It's nice to entertain, but it's important to enlighten." Begins June 15. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.) B.K.



Photograph by Jeremy Francis.

mart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Pollock

Ed Harris gives a powerful, kinesthetic performance as Jackson Pollock in this respectable, somewhat conventional movie. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs.; R) • CC Village East.

A Real Young Girl

The theatrical premiere of writer-director Catherine Breillat's controversial 1976 film about a rebellious boarding-school student on vacation in France. Starring Charlotte Alexandra. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

The Road Home

Zhang Ymou's movie mostly recounts in flashback the extended courtship of a village girl, played spinkily by *Crouching Tiger*'s Zhang Ziyi, and the new local schoolteacher. Zhang is a marvelous director, but here he seems intent on creating a popular work of high-flown kitsch. (Rainer; 6/4/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; G) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★ Shrek

Terrific computer-animated feature about a gruff, kindhearted ogre. The script, by Ted Elliott, Terry Rossio, Joe Stillman, and Roger Schulman, is full of wriggly comic references to practically every famous fairy tale as well as *The Dating Game* and lots more. The computer animation, except for the more humanly representational characters, is often on par with the script. Eddie Murphy and Mike Myers stand out among the celebrity voicers. (Rainer; 5/21/01) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Spy Kids

Robert Rodriguez wrote and directed this tale of two children (Alexa Vega, Daryl Sabara) who must rescue their square-seeming secret-agent parents (Antonio Banderas, Carla Gugino). (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) • Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas.

Swordfish

John Travolta plays an intense superpatriot who hires superhacker Hugh Jackman in this Joel Silver-produced action spy thriller that seems like cuttings from the *Matrix* cutting-room floor. (Rainer; 6/18/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Traffic

Steven Soderbergh directed this uneven mélange—a movie about drug trafficking in which several seemingly disparate stories come together in a sweeping vision of corruption and redemption. Much of it is smartly observed, though, and the cast is impressive, including Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, and Don Cheadle. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • Loews State.

Under the Sand

Charlotte Rampling stars as a wife whose husband mysteriously disappears during a shared beach vacation in Francois Ozon's moody, resonant drama, which moves from the world of police procedurals to something more cosmically alienating. (Rainer; 5/14/01) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Sam Weisman (*George of the Jungle*) directs Martin Lawrence as a thief whose lucky ring is lost to billionaire Danny DeVito during a botched robbery attempt. Also starring John Leguizamo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Cobble Hill Cinema; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ The Wide Blue Road

Gillo Pontecorvo's first feature, made in 1957 and fully restored by Milestone, stars Yves Montand as a poor Italian fisherman who survives by fishing in the open sea using illegal explosives. It's an awkward mixture of Marxism, social realism, and glamour (Alida Valli plays the fisherman's wife!), but it has breathtaking moments and it's very rarely shown. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

The Widow of St. Pierre

Patrice Lecontei's austere period drama about a condemned man (Emir Kusturica) and the French commandant (Daniel Auteuil) and his wife (Juliette Binoche) who minister to him. Impressive to look at, but the performers, especially Binoche, are too freeze-dried for all the supposed passion on display. (Rainer; 3/5/01) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • Cinema Village; North Shore Towers.

With a Friend Like Harry

Sergi Lopez plays a grinning predator in this French psychological thriller about a man who insinuates himself into the family life of an old schoolmate who barely remembers him. It's a mildly diverting murderous entertainment. (Rainer; 4/30/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema

102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; Evolution; A Knight's Tale; Memento; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Bride of the Wind; Let It Snow; The Man Who Cried; Memento; Our Song; With a Friend Like Harry

CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • Bread and Roses; Calle 54; The Center of the World; Moulin Rouge; Pollock
Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • The Circle; Dead or Alive; A Real Young Girl; The Widow of St. Pierre
Clearview's Waverly
323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • The Animal; Shrek
Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Startup.com; The Wide Blue Road (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Blow; Bridget Jones's Diary; Evolution; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Divided We Fall; Fast Food Fast Women; The Road Home; Under the Sand
The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Amores Perros; The Animal; The Anniversary Party; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Blow; Memento; Moulin Rouge
Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • The Animal; The Anniversary Party; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish
Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Pearl Harbor
Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Animal; Evolution; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Loews Kips Bay Theatre
570 Second Ave. (212-505–6397#558) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

42nd–60th Streets

AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; The Anniversary Party; Blow; Bread and Roses; Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Pearl Harbor; With a Friend Like Harry
CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • About Adam; Blow
Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • The Luzhin Defence
Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Atlantis: The Lost Empire
Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Along Came a Spider; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Shrek
Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Evolution
Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • The Man Who Cried; Shrek
Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Amores Perros; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Memento; Traffic
Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • The Golden Bowl

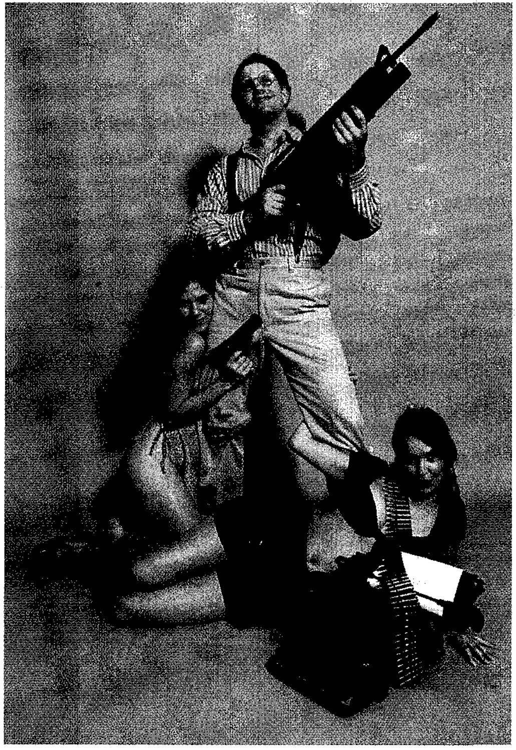
61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Memento; Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor
Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • Moulin Rouge
Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • The Anniversary Party; Bride of the Wind; Memento; The Mummy Returns; Under the Sand; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Swordfish
Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • Bridget Jones's Diary; Evolution
Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; The Mummy Returns; Shrek; Swordfish
UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Evolution
UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; A Knight's Tale

Series

East Village Others

"Some of the stuff is frightening," admits Barney Oldfield, producer of **NewFilmmakers**, an independent all-year-long Wednesday-night festival at the Anthology Film Archives. "Sometimes you pop these films in, and they boggle the mind." Now in its third year, NewFilmmakers has shown everything from a woman's self-dismemberment to a romantic comedy about a bird and a horse. This week, it's *Shoot George* (pictured), an old-fashioned comedy by director Adam Nadler (who describes himself as "scrambling" and "lucky if I have $75 in the bank") about a pacifist soap star forced to bear arms. You may discover exciting new visions here, or that rare diamond-in-the-rough actor (like Thomas Jane, who went on to star in Billy Crystal's *61**)—if not, there's always next week. (32 Second Avenue; 212-505-5181.)



Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Moulin Rouge
Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • Evolution; Shrek
Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Pearl Harbor
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Divided We Fall; Fast Food Fast Women; Memento; The Road Home; Under the Sand; With a Friend Like Harry
Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • The Animal; Evolution; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • The Animal; Evolution; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • The Anniversary Party; Bridget Jones's Diary; A Knight's Tale; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish

Bronx

Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • The Animal; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?
Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • The Animal; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Brooklyn

BAM **Rose Cinemas**
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) • Memento; Our Song; With a Friend Like Harry (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Evolution; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; Shrek

CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • The Animal; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Evolution; The Golden Bowl; Memento; Shrek; Under the Sand; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Angel Eyes; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • The Animal; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • The Animal; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • The Animal; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Queens

Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Evolution; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish

Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Chocolat; Pearl Harbor; Spy Kids; Spy Kids; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Angel Eyes; The Animal; Evolution; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Angel Eyes; The Mummy Returns; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Blow; Evolution; A Knight's Tale; Memento; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Bread and Roses; Fast Food Fast Women; The Golden Bowl; Memento; Under the Sand; With a Friend Like Harry

Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • The Animal; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Spy Kids; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns

UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • The Animal; Swordfish

UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • The Animal; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek

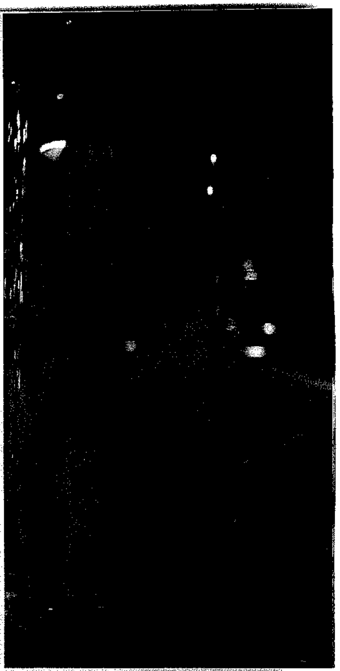
UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Blow; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Shrek

UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • The Animal; Bridget Jones's Diary; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns

UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • A Knight's Tale; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Showing

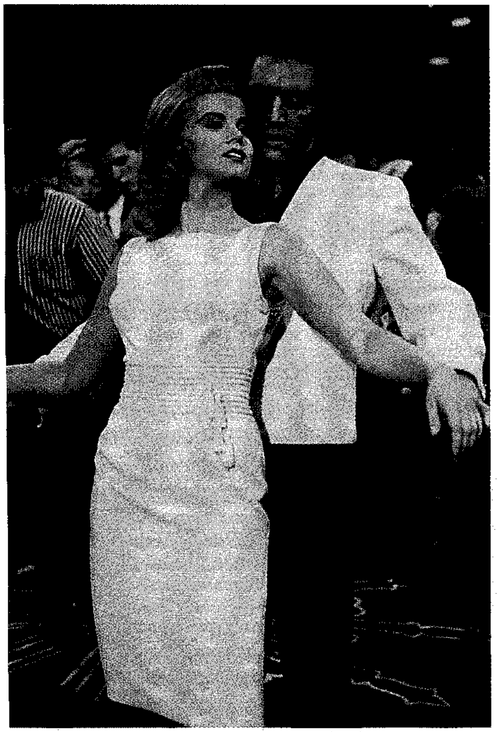
The New Norma Rae?



Live Nude Girls Unite!, Julia Query's documentary about unionizing strippers, ran into a little union trouble of its own before its first screening last year at the Museum of Modern Art. "MOMA's workers were striking," the writer, director, stripper, and star says. "So I pulled my movie, and we did a benefit for their employees instead." (The strike's since been settled, and the film finally comes to MOMA on June 17.) Query began making her movie as a response to the jokey media coverage she received when the press learned about her unionizing efforts. "When we ended up on *Leno*, I knew I had to do something to show people who we really were," she says. So she enlisted veteran director Vicky Funari to help her record the attempt to organize the women of San Francisco's Lusty Lady Theater into Service Employees International Union Local 790, the Exotic Dancers Union. Now studying for her graduate degree in social work—and still stripping to pay the bills—Query will attend the Sunday-night screening, and encourages her colleagues to do the same: "I have manuals that explain how sex workers can unionize. I mean, I always say that I'm going to quit, but it's still a very good job." (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Great Outdoors

Night Moves



Beginning this Monday at sunset, HBO will present **Bryant Park Summer Film Festival**, a free three-month series of enduring films on a 20-by-48-foot screen. That lip-curling love story *Viva Las Vegas*, starring Elvis and Ann-Margret (pictured) as a race-car driver and a swimming instructor, respectively, starts it off. Despite that initial whiff of cheese, Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window;* Vincente Minnelli's *An American in Paris*, with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron; and Billy Wilder's *Stalag 17*, with William Holden in an Oscar-winning performance as a POW during World War II, will smarten up the series once Elvis has left the projector. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photographs: top, Diane Dunn; bottom, courtesy of MGM Films.

Staten Island

Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • The Animal; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • The Animal; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek

UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Animal; Evolution; Moulin Rouge; The Mummy Returns; Pearl Harbor; Shrek; Swordfish; What's the Worst That Can Happen?

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free. • "Gary Cooper: A Centennial Celebration." 6/16: *Mr. Deed Goes to Town* (1936); *Meet John Doe* (1941). 6/17: *The Pride of the Yankees* (1942); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1943). 6/23: *Ball of Fire* (1941); *Sergeant York* (1941).

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "New Filmmakers." 6/13: *Shoot George* (2001). 6/14: *One Day in the Life of Andrei Arsenevich* (1999); *The Sacrifice* (1985). 6/15: *Il Fior Di Male* (1915); *Rapsodica Satanica* (1917). 6/16: *The Last Bolshevik* (1993). 6/17: *Story of a Woman* (1920). 6/18: *The Sacrifice* (1985).

BAM **Rose Cinemas**
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770). • "Nanni Moretti: I Am Self-Sufficient." 6/14–6/15: *Aprile* (1998); *La Cosa* (1990). 6/19: *The Mass Is Ended* (1985). "Village Voice Best Undistributed Films." 6/16–6/19: *Mysterious Object at Noon* (2000).

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival
6/18: *Viva Las Vegas* (1964). 6/25: *The Wild One*. 7/2: *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (1959). 7/9: *Double Indemnity* (1944). 7/16: *You Can't Take It With You* (1938). 7/23: *Rear Window* (1954). 7/30: *Stalag 17* (1953). 8/6: *The Philadelphia Story* (1940). 8/13: *Doctor Zhivago* (1965). 8/20: *An American in Paris* (1951).

Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9. • "Ladies They Talk About: The Women of Pre-Code." 6/13: *Mills of the Gods* (1934); *My Woman* (1933). 6/14: *Midnight Mary* (1933); *Strangers May Kiss* (1931). 6/15: *Shanghai Express* (1932); *Daughter of the Dragon* (1931). 6/16: *Red-Headed Woman* (1932); *Red Dust* (1932). 6/17–6/18: *Blonde Venus* (1932); *Call Her Savage* (1931).

Film Society of Lincoln Center
The Walter Reade Theater, 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $4 for "Movies for Kids." • "12th Annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." 6/15: *Life and Debt* (2001); *War in the Land of Mujaheddin* (2000); *Around the Pink House* (1999). 6/16: *My American Girls* (2000); *The Girl With the Sneakers* (1999); *Around the Pink House* (1999). 6/17: *Scout's Honor* (2001); *90 Miles* (2001). 6/18: *Behind Closed Eyes* (2000); *Scout's Honor* (2001); *Around the Pink House* (1999). 6/19: *Behind Closed Eyes* (2000); *The Diplomat* (2000).

Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult. • 6/14: *Like It Is* (1998); *Boot Camp* (1996); *A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden* (1988). 6/15: *The War at Home* (1979); *Witness to War* (1985); *The Fighter* (2001); *Bedrooms and Hallways* (1998). 6/16: *The Fighter* (2001);*The War at Home* (1979); *Witness to War* (1985); *A Painful Reminder: Evidence for All Mankind* (1986). 6/17: *Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden* (1988); *Kaddish* (1984); *Live Nude Girls Unite!* (2000). 6/18: *Live Nude Girls Unite!* (2000); *Camille 2000* (1969). 6/19: *Kaddish* (1984); *Aberdeen* (2000).

Trailers

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT Kyra Sedgwick, Parker Posey, and **Fairuza Balk** (*Almost Famous*) are wrapping up production on *Enter Fleeing,* in which they play three women who have all bolted from compromising domestic situations; **Rebecca Miller** (yes, she's Arthur's daughter) wrote the script, based on a collection of her own short stories entitled *Personal Velocity,* and also directs the film, which has been shooting in Manhattan since mid-May.

JUST THE FACTS Edward Norton (pictured) has agreed to write—and possibly star in—an adaptation of *Motherless Brooklyn* for New Line Cinema; the novel, by **Jonathan Lethem,** follows Lionel Essrog, a private eye afflicted with Tourette's syndrome, as he investigates his former employer's untimely demise.

DESERT STORM Matt Damon (pictured) and **Casey Affleck** are confirmed to star in the drama *Jerry,* for FilmFour Entertainment; director **Gus Van Sant** (*Good Will Hunting*) reunites with Damon on the film, which is an improvised tale of two men's exploits in the desert; the team is currently shooting in South America on a budget of only $7 million.

HIGH KICKING Jackie Chan will be starring in the film *Nosebleed* for MGM (which picked up the project in turnaround from New Line Cinema); Chan appears in the comedy-action-adventure as a window washer who is dating a waitress at Windows on the World; they both become embroiled in a plot to blow up the Twin Towers and his true kung fu colors come out; Hyde Park Entertainment will produce, but no director is yet attached. SARA CARDACE

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Photographs by Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Reba McEntire plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it has still been entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Blast!
The world's only halftime show with an intermission, this loud, brassy spectacle is performed by a 60-piece drum corps. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6/02. • Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

Cabaret
The perfect reprieve from the cutesy family fare of the new 42nd Street, this gritty revival of Broadway's most decadent musical won four Tonys in 1993 for its portrayal of the sepia-washed world of Berlin cabaret. Set in the former glory of Studio 54 and based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, the production revives the classic songs of Fred Ebb and John Kander with a darker edge that was missing from the Liza Minnelli edition. Now starring Gina Gershon, Matthew Greer, and Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*). $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. Vicki Lewis and Nana Visitor star. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

A Class Act
The Manhattan Theatre Club's successful musical tribute to the life and music of that singular sensation, *A Chorus Line* lyricist Edward Kleban, transfers to Broadway with an expanded cast and design. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This sensational, Tony-slathered, and thankfully uncategorizable dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of pieces. The longest, a tale about a suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines), had the power to create an icon: the girl in yellow, played by the triumphant Deborah Yates. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Jon Lovitz and Larry Miller star. $45–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Follies
Before a wrecking ball transforms a once spectacular New York theater into a parking lot, ghosts and showgirls from decades past reunite for one last time in Sondheim's adventurous 1971 musical, directed by Matthew Warchus. Blythe Danner, Gregory Harrison, Judith Ivey, and Treat Williams star. $45–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, Kate Levering, and Mary Testa. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse
A stylish musical tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 9/1. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The rambunctious musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

George Gershwin Alone
This biographical new solo play with music, written and performed by Hershey Felder, features the music and lyrics of George and Ira Gershwin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Invention of Love
Tom Stoppard's heady drama is an unrepentant nerd fest and tough going for those who don't care for the intricacies of Latin scholarship. The play follows the elderly scholar and poet A. E. Housman as he travels back in time and confronts his younger self, Oscar Wilde, and a gaggle of the proverbial dead white male academics that revisionists rant about so often. Robert Sean Leonard and Richard Easton star. $40–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

King Hedley II
August Wilson (*Jitney, Fences*) returns with the latest entry in his renowned cycle of plays concerning African-American life in the twentieth century. This time, he tackles 1985 Pittsburgh with his longtime collaborator and talented director Marion McClinton. *Kiss Me Kate* vet Brian Stokes Mitchell makes the transition to drama with admirable dexterity; Charles Brown, Viola Davis, Lou Myers, Monté Russell, and Leslie Uggams all contribute strong performances. $25–$70. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

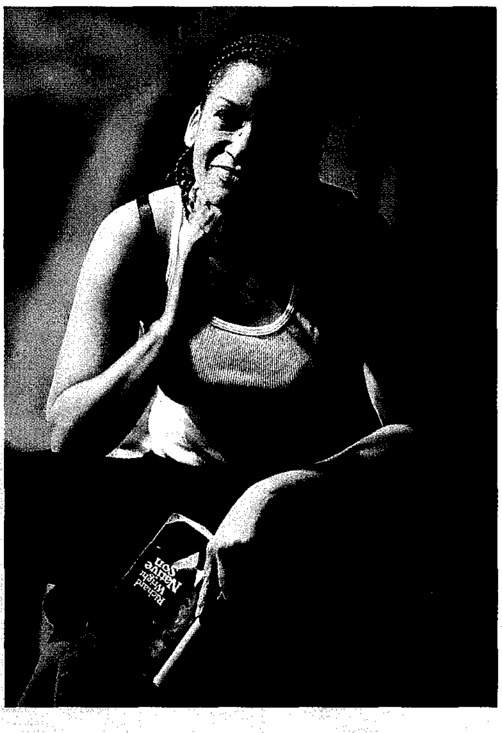
Kiss Me, Kate
With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this musical gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Burke Moses and Carolee Carmello interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the *Shrew's* Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $26–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
As one of the few Broadway megamusicals with a plot that's nearly as grand and sweeping as its staging, this musical version of Victor Hugo's 1,200-page novel was brought to the stage by producer Cameron Macintosh and directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird in 1987. An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I

Onstage

Hot *Breath*

Kia Corthron, the playwright of the moment after her productions of *Force Continuum* and *Urban Zulu Mambo*, looks to further her reputation with the opening of **Breath, Boom** at Playwrights Horizons. Directed by longtime August Wilson collaborator Marion McClinton and performed by a cast that includes several talented veterans of Wilson's *Jitney*, Corthron's latest will be in good hands as it tracks fourteen years in the life of the female gang leader Prix (Yvette Ganier, pictured). Too bad Prix, who ricochets from broken home to prison and back again, couldn't have had such solid support. (See "Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

His Glass Is Half Full

"I'm not a workaholic," says **Philip Glass**, undoubtedly one of the twentieth century's great composers. "I'm a funaholic." This summer, Glass should have a ball, with a full slate of works at the Lincoln Center Festival—including *White Raven*, a major new collaboration with Robert Wilson—and an anticipated production of his new stage adaptation of Kafka's *In the Penal Colony*, directed by Mabou Mines co-founder (and Glass's ex) JoAnne Akalaitis. "I was attracted to this because it's a quintessential Kafka piece," explains Glass. "In the most horrible human circumstance, there's a moment of transfiguration, a moment of enlightenment." The itinerant composer says he's also excited about his busy summer because it's an excuse to spend more time in the city. "There's a reason the Yankees love to play at their home stadium," he says. "I became a kind of world traveler, but this is where I found my audience and had my first big successes." And though he admits that "not everyone likes the work," he appreciates the fact that New York audiences at least know it. "They can put the music in context, because they've seen what I do onstage," he says. "I just came back from Miami, and they know the music there, but that's it. They just don't have that context." But Glass admits that there's also a danger to that familiarity. Call it the David Cone syndrome: "Every time I do something here, I'm going up against *The Voyage* and *Einstein on the Beach,*" he says. "People here remember those, so the standards are very high." That said, the composer's new production of *In the Penal Colony* (featuring Herbert Perry, pictured) is already a hit with one of his toughest critics. "I've got a lot of things going on this summer," Glass notes, "but my daughter said, 'I want to be sure I get tickets. *That's* the one I want to see.' " In previews for a June 14 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

L.H.

Dreamed a Dream," it still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King

Based on the popular Disney movie, this sensational spectacle is so much better than Mouse-haters would like to admit. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Music Man

Meredith Willson's 1957 musical about a con man who charms the sleepy town of River City, Iowa, gets a giddily inventive production at the hands of director-choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact, The Producers*). Beginning May 8, Eric McCormack, the star of television's *Will & Grace,* will play Professor Harold Hill opposite the talented Rebecca Luker. $40–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Terry Kinney takes his well-reviewed Steppenwolf Theater production of Ken Kesey's countercultural classic to Broadway. Though the drama's references to the Combine and relatively unbridled chauvinism are a tad dated, Gary Sinise sweats and howls his way through an aggressive performance as the wild man who is committed to an asylum and broken down by a ball-breaking nurse. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera

Unlike *Cats,* Andrew Lloyd Webber's other blockbuster refuses to give up the ghost. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Producers

Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler,* in Mel Brooks's triumphant new musical and surefire hit, based on the Oscar-winning 1968 film. Directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this Tony favorite is the undisputed hit of the season. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

Recently crowned with a Pulitzer, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing matched by Tony-winner Mary-Louise Parker's virtuoso performance. As Catherine, Parker plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town to bury her father, a graduate student finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Tony winner Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types ensconced in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance

The high-kicking Irish return. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/26. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad for this stage version of the cult film about a Transylvanian transsexual and a kooky all-American couple. *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega stars with Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $30–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Seussical

This all-too-earnest musical, based on a hodgepodge of Seuss's children's stories, is emceed by the Cat in the Hat. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Stones in His Pockets

In Marie Jones's comedy about a small Irish village's encounter with a Hollywood crew, Seán Campion and Conleth Hill play fifteen different characters, from starlets to local extras. $30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • The Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Linda Lavin play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante. $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Blue

Phylicia Rashad stars in new work by Charles Randolph-Wright, presented by the Roundabout, with

Photograph by Chris Bennion.

Street Theater

After a successful debut last summer, the **New York City Hip-Hop Theater Festival**, produced by Danny Hoch, Caseroc Productions, and Hip-Hop Theatre Junction, returns on June 14 with a fresh roster of talent—and no one named Diddy. Last year, the series featured works from Sarah Jones and Liza Colon-Zayas, which proved to be standout hits from the subsequent Off-Off Broadway season. This year, the festival expands to host fifteen plays and performances at P.S. 122, along with a "Teen Outreach" program in conjunction with the Bronx Museum of the Arts. Aside from Hoch, who will be reprising his *Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop,* most of the performers will be new to theater audiences, but highlights look to include *Triple Threat,* a showcase for the emerging solo performers Benji Reid, Nilaja Sun, and Aharon, and *Lyrikal Fearta,* a multimedia work by Jonzi D (pictured) that tackles police brutality on the streets of East London. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Florian Peus.

music by the extremely talented Nona Hendryx. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/28 opening. Through 9/2. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

Broadway Bares XI

Broadway stars, including Charles Busch, Alan Cumming, Michelle Lee, Idina Menzel, Edie, and others get *nekked* to support Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. 6/17 at 9:30 and midnight. $40–$500. • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-840-0770).

Byrd's Boy

In Bruce J. Robinson's new drama, a homeless white man and an African-American woman clash in an empty Baltimore warehouse. $40. Wed.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/11 opening. Through 7/1. • Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Divorciadas, Evangélicas y Vegetarianas (Divorced, Evangelical, and Vegetarian)

This comedy about a trio of women (a divorced Puerto Rican, an evangelical Dominican, and a vegetarian Venezuelan) arrives after a successful run in Puerto Rico. $25–$45. Call for schedule. 6/14–7/1. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Four

This surburban Connecticut drama by 25-year-old playwright Christopher Shinn scored rave reviews during a recent run at London's Royal Court Theatre. $15–$35. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. Previews begin 6/21 for a 7/1 opening. • Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-212-206-0303).

I Sing!

A new musical comedy about five young New Yorkers with music by Eli Bolin, lyrics by Sam Forman, and book by Bolin, Forman, and director Benjamin Saika. $40. Sun.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 6/14 opening. • Maverick Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).

In the Penal Colony

The New York premiere of this new musical adaptation of the dark Franz Kafka tale is composed by Philip Glass and directed by Mabou Mines cofounder JoAnne Akalaitas, with a libretto by Rudolph Wurlitzer. $25–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. • Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

Major Barbara

The Roundabout presents a revival of the George Bernard Shaw classic, directed by Tony-winner Daniel Sullivan and starring the always wonderful Cherry Jones. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Early curtains at 7 from 6/19–6/22. Previews begin 6/15 for a 7/12 opening. • Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-719-1300).

Marathon 2001

Ensemble Studio Theatre presents its terrific annual festival of one-act plays. Through 6/17: Series C features new works by Edward Allan Baker, Craig Lucas, Julie McKee, and David Riedy. $19. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. • E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

Measure for Measure

The first entry in the annual Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park. Mary Zimmerman has the lucky task of directing a cast of hot performers, including Billy Crudup, Sanaa Lathan, Joe Morton, and John Pankow. Free. Performances at 8, except for 6/11, 6/19, and 6/25. In previews for a 6/17 opening. Through 6/28. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8655).

Once Around the City

A new musical comedy about a yuppie real-estate mogul and an advocate for the homeless, with music by Robert Reale, book and lyrics by Willie Reale, and choreography by Jennifer Muller. Mark Linn-Baker directs. $35–$50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 6/12 for a 7/10 opening. Through 7/22. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

The Pirates of Penzance

Director Michael Scheman revives his successful adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan musical, onboard a ship docked outside the South Street Seaport Museum. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 6, Wed. at 3. In previews for a 6/11 opening. • Pier 17, South Street Seaport (212-239-6200).

Tick . . . Tick . . . Boom!

This semi-autobiographical musical by the late Jonathan Larson (*Rent*) tracks the life of a struggling composer who is about to turn 30. Pulitzer-winner David Auburn (*Proof*) provides script consultation; Scott Schwartz (*Bat Boy*) directs. $20–$50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 6/13 opening. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

World of Mirth

A new comedy about a traveling carnival crew, including the vicious dunk-tank clown Sweeney. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 6/13 for a 6/21 opening. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Bat Boy: The Musical

Boldface headlines in the *Weekly World News* declaring the capture of a live bat-child led to the creation of this high-flying musical tale about one kid who really was doing his own thing. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7:30. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes

Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 1, 4, and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Blur

In Melanie Marnich's new play, a teenage girl learns that she is going blind. $40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Breath, Boom

Playwright Kia Corthron teams up with August Wilson collaborator Marion Isaac McClinton to present a new drama about a girl-gang leader. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Chaucer in Rome

This new drama by John Guare (*Six Degrees of Separation, The House of Blue Leaves*) tells the story of three Americans living in Rome during the last year of the millennium. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Credeaux Canvas

In this new drama by Keith Bunin (*Principality of Sorrows*), three young East Village denizens struggle to make some sense of their artistic lives. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. • Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

De La Guarda

A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dog Problem

The accomplished director Scott Ellis (*The Waverly Gallery, 1776, Steel Pier*) directs a dark new comedy by David Rabe (*Hurlyburly*). Set mostly on the corner of Bowery and Grand, the play tracks two friends who become embroiled with the mob. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show

A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Eat the Runt
Avery Crozier's comedy about arts funding returns with a nifty casting experiment in which any actor may play any role, on any given night. $50. Mon, Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Eli's Comin'
A musical inspired by the music of Laura Nyro, by co-creators Diane Paulus (*The Donkey Show*) and Bruce Buschel. $15–$49. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 7/14. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Every Day a Visitor
This new comedy by 74-year-old playwright Richard Abrons dramatizes the high jinks that ensue in a Bronx retirement home when the residents adopt famous identities. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).

The Fantasticks
The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $49.50–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Free Market
The Working Theatre, the company that scored a Drama Desk award for last year's terrific advertising drama *Tabletop,* returns with eight short plays that explore the ever-stranger working world, from dog-grooming and faith healing to factory working and celebrity-impersonating. $20–$30. Through 7/1. • Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. (212-279-4200).

Glimmer, Glimmer, and Shine
The talented playwright Warren Leight returns to the world of jazzmen he excavated in the Tony-winning *Side Man* with a tale of two brothers and horn players. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

I Love America
A new play by Lidia Ramirez, based on dozens of interviews, tracks a group of refugees as they make their way from the Dominican Republic to the United States. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Kiki & Herb: Stop, Drop & Roll
The dastardly cabaret duo Kiki & Herb, so twisted they make Hedwig seem like the virginal girl next door, return with a new instructional show. They've taught us the true meaning of Christmas—now they'll teach us about fire safety with takes on cult classics like "Fuck the Pain Away" and "Carry On My Wayward Son." $15–$18. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 8. Through 7/29. • Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Lackawanna Blues
Ruben Santiago-Hudson's well-reviewed solo show reimagines 1956 Lackawanna, N.Y., with a blues soundtrack. Loretta Greco (*Two Sisters and a Piano*) directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Lipstick Traces
The Austin-based Rude Mechanicals stage their award-winning experimental adaptation of rock critic Griel Marcus's secret history of the twentieth century. Presented by the Foundry Theatre, this production ricochets from the Sex Pistols to Cabaret Voltaire. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (800-965-4827).

Lobby Hero
After a successful run at Playwrights Horizons, the latest drama by Kenneth Lonergan, the screenwriter of *You Can Count on Me* and Pulitzer-nominated playwright of *The Waverly Gallery,* transfers to a larger theater. His latest drama, directed by Mark Brokaw, is a confounding morality tale of small conflicts and small people caught in inextricably tricky situations, set in the lobby of an inauspicious apartment building. $45–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
A new bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis.* $30–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Madame Melville
Macaulay Culkin stars in Richard Nelson's drama about a student who's hot for teacher. $60–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

Mnemonic
This sprawling multimedia investigation into time and memory by Simon McBurney's Théâtre de Complicité, should be any experimental-theater addict's delight. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 2, Sun at 7. • John Jay College Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., near 58th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

A Naughty Knight
The Jewish Repertory's medieval-themed musical. $45. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Duke Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Nocturne
Marcus Stern directs a new drama by Adam Rapp (*Animals and Plants*) about a young man who accidentally caused his sister's death. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra
A tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$100. Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dillon's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

The Play About the Baby
Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women,* a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Sus
Jean Cocteau Repertory presents Barrie Keeffe's British drama about racial profiling and police brutality. $15–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

The Syringa Tree
Pamela Gien plays 28 characters in a superb solo show about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affective tale of family love and loss amid the often reckless violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Thief River
In this new drama by Lee Blessing (*Cobb*), two midwestern men meet in an abandoned farmhouse three times over a period of 50 years. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Signature Theatre'S Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Uncle Bob
A dark comedy by Austin Pendleton about a man (George Morfogen) and his nephew (Joseph Gordon-Levitt). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
In this unlikely hit musical, an evil corporation charges New York's denizens outrageous fees for the use of its toilets. $50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 7/2. • American Theater of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Onstage

Get Used to It

To say that New York stages will *suddenly* be swarmed by queer theater next week would be a bit of an exaggeration—but, in happy conjunction with the city's Gay Pride celebrations, a number of shows are going up fast to catch the moment. Downtown, **Queer @ HERE** hosts a long roster of talents from June 11 to June 24, including the Bessie Award–winning choreographer and dancer Arthur Aviles and works by Allan Tibbetts, Caroline Brown and Sally Sockwell, the Estro-Tribe, and more. Not too far away, **Varla Jean Merman** returns to Joe's Pub on June 15 and 16, and, a few blocks away at 45 Bleecker, beginning June 12, the firebrand spoken-word performer Staceyann Chin (pictured) will debut an expanded version of her fierce autobiographical show **Unspeakable Things.** (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, twats, etc. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Watcher
Novelist (*Fixer Chao*) and playwright Han Ong opens his latest drama, a coming-of-age story set in Times Square, presented by the Ma-Yi Theatre Company. $19–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/17. • CAP21 Theater (212-581-8896).

A Will of His Own/Andromache
The irrepressible servant Crispin infuriates his tyrant and master in Michael Feingold's new translation of the Jean-Françoise Regnard 1708 comedy/Jean Racine's first successful play. $28–$35. Call for schedule. Through 6/17. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

The Woman in Black
A thriller and a ghost story. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 7 and 10:30. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Bitterroot
A traveling troupe of nineteenth-century actors pay tribute to the explorer Meriwether Lewis in this new music-theater piece written and directed by Paul Zimet and composed by Peter Gordon. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 6/24. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Circus Amok: The Medicine Show
The award-winning troupe Circus Amok returns with another batch of ecstatic agitprop theater. For locations and schedule, call 212-539-6550.

Kings
Christopher Logue's modern verse adaptation of the first books of Homer's *Iliad*. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-841-0370).

Mephisto
Reverie Productions (*Valerie Shot Andy*) and Theater of Necessity present a drama about theater artists in Weimar Germany. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 7/1. • Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).

Mono
An inventive, improvisatory play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Orestes
The ever-ambitious Ellen Beckerman directs Charles L. Mee Jr.'s adaptation of the Greek classic, with a score that romps through New Wave, ska, and classical music. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 6/17. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Sex and Other Collisions
Nela Wagman directs Trista Baldwin's new comedy about desperate couples who get entangled with a Russian mail-order bride, a crime, and a bomb. $10–$15. Mon. and Wed. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Curricen Theater, 154 W. 29th St. (212-414-8181).

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot
The seventh annual Lower East Side festival kicks off with *Richard II*, through 6/23. Free. • Located across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).

U.S. Drag
The innovative, odd theater company Clubbed Thumb kick-starts its sixth Summerworks festival with Gina Gionfriddo's bizarre comic thriller, in which two party girls mix it up with a neurotic writer and a serial killer. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. 6/15–7/7. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-802-8007).

The Woman
This extremely rare production of William C. deMille's suspenseful 1911 drama about a switchboard operator with a secret is presented by Metropolitan Playhouse, the city's only company dedicated to revamping early American plays. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 6/14 opening. • Metropolitan Playhouse, 220 E. 4th St. (212-955-5302).

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Lockwood de Forest
Plein-air oil sketches of landscapes in America, Europe, Syria, Egypt, and India by this artist (1850–1932), who was the great-nephew of the Hudson River School painter Frederic Edwin Church; through 7/27. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

John Duff
Early sculptures spanning the years 1969 to 1975; through 6/30. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Jean Fautrier
Works on paper and one major bronze sculpture by the French artist (1898–1964); through 7/6. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Alex Katz
Paintings, drawings, collages, and prints from the sixties through the eighties; through 7/13. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Knox Martin
Black-and-white abstract paintings made by the artist over the past twelve years; through 7/31. • Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Maureen McCabe/Reuben Nakian
Assemblages on slate of Austrian crystals, bone, and hand-colored engravings/Drawings and sculptures. Through 7/13. • Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Anne Peretz/Michal Ronnen Safdie
Paintings of the hills around Jerusalem and Tel Aviv and the rooftops of Jaffa/Color photographs of nature. Through 6/29. • Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

Richards Ruben
Abstract paintings on shaped canvases by the Abstract Expressionist; through 7/30. • Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. (212-452-1094).

Iran do Espírito Santo/Rivane Neuenschwander
Site-specific installations by two Brazilian artists; through 7/29. • Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950).

Wayne Thiebaud
New paintings by this artist whose traveling retrospective opens at the Whitney Museum on June 28; through 7/12. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

57th Street Area

Jose Bedia
Paintings, drawings, and a construction; through 6/29. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5666).

Fernando Botero
New monumental sculptures by the Colombian artist; through 6/30. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Jonathan Ehrenberg
Paintings that depict skylights, chimneys, and other enclosures common to New York City rooftops, isolated in barren, wintry landscapes; through 6/29. • McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Lucy Fremont
Photographs of animals with art; through 7/13. • Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Cesar Galicia
Realist portraits and paintings of everyday objects; through 6/29. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Morris Graves
Still-life paintings by the late artist (1910–2001); through 8/17. • Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Timothy Hawkesworth
Recent drawings; through 7/7. • Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Conrad Marca-Relli
Abstract canvas collages from the fifties through the seventies by the Abstract Expressionist painter; through 6/29. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Piet Stockmans
Ceramic vessels that are primarily blue and white; through 7/6. • Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Mary Joan Waid/Wayne Thiebaud
Paintings and pastels of flowers/Etchings and aquatints. Through 7/21. • Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

Andy Warhol
A survey of the artist's prints and drawings of shoes, a subject he first took up while working as an illustrator in the fifties; through 6/30. • Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Jimmy Wright
Paintings and pastel drawings of flowers; through 7/12. • DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Louise Bourgeois/Yayoi Kusama
Works on paper, paintings, and sculptures executed between 1942 and 2000 by both artists; through 9/15. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Fabrice Gygi
Installations using canvas tarps, fitted pipes, mattresses, and other materials that bring to mind street displays of illegal goods; through 8/18. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

Marianne Hopf
New abstract paintings that combine geometric and organic shapes; through 7/2. • Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Rachel Lee Hovnanian
Paintings of abstracted landscapes; 6/13–7/20. • Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (212-219-2863).

Brad Kahlhamer/Philippe Bradshaw
New paintings and drawings on the theme of how the West was won/Seven installations consisting of layers of chain tapestries, sculpted objects, and video projections. Through 6/30. • Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

George Ortman
Paintings, constructions, and drawings based on the artist's analysis of Georges Seurat's painting *Les Poseurs* (1886); through 6/30. • Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Rebecca Quaytman
"The Sun," an installation of 40 paintings based on three events: the 1939 World's Fair, an accident that killed her grandfather and great-grandfather, and a train trip the artist took to Lodz, Poland; through 7/14. • Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Eva Schlegel
Images of clouds, women, and Cuba that originate with a photograph taken by the artist that is then manipulated through Xeroxing and painting; through 7/6. • Roeder, 545 Broadway (212-925-6098).

Claire Seidl
New paintings; through 6/30. • Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (212-431-4838).

Valton Tyler
Paintings, prints, and drawings by a self-taught Texas-born artist; through 6/30. • Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

Hiro Yamagata
A large-scale laser installation that comprises grids of holographic panels on the gallery's walls; mirrored, rotating cubes suspended in space; and a computer-programmed laser and lighting system; through 7/28. • Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Chelsea

Philip Akkerman
Drawn and painted self-portraits that evoke the brooding sensibility of the artist's Dutch forebears Vincent van Gogh and Rembrandt van Rijn; through 6/30. • Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Luis Cruz Azaceta
Paintings and works on paper; through 7/7. • Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

John Bock
New work; through 8/31. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (965-1706).

Dan Bruggeman
Paintings that depict the clash between urbanization and nature; through 7/3. • Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Richmond Burton
New paintings of all-over abstract patterns that merge and disperse; through 6/30. • Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Stephen Dean
New sculpture and a video work that continue the artist's exploration of color as an active agent of experience; through 6/27. • Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Ralph Fasanella
Paintings of New York by the late self-taught artist (1914–1997), who was also a union organizer; through 7/7. • ACA, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-8080).

Phil Frost
Paintings and sculpture; through 6/29. • Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Richard Hamilton
Prints made between 1968 and 1998; through 7/20. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

Philippine Hoegen
Two slide-projection works that engage the gallery's architecture; through 6/30. • Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Linda Karshan
New works on paper; through 7/6. • Dee/Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Ellsworth Kelly
Six new large-scale paintings, each of which consists of two overlapping canvases, and a group of six early relief paintings; through 6/29. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. and 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

William Kentridge
Prints by the South African filmmaker and artist whose work is the subject of a retrospective at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; through 7/30. • Mansion, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-505-9577).

Ken Lum
New works that explore the expressive potential of the commercial sign; through 6/30. • Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Jason Meadows
Sculptures that recontextualize such materials as painted wood, chicken wire, aluminum, Plexiglas, basketball nets, and generic modular shelving units; through 7/6. • Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Olivier Mosset
Recent abstract paintings; through 7/14. • Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (212-807-9494).

Antonio Murado
Recent paintings from the artist's "Icescapes" series; through 6/30. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Chuck Nanney
Recent sculpture; through 6/30. • Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Shirin Neshat
Three new films by the Iranian-born artist that address issues of ideology and identity in post-revolutionary Iran; through 6/29. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Niklas Nitschke
Digitally manipulated photographs that depict cityscapes juxtaposed against serene natural landscapes; through 7/7. • Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Fairfield Porter/Julio Galan
Drawings and paintings./Recent paintings by the Mexican artist that continue his explorations of dichotomies and himself. Through 6/30. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Jorge Queiroz
Drawings that depict clouds, plant life, landscapes, and animals in the process of mutating, exploding, or merging with other forms; through 6/23. • Eller, 526-30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Eduardo Sarabia/Patrick Thorne
Paintings, drawings, and sculpture inspired by excess and various subcultures in Los Angeles/One large, glossy painting about vanity, notoriety, and the artist's love-hate relationship with L.A. Through 6/23. • I-20, 529 W. 20th St. (212-645-1100).

Kerry Stewart
Figurative sculptures that capture the mood of the outsider or misfit; through 6/24. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-680-9889).

Robert Watts
Works that synthesize photographic images and ideas with sculpture and other media, by this artist (1923–1988) who was affiliated with Conceptualism, Pop Art, and Fluxus; through 6/23. • Tonkonow, 5535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

Jean Xceron
Abstract works on paper from the thirties through the sixties; through 6/30. • Zarre, 515 W. 20th St. (212-255-0202).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill
"Homage to the Square: Picturing Washington Square, 1890–1965," paintings, drawings, and photographs of New York's famous square by Abbott, Arbus, Beals, Glackens, Hopper, Sloan, Weegee, others; through 7/6. • 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Castelli
Works on paper by Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Sonnier, the Starns, Weiner; through 8/3. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Gagosian
"Pop Art: The John and Kimiko Powers Collection," works by Dine, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Wesselman, others; through 6/30. • 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

57th Street Area

Barquet
"Signs of Life," works by Arce, Brunet, Catunda, Cuevas, Pujol, Romero; through 7/27. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Krugier
Drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Cezanne, Constable, Courbet, Delacroix, Ingres, Redon, and Turner; through 7/26. • 41 E. 57th st. (212-755-7288).

PaineWebber
"Tibet: Mountains and Valleys, Castles and Tents From the Newark Museum Collection," an exhibition exploring the ancient culture of Tibet through rare artifacts and documentary materials;

On View

Military Coup

"Uniforms are the sportswear of the twentieth century," proclaimed Diana Vreeland, whose trademark sweeping generalizations were often uncannily on-target. Now, taking up where the fashion doyenne left off, **Uniform: Order and Disorder** (P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; through September 23) takes a sweeping look at the ways the uniform, and its use as a symbol for democracy, power, and abuse, has infiltrated almost every aspect of popular culture. The exhibition, curated by Francesco Bonami, Maria Luisa Frisa, and Stefano Tonchi, juxtaposes authentic uniforms with uniform-inspired clothing (by John Bartlett, Pierre Cardin, Comme des Garçons, Paul Smith, and others) and with films, advertising, fashion layouts, photojournalism, and artworks utilizing the image of the uniform (by Joseph Beuys, Alighiero Boetti, Vanessa Beecroft, Sarah Lucas, Collier Schorr, Wolfgang Tillmans, and others). Stewardesses, Boy Scouts, police, and prisoners all make appearances, but no getup underscores the uniform's potential for appropriation quite like the military look, represented in everything from a Stephen Sprouse camouflage men's suit (pictured) to the *Michael Jackson HIStory* video to Hiroshi Sugimoto's photograph of a Madame Tussaud's Fidel Castro. More about the uniform's unprecedented subversions can be gleaned from the show's catalogue (Charta; $ 35).

E.N.

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

through 6/22. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6.

Rosenfeld
Drawings and paintings of flowers by American modernists, including Burchfield, Cramer, Graves, Hartley, Lazzell, Maurer, Ossorio, Stella, others; through 6/30. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Rubin • Greenberg Van Doren
"Platypus," works by Campbell, David, Fisher, Ganis, Hayes, Hodany, Minelli, Mosquera; through 7/20. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art
"Lost and Found," found-object works by Brecht, Broodthaers, Knowles, Spitzer, others; through 6/23. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

Art in General
"Material Whirled," works that explore the boundaries of traditional and nontraditional materials by Creech, Havens, McGill, Miceli, Shotz, Westphal, others; through 6/30. • 79 Walker St. (212-219-0473).

Exit Art
"The LP Show," more than 2,500 album covers culled from 50 collections, plus installations by Marclay, DJ Spooky, Moore, Zorn; through 8/17. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Here
"Smile," works by Behrens, D'Alvia, Esber, Grannan, Lazarus, Moyer, others; through 6/30. • 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202)

OK Harris
Minimal abstract paintings by Colen; black-and-white photographs of city street scenes by Greenberg; small monochromatic landscape paintings by Moran; through 7/20. • 383 Broadway (212-431-3600).

Ross
"Wet!" works by Anderson, Boynton, Eisenman, Fasnacht, Holley, Polke, Soriano, Traylor, others; through 7/27. • 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin
"(Self) Portraits," works by Ahearn, Bolande, Bordo, Plimack Mangold, Thek, others; through 7/27. • 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Center for Figurative Painting
Figurative paintings by Bell, Kresch, Kaldis, Georges, Heinemann; through 9/28. • 115 W. 30th St. (212-868-3452).

Foster
Sculpture by nine recent graduates of Virginia Commonwealth University's M.F.A. program; through 6/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

Grimm
Abstract paintings by Corey, Gallagher, McDonnell, Ruskin-White, others; through 6/29. • 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Rodgers
"Clench, Clutch, Flinch," works that explore psychosomatic phenomena in contemporary art, by Cooper, Dunning, Hawkinson, Michaux, Swartz, others; through 6/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Silverstein
Works by nine female artists who are expanding the notion of landscape; through 6/23. • Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (212-929-4300).

Snyder
"Four Abstract Classicists," hard-edge abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties by Benjamin, Feitelson, Hammersley, McLaughlin; through 8/25. • 601 W. 29th St. (212-871-1077).

Sonnabend
New works by Baldessari, Koons, Wesselman; through 7/27. • Sonnabend, 536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018).

Other

Creative Time in the Anchorage
"Massless Medium," environmental works using sound, light, and moving image, by Angelidakis/nanogod, Antenna Design, Brambilla, López, Phillips/Bonney, Redl, Villareal; through 7/29. • Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Front St., Brooklyn.

CUNY Graduate Center Art Gallery
"Play's the Thing: Critical and Transgressive Practices in Contemporary Art," works by Acconci, Blake, Kelley, McCarthy, Simmons, Wilson, others; through 7/8. • 365 Fifth Ave. (212-817-7000), Wed.-Sun. noon-6.

New York Studio School
"Painting Abstraction II," abstract paintings by Barth, Fyfe, Goldberg, Goodman, Jensen, Martin, Moser, Porter; through 6/30. • 8 W. 8th St. (212-673-6466).

Socrates Sculpture Park
"Beyond City Limits," outdoor sculptures by Braine, Carruthers, Goldman, Mosher, Williams; through 8/25. • Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819).

Wave Hill
"Verging on Real," works by Bankemper, De Mar, Edlund, Jacobs, O'Shea, Pepe, Victoria; through 8/19. • 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200), Tues.-Sun. 10-4:30, Weds. in June and July 10-8.

Photography

Lillian Bassman
Distorted color images of male bodybuilders; through 6/30. • Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Benrubi
"Let's Have Lunch," a survey of dining photographs by Abbott, Brassai, Cartier-Bresson, Stettner, others; through 7/13. • 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Chambers
Recent photography and video by seven contemporary Chinese artists; through 6/30. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-414-1169).

De Lellis
"Au Naturel," images of female nudes taken between 1920 and 1950, by Fabinger, Himmel, Perotti, Matter, Woolf, others; 6/13–8/10. • 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

David Halliday
Sepia-toned black-and-white photographs of plant life displayed in illuminated boxes, and seascapes shot on the coast of Ireland; through 6/16. • Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

ICP
"Mary Ellen Mark: American Odyssey." A retrospective celebrating the work of ICP's second annual Cornell Capa Award for distinguished photography; through 6/17. • 1130 Fifth Ave. (212-360-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Builder Levy
Photographs of mass demonstrations in New York in the sixties and recent work; through 6/23. • Art Resources Transfer, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Martha Madigan
Recent photograms that depict images of newborn babies and adolescent females; through 6/30. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Karen Maini
Photographs that explore the spontaneity of children and the serenity of nature in summertime; through 6/23. • American Space, 1305 Madison Ave. (212-426-2879).

Diana Michener
Large-scale black-and-white photographs that depict a nude male and a nude female engaged in an intimate scuffle; through 6/23. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Peter Moore
Photographs of dance works choreographed by Yvonne Rainer in the sixties and early seventies, selected by Maurice Berger; 6/16–30. • Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (212-7348).

Roger Newton
Five new color photographs and one black-and-white print by this artist, who constructs his own lenses from different refracting liquids: water, mineral oil, and glycerin; through 6/23. • Roth Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Luis González Palma
Two new series by the Guatemalan photographer; through 6/30. • Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

George Rodger
A retrospective of work by the photojournalist who worked for *Life* magazine during World War II; through 6/23. • Leica, 670 Broadway (212-777-3051).

Aaron Rose
Unique photographic works that depict atypical views of New York City and views of the sun as seen through a layer of clouds; through 7/7. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Victor Schrager/Andrea Modica
New photographs of plant forms/Platinum-palladium prints depicting century-old crania unearthed from a mass grave discovered a decade ago on the grounds of a psychiatric hospital in Pueblo, Colorado. Through 6/30. • Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Andres Serrano
New photographs from the artist's "The Interpretation of Dreams" series; through 6/30. • Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Seton Smith
Recent color photographs that play off a tension between the recognizable and the abstract, the quotidian and the ethereal; through 6/23. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Stark
"As Far As the Eye Can See," photographs and video exploring ways of looking at landscape, by Difarnecio, Kerrigan, Lemieux, McLean, Misrach, Turrell, others; through 7/20. • 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Ezra Stoller/Lucien Hervé
Images of modernist architecture/Paris as seen from the photographer's apartment, as well as images of Matisse designing the Chapel at Vence. Through 6/23. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

303
"Overnight to Many Cities: Tourism and Travel at Home and Away," works by Burrows, Disfarmer, Epstein, Marcopolous, Meyerowitz, Shore, Singh, Sternfeld; through 7/13. • 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Katherine Turczan
Black-and-white photographs of people in the Ukraine, taken on the artist's trips there between 1991 and 1997; through 6/30. • Gallery 24, 552 W. 24th St. (212-414-0370).

Jeff Weiss
Large-scale color works that join photography and painting through the use of the computer and depict landscapes that compress long periods of time and vast territories of space into a single image; through 6/29. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Light Screens: The Leaded Glass of Frank Lloyd Wright." Fifty patterned windows designed by the architect for private residences and major buildings, on loan from the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and private collections; through 9/2. • "Origamic Architecture." Origami works by the Japanese architect Masahiro Chatani, his colleagues Keiko Nakazawa and Takkaaki Kihara, and other artists from around the world who employ the ancient Japanese art of paper folding; through 9/2. • "Radiant Geometries: Fifteen International Jewelers." Works by fifteen jewelry artists from the United States and Europe; through 9/2. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Ancient Microworlds." Photographs by Giraud Foster and Norman Barker that reveal the internal structures of Jurassic dinosaur bones, Permain tree ferns, Devonian nautilus, and more; through 9/9. • "The Genomic *Revolution*." *An exhibition examining developments in* this key field of molecular biology through hands-on models, interactive stations, videos, films, and polling stations; through 1/1. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-

769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
"Print, Power, and Persuasion Graphic Design in Germany, 1890–1945"; through 8/26. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
"Game Show: Installations and Sculptures by Willie Cole"; through 9/9. • "Aztlán Today: The Chicano Postnation"; through 9/9. • "Recent Acquisitions"; through 9/9. • "(un)Shop: An Installation by Gillie Holme"; through 7/1. • "Rune Olsen: The RICE Banquet"; through 7/1. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 12-9, Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

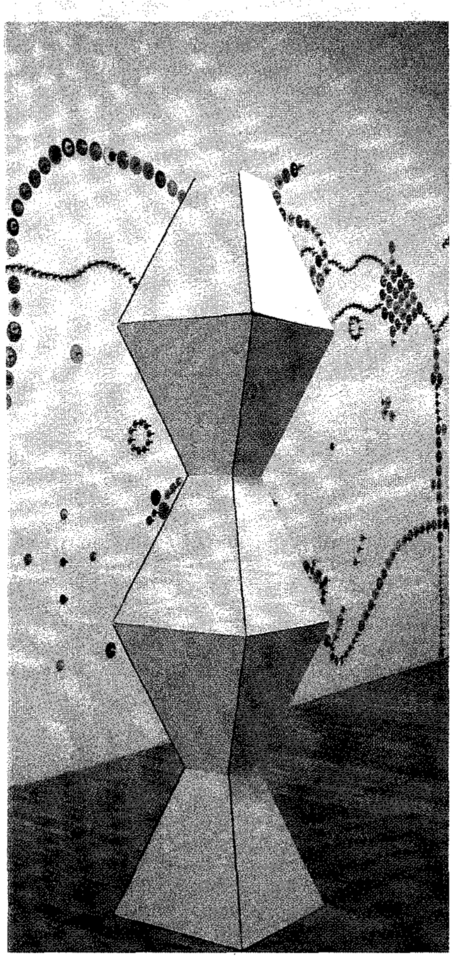
Brooklyn Museum of Art
"Leon Golub: Paintings 1950–2000." A retrospective of the artist's figurative paintings exploring race, violence, war, and human suffering; through 8/19. • "A Family Album: Brooklyn Collects." More than 200 major artworks, ranging from antiquities to contemporary paintings, lent by collectors who have deep connections to Brooklyn; through 7/1. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
"Rooms With a View: Landscape and Wallpaper." Selections of wallcoverings from the museum's collection that reveal changing attitudes toward nature; through 10/14. • "Aluminum by Design: Jewelry to Jets." The first major museum exhibit to explore the role of aluminum as a catalyst for design in Europe and America; through 7/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Installation

Prepare for Takeoff

Fourteen solo shows haven't dulled **Chuck Nanney**'s imagination—his latest installation, which counts among its sources Bram Stoker's *Dracula, 2001: A Space Odyssey,* and the vivid dreams produced by the HIV-fighting drug Sustiva—may be his most exuberant yet. "Happydeathangersexdreammachine" mixes Brancusi-like corrugated-cardboard sculptures (pictured, *White Unit,* 2001); rectangular cardboard mini-monuments with fluffy psychedelic balls; flashing lights; and aluminum-foil "control panels" that look like something out of a fifties sci-fi movie (or like baked potatoes). Playing make-believe has never been more fun. At Debs & Co., 525 West 26th Street; through June 30.



Dahesh Museum of Art
"Telling Tales I: Classical Images From the Dahesh Museum of Art." Paintings, drawings, lithographs, and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Alma Tadema, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Leighton, others; through 9/29. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts
"Diana Thater: *Knots and Surfaces.*" A large-scale multiprojection video installation that interacts with the architecture of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 1/30/02. • "Panamarenko: *Orbit.*" An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller,* an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • "Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance.*" The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • "Jorge Pardo: *Project.*" A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • "Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . *the nearest faraway place* . . ." New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center
"Between Street and Mirror: The Drawings of James Ensor." An exhibition devoted exclusively to the Belgian artist's drawings and their stylistic evolution from his early Impressionist style to the personal and grotesque nature of his later works; through 7/21. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection
"El Greco: Themes and Variations." Different versions of the paintings *St. Jerome* and *The Purification of the Temple* by the Crete-born artist (1541-1614), on view together for the first time; through 7/29. • "Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo,* From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection." A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • "Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
"Dreams and Disillusion: Karel Teige and the Czech Avant-Garde." A look at the life and career of the Czech graphic designer and architectural theorist (1900–1951) whose innovative book design, poetry, stage sets, and collages revolutionized Czech artistic production in the twenties and thirties; through 7/7. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Frank Gehry, Architect." A retrospective of the American architect's work as seen through drawings, plans, models, furniture designs, photographs, video footage, and the installation itself; through 8/26. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society
"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Art of Japan: The Architect's Other Passion." Works of art and objects collected by the architect during his several sojourns in Japan, as well as drawings for architectural projects he was commissioned to build in Japan; through 7/15. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. and Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
"Marc Chagall: Early Works From Russian Collections." Paintings, drawings, and theater murals created by Chagall in Russia between 1908 and 1920, and paintings by Yehuda Pen, Chagall's first teacher; through 10/14. • "Voice, Image, Gesture: Selections From the Jewish Museum's Collection, 1945–2000." More than 60 works from the museum's collection, by Diane Arbus, Tina Barney, Adolph Gottlieb, Hannah Wilke, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/5. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45; Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, $2 for Chagall exhibition, pay what you wish for other exhibitions), Sun. 10-5:45; $8 ($10 for Chagall exhibition), $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
"Jacqueline Kennedy: The White House Years." Clothing and accessories worn by the former First Lady in the early sixties, on loan from the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum in Boston; through 7/29. • "William Blake." The first American exhibition of works in all media by the British Romantic artist (1757–1827), including drawings, paintings, prints, and illuminated books; through 6/24. • "Terry Winters: Printed Works." More than 80 prints from the museum's collection; through 9/30. • "Dancing on the Roof: Photography at the Bauhaus (1923–1929)." Rare photographs from New York-area collections that were created by Bauhaus students and teachers between 1923 and 1929; through 8/26. • "Photographs: A Decade of Collecting." Works collected by the museum, including French photographs of the 1850s and 1860s; through 9/2. • "The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection: Bonnard to Balthus." Works by modern masters from the Gelman collection that were given to the museum and are on view in the museum's newly dedicated Jacques and Natasha Gelman Galleries; through 10/30. • "African, Oceanic, and Ancient American Art: Recent Acquisitions"; through 10/28. • "Summer Selections: American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 9/2. • "Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Chinese Paintings From the Robert H. Ellsworth Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 8/19. • "Joel Shapiro on the Roof." Five large cast-bronze and painted cast-aluminum sculptures by the American artist; through 11/30. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library
"Master Drawings From the Cleveland Institute of Art." Works spanning the fifteenth through the twentieth

Photograph courtesy of Devs & Co.

centuries, by Degas, Goya, Michelangelo, Picasso, Raphael, Rembrandt, others; through 8/19. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art

"African Forms." Handcrafted objects from more than 156 ethnic groups and 34 African nations, among them clothing, jewelry, kitchen utensils, devotional objects, and musical instruments; through 8/8. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

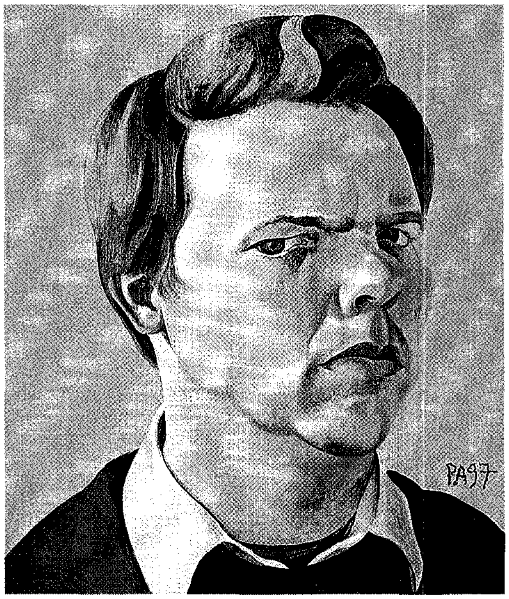
Museum of American Folk Art

"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." *Art brut* works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfli, others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); through 7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Talent

Today's Man

Since 1981, Dutch painter **Philip Akkerman** has been a sort of On Kawara of portraiture, producing, on average, one self-portrait a day. But unlike the Japanese Conceptualist's rigorously minimal "date paintings," Akkerman's more than 1, 300 paintings and 1,700 drawings (so far) portray the artist in a variety of expressions and moods. There are references to art history too—on some days the artist, a pink-skinned redhead, brings to mind the self-portraits of his forebears Rembrandt and Van Gogh; on others, his face may be rendered in the delicate sallow tones favored by the British artists Stanley Spencer and Lucian Freud (pictured, *No. 108*). You'll also catch glimpses of Salvador Dali, Otto Dix, and John Graham. At Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 West 26th Street; through June 30.



Photograph courtesy of Gorney, Bravin + Lee.

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Citizens Betrayed: The Hungarian Forced Labor Battalions/1939–1945." Photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts on loan from the Sydney Jewish Museum; through 9/3. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 9–3, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art

11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Gay Men's Health Crisis: 20 Years Fighting for People With HIV/AIDS." A look at the role the Gay Men's Health Crisis has played in the ongoing effort to fight HIV/AIDS; through 9/10. • Art at the Table: Lotos Club State Dinner Menus, 1898–1922." Twenty menus designed for special dinners held by the literary club honoring Samuel L. Clemens, Booth Tarkington, Admiral Robert E. Peary, and other luminaries of the day; through 7/29. • "Working Women: A Century of New York Junior League Volunteerism." Photographs, clothing, and ephemera documenting the movement founded by Mary Harriman in 1901; through 8/12. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

"John Rawlings: 30 Years in Vogue." A retrospective of works from the late thirties through the late sixties by the fashion photographer, who worked for *British Vogue, American Vogue, Glamour,* and other magazines; through 8/11. • "Infinity: The Textiles of Akihiko Zukura." Works by the Japanese textile designer known for his use of a process of silk-dyeing and weaving that is more than 2000 years old; 6/19–9/15. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design

"176th Annual Exhibition," with works by Chuck Close, Robert Cottingham, Jane Freilicher, Yvonne Jacquette Wolf Kahn, Milton Resnick, and other Academy members; through 6/24. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon–5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10–5; $8; $4.50.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

"William Kentridge." A retrospective of the South African artist's animated films, drawings, and videotapes, plus two new sculptural installations; through 9/16 • "Graham Gussin: States of Mind." A computer-generated projection and a new video by the British artist, in the museum's Media Z Lounge; through 7/8. • "Trompe L'Oeil: Fictitious Internet Sites." An online program of Websites that use the familiar look and feel of existing sites to elicit a specific expectation through their design and information architecture, in the museum's Media Z Lounge; through 7/8. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon–6, Thurs.–Sat. noon–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Touring West: Nineteenth-Century Performing Artists on the Overland Trails." Objects, manuscripts, photographs, and ephemera relating to the individual artists and troupes who brought entertainment to the pioneers and miners living in the newly mapped territories of the American West; through 7/7. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"Against the Storm: Images From the Lighthouse Collections of the New-York Historical Society." Photographs of American lighthouses and their keepers that were commissioned between 1871 and 1953 by the U.S. Coast Guard First District; through 9/2. • "Walk About: Past and Present Views of New York." Photographs of New York in the nineties by Richard Benson, Mitch Epstein, Ed Grazda, Thomas Roma, and Michael Spano; through 6/17. • "The Sight of Music: Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." Twentieth-century prints offering visual interpretations of music, by Chuck Close, Red Grooms, Roy Lichtenstein, and others; through 6/17. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum

"Relocated: Twenty Stones From Japan." Sculptures made during the last six years of Noguchi's life at his studio in the village of Mure–cho, on the island of Shikoku; through 10/31. • 32-37 Vernon Blvd. (718-278-2348), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

"Uniform: Order and Disorder." A look at the way military wear has infiltrated fashion and contemporary art, with works by 33 artists and 31 designers; through 9/23. • "Los Carpinteros: Cuidad Transportable (Transportable City)." An exhibition of portable tents made by the Cuban artists' collaborative and installed throughout the museum; through 9/3. • "Carla Accardi: Triplice Tenda." A full-size circular tent of clear plastic marked in patterns of pale-pink paint, by the Italian artist who co-founded the Forma 1 movement in 1947; through 9/3. • "Miri Segal: Circular Acts." Video installations that feature deceptively simple optical illusions; through 9/3. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Crossing the Line." An exhibition of site-specific works by some 50 artists, on display at the museum and at various locations throughout the borough of Queens; 6/24–10/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem

"Freestyle." Works in various media on the theme of racial identity by 28 emerging artists; through 6/24. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"The Draftsman's Colors: 14 New Acquisitions From Johns to Chong," recently acquired drawings by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Martin Puryear, Richard Serra, and others; through 7/8. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

"Do-Ho Suh: Some/One." A new sculpture installation in which the Korean-born artist uses thousands of newly fabricated dog tags as his medium; through 6/29. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's

6/13 at 10 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/9. 6/14 at 10 and 2: "Wine." On view from 6/9. 6/15 at 10 and 2: "Stamps." On view from 6/9. 6/19 at 10 and 2: "American Decorative Arts." On view from 6/16. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle

6/20 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations and Paintings." On view from 6/16. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Sotheby's

6/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 6/9. 6/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 6/9. 6/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/16. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Swann Galleries

6/14 at 10:30: "Modern Literature and Illustrated Books From the Ben Sackheim Collection." On view from 6/9. 6/14 at 2:30: "Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Literature." On view from 6/9. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: **(E)** = expensive; **(M)** = moderate; **(I)** = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; **($)** = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

New and Noteworthy

Adä
As you might guess from the Murano-glass chandeliers and bas-relief nudes, this isn't your run-of-the-mill curry kitchen. Your dinner choices are limited to two streamlined prix fixe menus that run $55 and $65, and feature newfangled novelties like salmon quenelles with cashew rice and fresh coconut curry, garam masala quail with date-and-pistachio pillau, and wild-mushroom biryani with white-truffle oil. • 208 E. 58th St. (212-371-6060). (M–E)

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, six-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has emerged if not triumphant then at least standing. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a $160–prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and fuzzy side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ Aleutia
You may have to navigate past the murky leather-swathed bar crowd and scurry up the industrial steps to escape their piercing mating calls, but forsooth, there is light at the top of the stairs. In fact, if Aleutia is willing to shift its priorities a bit, it has the potential of being considered among the city's most inventive and satisfying seafood restaurants. Vibrantly flavored dishes like citrus-grilled octopus and pancetta-wrapped cod provide life-preserving—make that -affirming—distractions from the hormonally raging sea around you. • 220 Park Ave. So., at 18th St. (212-529-3111). (E)

Alphabet Kitchen
In a long, lofty room outfitted with a colorful mosaic alphabet and a dining counter flanking an open kitchen, chef Liz Arana (late of Provence) offers Spanish- and Portuguese-flavored food calibrated to every appetite. Nibble on such tapas as crab empanadas and Serrano ham, or tear into a moulard-duck cassoulet or roast suckling pig with grilled persimmon. In warm weather, seek refuge—and your choice of sangrias—by the stone waterfall in the backyard. • 171 Ave. A (212-982-3838). (M)

Artisanal
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. If not, feed your Appenzeller addiction at the retail cheese counter, which also carries crusty loaves of Balthazer Bakery bread. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M–E)

Banjara
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

★ Bar Demi
Verbena's Diane Forley named this twelve-seat wine shrine for its half-address and devotion to hard-to-find half-bottles. Then she challenged sommelier Aaron von Rock to match appropriate wines with her ever-so-dainty "tiers" of flavor-packed finger food. Order the Pinot Noir package, for instance, and share ethereal foie gras mousse, grilled baby lamb chops, and Von Rock's Pinot of choice. Or flex your own wine-pairing muscles and order à la carte. • 125 1/2 E. 17th St. (212-260-0900). (M)

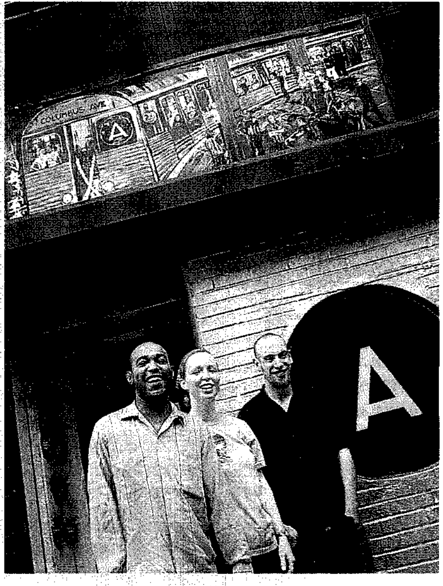
BarTabac
Following in the footsteps of pioneering restaurateurs before him, Georges Forgeois, the empire-building force behind Bistro Jules, Café Noir, and Le Singe Vert, has entered the Smith Street fray with a Brooklyn bar and bistro of his own. Francophiles will appreciate the artfully aged environs, the all-French wine list, the menu of French bar snacks, and the obligatory steak-frites and onion soup. Not to mention what we assume will be a very tobacco-tolerant attitude. • 128 Smith St., at Dean St., Brooklyn (718-923-0918). (I–M) AE only

Belmondo
Realizing that Avenue B wasn't ready for a Turkish-

The Underground Gourmet

The A Team

There's nothing more alluring to a certain type of trailblazing chef than scouting out an ungentrified neighborhood, staking his claim to a plot of rough culinary turf, striking a favorable deal with a landlord, and cooking in peace while really getting to know his infinitely grateful customers. That's what Marc Solomon (pictured, at left, with partner Blue Grant and daytime chef Ian Boder) has done at **A**, a tiny French-Caribbean café on a nondescript stretch of upper Columbus Avenue. The onetime barbershop has been made over in a subway motif ("We couldn't resist that porthole window") and has what might be the world's tiniest professional kitchen: two hot plates, a mini-fridge, a sink, and a cutting board. "We get hugs every night; we get kisses," says Solomon, who used to get headaches when the three spots he ran downtown—Red Strype and the two branches of Les Amis et Les Deux Lapins—grew too hectic. "Since it's BYOB, our customers bring their own wine, and always leave something for the chef." In exchange for that outpouring of affection, A's clientele (mostly local artists, musicians, and teachers) gets a marvelously mellow vibe, with ska music, sweet service, and simple, inventive Jamaican-inspired French dishes, some of which Solomon brought from Les Amis but serves at lower prices thanks to his real estate bargain. The crêpe Creole is stuffed with luscious pan-fried ackee and callaloo and drizzled with spicy mango chutney, and mouton torte à la Montego is a deftly spiced curried-lamb pie with coconut crème fraîche (both are $8 and come with salad). Thursday through Sunday at lunch and brunch, Boder (who's worked at Payard Pâtisserie and Judson Grill) picks up the French-Carib theme with jerk-chicken crêpes, plantains, and tasty roast-chicken and goat-cheese sandwiches on crusty baguettes. "This neighborhood is like the East Village was ten years ago," says Solomon. "We're just hoping the rent stays the same." (947 Columbus Avenue, near 106th Street; 212-531-1643.) R.P.



Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

Belgian crossover restaurant, the owners of Mesopotamia have resurrected the space as Belmondo, a resolutely French-bistro type of place in the Lucky Strike vein, down to the zinc bar, the D.J., and the tasty fries. Already the smokers, the cell-phoners, and the belly-button-barers are starting to flock. • 98 Avenue B (212-358-1166). (I-M)

★ Beppe
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, the grilled wild mushrooms with polenta crostini, and savory braised spare ribs. And desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel are luscious variations on a Tuscan theme. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

★ Brasserie 8 1/2
At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue-green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M-E)

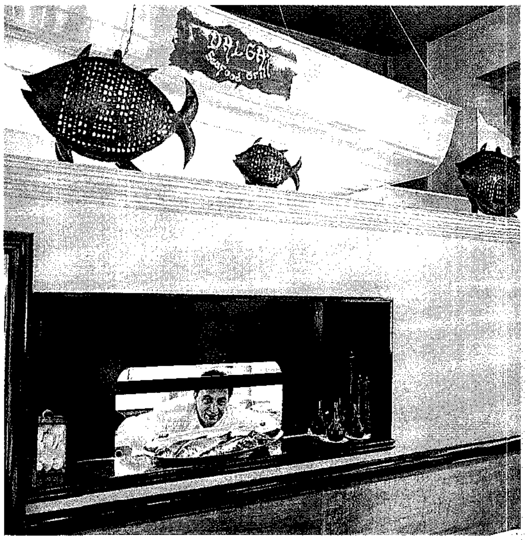
Brooklyn Blue Ribbon
In the beginning, there was Blue Ribbon, which begat Blue Ribbon Sushi, which begat Blue Ribbon Bakery. It was only a matter of time, then, before brothers, chef-owners, and night owls Bruce and Eric Bromberg got around to Brooklyn. Although the space is bigger, Manhattan regulars can get their bearings with a few familiar Blue Ribbon landmarks: the neon OYSTERS sign in the window, the same shellfish display, even an identical table No. 16, the big round one in the corner. The likewise familiar menu (nearly all of Blue Ribbon's, half of the bakery's—but no sushi) packs a few surprises including a lobster roll, roasts and family-style platters, and some newfangled surf n' turf, like "dragon and phoenix," Bromberg-speak for grilled Louisiana shrimp and pigeon. • 280 Fifth Ave., at 1st St., Brooklyn (718-840-0404). (M)

★ Caffé La Grolla
The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It accommodates 28 extra bodies; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, scrumptious artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I-M)

★ Caffè Linda
Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so impeccably al dente pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit with mashed potatoes and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I-M)

Centolire
Pino Luongo seems to open a restaurant a year, and when you're that prolific, it helps to have a gimmick. At his slightly rusticated remake of the old Celadon space, the theme is Italian-American, a cooking style that's enjoying a bit of a kitschy comeback. Everything on the menu is labeled either Old World (like timpano, à la *Big Night*) or New World (the more genteel mezze maniche with cauliflower confit). And anything with a little pot-shaped symbol next to it is slowly baked in terra-cotta, a technique that seems to have bridged both chronological and continental divides. • 1167 Madison Ave., near 86th St. (212-734-7711). (M-E)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)



★ City Eatery
Looks aren't everything. City Eatery's décor is Balthazar on a dime, almost Hopperesque in its starkness when the lights aren't lowered. Chef Scott Conant, however, is a handsome devil. But even that wouldn't be enough if he didn't have such a gift for invigorating familiar dishes and such a knack for demystifying seemingly odd ones. Neat how he makes butternut-squash soup taste original and rabbit-and-lamb ravioli as homey as chicken. One bite of his chocolate cake and the world, and City Eatery, are beautiful. • 316 Bowery (212-253-8644). (M)

Cocina Cuzco
This colorful room decorated with Incan pottery is connected to the jungle-themed Lemongrass Grill next door; they're both part of a restaurant empire that includes the eight-branch Lemongrass Thai-food chain, plus assorted Japanese, Korean, and Malaysian kitchens. But there's no culinary confusion on this traditional Peruvian menu, which features seven kinds of seviche, succulent rotisserie chicken, and varying degrees of aji-pepper-spiced sauces. • 55 Ave. A (212-529-3469). (I) ($)

★ Convivium
The restaurant scene in Park Slope has gravitated ineluctably to Fifth Avenue, where this rustic osteria has staked its own atmospheric claim. Communal farmhouse tables, candlelight, and rusted iron farm implements on the wall conspire to create an old-world ambience—that, and the untranslated Mediterranean menu, which changes often, and incorporates dishes from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The whole grilled fish, the steak for two, the seafood couscous, and the pastas are highly recommended, so make every effort not to OD on the tapas-like appetizers. • 68 Fifth Ave., nr. St. Marks Pl. (718-857-1833). (M)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and decorated in a similarly elegant modern style, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, like any good craftsmen, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on the raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M-E)

Opening

Something Fishy

Greece isn't the only country with a Mediterranean coastline, but it's managed to corner the market on simply prepared, lightly seasoned seafood. Now, though, Milos and its ilk have some competition from the four-month-old **Dalga** (Turkish for "wave"), the sort of tasteful Turkish restaurant that will be a revelation for anyone whose familiarity with the cuisine begins and ends with the doner kebab (a.k.a. gyro). Chef-owner Rafet Senturk (pictured) and his brother Rauf focus instead on a daily changing assortment of fresh fish, seafood and vegetable stews, and delectable meze like zucchini pancakes and thick, creamy yogurt blended with spinach and walnuts. The chewy, crusty pide and the Turkish-inspired desserts like marzipan-stuffed apricots and cornmeal pudding are made by Senturk's wife and partner, Jean Kahn, who's not exactly a food-industry neophyte—she opened (and recently sold) Patisserie les Friandises, the popular French bakery-café. (401 East 62nd Street; 212-813-1790.)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque

Photographs by Lenora Gim.

Sweet Smell of Success

When you make a reservation at a place whose logo is a mortar and pestle surrounded by garlic bulbs, you might consider packing a toothbrush. At **Allioli**, the new Williamsburg restaurant named for the Catalan version of aioli, chef Diego Gonzalez (who opened Xunta and Taperia Madrid, and cooked at Il Buco) sets the pungent tone with an amuse-bouche of boiled new potatoes in aioli, and things only get zestier from there, with tapas like pancetta-wrapped fried dates and grilled bread topped with Spanish anchovies and caramelized red onions. Biscay baby eels are a $22 splurge on a menu with modest prices that please as much as the all-Spanish wine list and the ultra-affable bartender. And once those flagstones get installed out back, the dining room's distinctive aroma will waft through the garden. (291 Grand Street; 718-218-7338.)

linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M-E)

★ Dim Sum gogo
What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I-M)

★ The Dining Room
You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well, then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snuggly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M-E)

Emo's
This spiffy spot hopes to give the neighborhood's plethora of sushi bars and Chinese takeouts some much-needed competition by introducing Upper East Siders to the kimchee-spiked pleasures of Korean cooking. Savory scallion pancakes called pajan come with calamari, scallops, and shrimp; tofu-stuffed dumplings are adeptly pan-fried. The menu features bibimbop and all sorts of seafood, but none of that participatory grill-your-own barbecue, which should ensure a smoke-free evening. • 1564 Second Ave., near 81st St. (212-628-8699). (M)

★ Fleur de Sel
Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His $52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M-E)

★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen
John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave., at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M-E)

★ Gingko Leaf Café
If you don't believe secret gardens grow in New York, check out this urban oasis, with its stone waterfall, bamboo shoots, and granite sculptures, all engineered, planted, and built by Toshio Sasaki, a Park Slope sculptor whose wife, Miyo, runs the tranquil café in the backyard of her Japanese gift shop. Collecting thoughts and contemplating life require sustenance, available in the form of tea, bean-paste confections, and a delicious assortment of bento boxes. • 788A Union St., Brooklyn (718-399-9876). (I-M) ($)

★ Hampton Chutney Co.
SoHo can be a soulless place, not to mention maddeningly expensive, and in desperate need of good karma and cheap, delicious grub. This eighteen-seat offshoot of a popular Amagansett enterprise satisfies both criteria with its Indian-chant soundtrack, gurgling fountain, and addictive dosas and uttapa made from rice-and-lentil flour and stuffed or topped with everything from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna and avocado ($6.50 to $10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, cardamom coffee, and fudgy brownies. • 68 Prince St. (212-226-9996). (I) ($)

Hudson Cafeteria
The room is big, dark, incredibly handsome, cavernous, more humming than boisterous, unfocused but friendly. Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than that of its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras), and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food, but those eating it here want more and couldn't care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M-E)

Ilo
After six years competing with the view at the River Cafe, chef Rick Laakkonen is understandably sensitive about calling Ilo a hotel restaurant—just another boutique amenity at Philip Pilevsky's new Bryant Park hotel. But with such daringly original food as seared-chicken-liver-and-tapioca pansotti, not to mention the seven-course beef bonanza called "For Beef Lovers Only"—it's clear that Laakkonen is determined to make his kitchen the uncontested draw. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

Jane
Just what every neighborhood needs: a casual spot featuring smartly affordable, creatively conceived American fare like fried oysters with creamed corn and red-chili vinegar, grilled hanger steak with Gruyère piroshki, and honey-braised pork with mascarpone polenta and orange-parsley salad. Since entrées max out at $19, you might feel less guilty splurging on the caramel-banana-cream pie with hazelnut brittle. • 100 W. Houston St. (212-254-7000). (M)

Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The charmingly snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where unsung chef Tatsuya Nagata (BondSt, Tanuki) reigns over a piscatory realm of imported rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

★ Josie's
In these uncertain agricultural times, people question where their food comes from, and Louis Lanza, chef-owner of Josie's on the Upper West Side and its new Murray Hill outpost, is full of reassuring answers, most of them printed right on the menu. The sleek design shatters every health-food-restaurant cliché. And from a mesquite-burning oven, inherited from the previous tenant, come Lanza's iconoclastic dairy-free pizzas with a spelt-oat-bran crust. • 565 Third Ave., at 37th St. (212-490-1558). (M)

La Madrastra
While there's no greater compliment you can pay an Italian chef than telling him his cooking is "just like mamma's," saying that his technique reminds you of your stepmother's is an entirely different thing, which may make you wonder about a restaurant named La Madrastra, an unusual spelling of the Sicilian word for Papa's wicked new wife. Not to worry, chef and co-owner Salvatore Zapparata's mostly Southern Italian recipes—a rich rigatoni melanzane with ricotta salata; grilled sardines; a satisfying soup of fava beans, green peas, and celery—come from his Sicilian mother and it shows. • 93-95 First Ave. (212-475-6620). (I-M)

Le Souk
On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and camel-skin chairs. A Tunisian chef oversees an evolving menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like calves' liver and Merguez sausage. But food is only half the story. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I-M) ($)

★ Le Zinc
Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Waltuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hun-

Photograph by Lenora Gim.

garian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over $19. • *139* Duane St. (*212-513-0001*). (I-M)

★ Locanda Vini & Olii
A beautifully restored 130-year-old Clinton Hill pharmacy complete with apothecary drawers and rolling ladders right out of Henry Higgins's library is the charming backdrop for this terrific Tuscan restaurant. Two young chefs recruited from Italy turn out uncommon antipasti and salads; main dishes like rabbit civet; and a wealth of exquisitely sauced pastas like carrot maltagliati with fava beans. The excellent house wines are sold "consumption"-style. The bottle is left on the table, you help yourself, and whatever's left is theatrically measured with a homemade stick. It's the most fun you can have in a drugstore without a prescription. • 129 Gates Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-9202). (M)

★ Lotus
Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

★ Mardi Gras Pizza
A not-so-subtle Two Boots knockoff right down to the cornmeal crust, spicy tomato sauce, and crayfish toppings, but who cares? This festive little joint's pies are light; the crust is crisp—though it could be thinner—and toppings like andouille and tasso add a fiery Cajun kick. And they didn't even call it Famous Original Two Boots. • 3-7 Maiden Ln. (212-233-6066). (I)

MarkJoseph Steakhouse
"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar to habitués of that steak shrine across the river, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St., nr. Peck Slip (212-277-0020). (M-E)

★ Mary's Fish Camp
Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: The West Village is now home to *two* sources of world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, and fragrantly moist, herb-stuffed whole fish. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a tin ceiling, a curved stainless-steel counter (ten tables, too), and new additions to the Pearl repertoire, like crispy kernel-studded corn fritters and a lush, sherry-enhanced lobster potpie. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

Max SoHa
Why struggle to define New York cuisine? Just look around. We're obviously an Italian city, with more pasta parlours and pizzerias opening every day. This one, a charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I-M)

★ Merge
Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti neo-American cooking are an irresistable draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $25 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only

Mirchi
An up-to-date Indian restaurant that takes the street out of street food. The main attraction here is an open kitchen equipped with two *tawas*. The large saucer-shaped griddles that look like cast-iron gongs are used to prepare traditional Indian street food like tak-a-tak, a heavily spiced stir-fry of chopped vegetables and herbs, accessorized with chicken, lamb, or chicken liver, and served like tapas with little KFC-style dinner rolls. • 29 Seventh Ave. So. (212-414-0931). (I-M)

Muzy
Muzy means "beyond" in Korean, and this minimalist concrete-and-sheet-metal-walled blip of an East Village Korean restaurant aims to live up its name, eschewing the ubiquitous barbecue tables in favor of a seasonal menu including less familiar dishes like temple-inspired mountain roots and leaves sautéed in sesame oil, and a range of slurpy ramenlike noodles in fiery veggie-strewn broths. • 81 St. Marks Place (212-533-6876). (I)

NL
NL claims to be the first Dutch restaurant to open in Manhattan since Peter Stuyvesant's time. This may or may not be true, but given the tepid reputation Dutch food has developed over the past 350 years, NL is a minor revelation. The tiny storefront space looks like it's been lifted directly from some clean, modernist precinct of Amsterdam itself. The food's equally well packaged, especially an exotic version of hare stew, and the herring tartare. • 169 Sullivan St. (212-387-8801). (M)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger, and a rack of lamb accompanied by a disc of shepherd's pie. Note to nostalgists: The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

The Organic Grill
You want to eat healthy, but you're allergic to "health food." Not a problem at this East Village café that takes a refreshingly nonradical approach, using locally grown produce and artisanal ingredients in dishes like black-bean-and-corn quesadilla with a cherry-tomato salsa. Chicken and fish are available on weekends, and coffee, that macro no-no, is organic and shade-grown. • 123 First Ave. (212-477-7177). (I)

★ Orsay
The new version of *The Exorcist* isn't nearly as chilling as what Jean de Noyer must have gone through ridding the demons from this place. But from the ash of Mortimer's musty chicken hash, Orsay has risen, a brasserie swirling with seductive arches and good cheer, giving the Upper East Side the kind of French tickle it sorely needs. The former regulars never had it so good. Do you think they'd know the diff? • 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (212-517-6400). (M)

★ The Park
Were you around during the eighties when places like Mudd Club and Area, "mom and pop" emporia in SoHo, and art in the East Village, made New York nightlife feel like the coolest island in the world? If you were, then stop watching the reality-based show you're hooked on, and go play in the Park. If you weren't around, well, then it could be your hard luck, for the Park is a great sandbox for urbanites who used to be kids but now have some of their own. If you've ever enjoyed the Odeon, you'll get into it. If not, this ain't your playground. • 118 Tenth Ave. (212-352-3313). (M-E)

Pershing Square
As if Grand Central Terminal weren't a triumphant enough urban phoenix, cross under the Park Avenue viaduct for yet another left-for-cobweb space that's become a happy ending. While its steel-beamed décor makes no apologies for where it is, the manageable bustle, pivotal location, and hearty, American brasserie food make Pershing Square an oasis when you're faced with another Metro North delay or forced to juggle an early dinner with an out-of-town client. • 90 E. 42nd St. (212-286-9600). (M)

★ Picasso Cafe
Chef-owner Michele Colonna's pizza has cultivated a loyal following including connoisseurs like Jim Lahey, owner of Sullivan Street Bakery and a trusted arbiter of all oven-baked things—and it's no wonder: His pies are superbly charred, ultra-thin-crusted gems arrayed with homemade mozzarella, a mildly sweet tomato sauce, and the perfect ratio of toppings to crust. There's also a growing fan base for his bruschetta heaped with arugula and ripe tomato, hefty sandwiches on freshly baked focaccia, pasta, and entrées like grilled lamb chops with sage and balsamic vinegar. • 43 E. 29th St. (212-696-4488). (I-M)

★ Pio Pio
Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken who mourned the closing of El

Object of Desire

Electric Boughalem

Chef Jane Park is a fish person, but when she eats meat, she likes it in little bites—which is why she serves her aged rib eye at **Restaurant Boughalem** yakiniku-style, an architectural arrangement of pan-seared slices seasoned with coarse salt and sesame oil. Accompanied by a shallot-and-Meyer-lemon-dressed rapini salad and potato-leek gratin, it just might be the daintiest meat-and-potatoes plate we've come across in these steakhouse-saturated times. (14 Bedford Street; 212-414-4764.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

Pollo have reason to raise their Pisco sours once again. The Queens-based chicken chainlet Pio Pio has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. Try the "matador combo," a whole supersavory bird with a tableful of side dishes for only a couple bucks more than you'd pay in Queens. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I-M)

★ Pipa

Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patria and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, all of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old Parlour Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

Plate 347

We can imagine the astonished passerby's reaction: There's steak-frites in them thar hills, otherwise known as the bistro-deprived no-man's-land between Stuyvesant Square and Kips Bay. It's just what the neighborhood needed: mussels, warm goat-cheese salad, braised lamb shank, and an estimable bleu cheese burger. Bonus points: superfriendly service and a nice-sized garden. • 347 Second Ave., nr. 20th St. (212-388-0526). (I-M)

Q Bar

What the diminutive West Village restaurant formerly known as EQ has lost in quiet elegance and big-ticket garnishes like caviar and truffles, it's gained in casual, streamlined décor and a much more affordable, Asian-accented menu that changes nightly but usually offers some form of raw shellfish, one root-vegetable purée or another, and chef Enrico Wahl's own invention, dough-wrapped chicken strudels (somehow akin to pigs-in-blankets, and equally addictive). • 267 W. 4th St. (212-414-1961). (M)

★ Quartino

All that separates this rustic Italian osteria and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; pasta; pizza; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I-M)

★ Rose Water

Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St., Brooklyn (718-783-3800). (M)

Roth's Westside Steakhouse

When Marc Roth took over the steakhouse that used to be called Montana, he kept Neal Myers on as chef, encouraging him to create signature steaks like the Bear Mountain filet, fortified with blue cheese and walnuts in a Cabernet reduction. Friendly waiters do the steakhouse show-and-tell with plastic-wrapped raw specimens and offer a variety of sauces for those who like to doctor their meat. There's also a martini menu, a raw bar, and pound cake with grill marks and an oddly beefy aftertaste. • 680 Columbus Ave., at 93rd St. (212-280-4103). (M)

Rothmann's Steakhouse & Grill

Chef Robert Dickert, an alumnus of Bobby Van's and Roslyn's Bryant & Cooper, might have a genetically predisposed way with dry-aged beefsteak—his grandmother was Peter Luger's niece. He carries on the family tradition with a $132 porterhouse for four. And he breaks it too with "Asian fried calamari" and something called West Coast chicken. • 3 E. 54th St. (212-319-5500). (E)

★ Sandro's

Though neither as ingenious as Babbo nor as familiar as Baldoria, Sandro's cooks the kind of forthright, robust Italian food you wish you knew how to make in your own home. In a room as basic as his flavors are direct, bucatini amatriciana resonates, snapper satiates, lemon pasta invigorates, and the fried artichokes tickle at least two senses. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

★ Scotch Bonnet Jamaican Gourmet

Dawn D'Aguilar graduated from a pair of Wall Street lunch carts to this underlit, bare-bones garment-district joint, where Bob Marley's on a muted video loop, Steel Pulse is on the sound system, and the powerful flavors of Jamaica emanate from the (sometimes plodding) kitchen. "Cha-cha" chicken, tender morsels of hacked meat, are swaddled in a mildly spicy sauce studded with pineapples and onion; crispy codfish fritters come with a fiery dip so popular D'Aguilar's planning to bottle it. And truly spectacular homemade drinks (subtle sorrel, frothily sweet soursop, and bitter mauby among them) soothe the slow burn. • 32 W. 31st St. (212-594-7575). (I-M)

Shangrila

Home to four momo-slinging kitchens at last count, the East Village may well be New York's Little—make that tiny—Tibet. This particular source of savory dumplings, flavorful noodle soups, dense steamed buns, and a handful of Japanese recipes the chef picked up during a stint at Honmura An is owned by the extended family behind Himalayan Vision, a clothing-and-gifts shop two doors down. The stylish design (bamboo dropped ceiling, concrete-and-wood floor) and appealing menu reveal that a good eye and a discerning palate run in the family. So, we presume, does the secret behind that killer hot sauce. • 129 Second Ave. (212-387-7908). (I-M)

★ Strip House

The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M-E)

Sushi Jones

In the interest of appealing to a populace that likes the idea of sushi but can't stomach the thought of raw fish, this quick-service café and takeout shop expands on the Japanese theme with rolls that are more Toledo than Tokyo: maple-salmon, barbecued-chicken, and grilled-portobello-and-goat-cheese, for instance. Children who shrink from wasabi can opt for PB&J or tuna-fish-on-white-bread "rolls." And for purists who see no reason to tinker with tradition, there's an assortment of "classic" rolls like eel-and-cucumber and yellowtail-scallion. • 17 E. 17th St. (646-230-0033). (I)

Sushi Samba 7

Co-chefs Eiji Takase and Michael Cressotti bring their innovative Latino-Japanese seviches, samba rolls, and sashimi to a Sheridan Square offshoot big enough to handle the caipirinha-fueled overflow from their Gramercy flagship. There's a sunken cocktail lounge, an oyster bar, and a bold new Brazilian accent, especially in the churrasco a' Rio Grande: a feijoada-inspired fantasy of beef, pork, quail, sausage, rice, beans, greens, and farofa. • 87 Seventh Ave. So. (212-691-7885). (M)

Tao Asian Bistro

The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a pan-Asian place where the terminally indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private dining room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace, no doubt. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Tappo

The menu says "baby," but this is a big baby octopus, all in one piece, brilliantly caramelized and meltingly tender, a triumph. It's just one of the mostly oversize Mediterranean appetizers, best followed by a pasta from the list of daily specials—sensational maltagliati with Genovese ragù, or luscious spinach-and-ricotta raviolini in a fresh tomato sauce—and then perhaps a grilled sirloin with arugula and Parmesan for the table to share in this romantically dim flea market of a room. (Yes, a lot of the furniture is for sale.) • 403 E. 12th St. (212-505-0001). (M)

★ Todd English's Olives NY

Chef Todd English has a genius for artful, HungryMan dishes. He stuffs his pastas with delectable fillings (sweet chestnuts, shredded veal) and slathers them with creamy cheeses. He moulds cupolas of foie gras flan, builds pagodas of hanger steak, constructs pill boxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. It's delicious, but a little overwhelming, especially if you tag on thrombotic desserts like the peppermint bombe (creamy chocolate with mint syrup inside). The cramped, frenetic space (in the lobby of the Union Square W Hotel) makes lunchtimes a more restful experience. • 201 Park Ave. So. (212-353-8345). (E)

★ Town

A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a subterranean room aglow in plush but sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the restaurant's real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who, eschewing gimmicks like chili peppers from around the world, prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M-E)

★ Triomphe

Now that 44th Street west of Fifth is hotel row, the venerable Iroquois has emerged from its midlife stodge with a $13 million makeover and a pocket-size restaurant. Perhaps the prices could be sweeter, but there is refreshing pride in the serving crew, and much to savor on Steven Zobel's menu: tender braised rabbit, oysters simmered in Vermouth cream, sautéed chicken livers, and a commendably serious steak. • 49 W. 44th St. (212-453-4233). (M-E)

★ Vaux Bistro

At the more affordable, family-friendly reincarnation of what used to be Vaux, the menu reads rustic French, with daily specials like coq au vin, beef stew, and bouillabaisse (all $16), plus all the bistro classics we've come to expect: Frisée salad with meaty lardons and hot garlic croutons. Potato-and-leek soup. Terrine de canard. Mussels with addictive first-rate frites. And a chocolate-caramel bread pudding that will make you regret finishing them. • 278 Fifth Ave. nr. 1st St., Brooklyn (718-499-1433). (M)

★ Viareggio

At first glance, there's little to distinguish this dining room from countless others. But the kitchen's another story. Chef Donato Deserio's deft touch with pastas like creamless rigatoni alla vodka reinvigorates old standards, and entrées like a subtle Parmigiano-Reggiano-crusted chicken breast in white wine taste almost new. As does the *amuse-bouche* of spicy tomato salsa, served with crispy fried- cheese wafers. • 1347 Second Ave., at 71st St. (212-585-2900). (M)

★ Wallsé

Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M-E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Aquagrill

Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, the notion of a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M–E)

★ Canteen
It's not that the food is bad; just that it can't compete with the furniture (the orange-wool-upholstered chairs in particular). Executive chef Matthew Kenney has veered off his Mediterranean path to make people-pleasing comfort food like macaroni and cheese, rendered here with Wisconsin Asiago. An abbreviated menu is available late at night, when those fabulous chairs are most in demand. • 142 Mercer St. (212-431-7676). (M)

The Greatest Bar on Earth
This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and, of course, tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M)

★ Montrachet
No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. • 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E)

Omen
Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE only

★ Pearl Oyster Bar
Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match this kitchen's preparatory skills. This ain't no Carnival Cruise. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with smoky bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

★ Vine
It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

★ Wild Blue
It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact, it's an intimate, upretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

Windows on the World
Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Five Points
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Il Posto Accanto
This is where the same harried crew behind the popular Il Bagatto come to unwind. Literally "the place next door," Il Posto Accanto is their homey, low-key tribute to Italian wines. Nearly 100 are sold by the bottle, the half-carafe, and the quarter-carafe, which measures about a glass and a half—enough to accompany a cheese plate, a panino, or a rustic crock pot of warm vegetables drizzled with truffle oil. • 190 E. 2nd St. (212-228-3562). (I–M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo
Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Ingredients you didn't expect or never heard of become unforgettable. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

★ Do Hwa
Jenny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarize diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-414-1224). (M)

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

Monte's
Since 1918, this Village trattoria has weathered the nouvelle-Italian storms and the coming of Mario Batali and continues to serve its traditional brand of old-world fare in a neighborhood still charmingly populated by cafés that predate Starbucks. All the familiar bases are covered, from pastina en brodo and zuppa di pesce to chicken parmigiana, tortellini alla romana, and on Mondays, osso buco alla Milanese. • 97 Macdougal St. (212-228-9194). (M)

Osteria Fiorentina
Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. • 281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva
Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sophisticated American bistro owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Terrance Cave's unfussy food is all very twentieth-century: grilled hanger steak, pan-seared salmon, mussels in saffron broth, and a portabello mushroom burger. • 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M–E)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting, did-Mom-ever-make-it-like-this? suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E)

★ Gramercy Tavern
Tavern has become Danny Meyer's most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don't. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their next visit, damned if they don't demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M–E)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E)

★ Tarabya
This Turkish restaurant formerly known as Gyroland has changed its name and its décor. While the kitchen still has a magic hand with meze, pide, kofte, and doner kebab, all references to Philly cheesesteaks and California burgers have vanished. On weekends, a two-piece band with a charismatic singer in a purple suit draws a big, adoring, mostly Armenian-American crowd, but early in the week things are slow. So go soon, and often—before this talented kitchen is forced to revive its California burger. • 351 Second Ave. (212-254-3200). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ AZ
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ F&B
F&B, which stands for Frites and Beignets, is clearly the Tiffany of fast food. (Is that the subliminal message of those robin's-egg-blue walls?) A choice of sauces—caramel, chocolate, mango—for dipping beignets makes donut-dunking seem desperate. A split of champagne is served in the bottle with a blue straw. Hot dogs come in a dozen guises including the Great Dane (remoulade, roasted onions, cucumber slices). And the superlative fries alone are worth a trip. • 269 W. 23rd St. (646-486-4441). (I)

Hush
Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that

last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu noshes like Peking-duck pizza and corn-meal-fried shrimp with braised Swiss chard, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M)

Ohm

An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M-E)

★ Periyali

This is the restaurant that first made diners aware that there was more to Greek food than a leg of lamb on a vertical spit. Periyali took the plates away from Zorba and set them down in a room that exudes the quiet whitewashed, salt-air scented charm of mornings in Mykonos. And while other places have reduced the novelty of combining bouzouki music and class, Periyali's succulent baby chicken, unfussily grilled fish, and uncommonly light moussaka can still surprise and beguile with their cultivated polish. • 35 W. 20th St. (212-463-7890). (M-E)

★ Rocking Horse

If you like the idea of bright, brash, elegantly finished Mexican food served in a setting where margaritas are slurped, not sipped, elbow the Chelsea boys and girls out of the way and snare yourself a table here. A recent expansion and renovation has given the room less of a bursting-at-the-seams feel, and new chef Barbara Bogart (Fernicola, Mesa Grill) has added her sophisticated touch to new dishes like mustard-and-guava-paste-crusted lamb chops. • 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 19th St. (212-463-9511). (M)

Simply Pasta

Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant has a specialty martini list, and offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and pastas—over two dozen of them. • 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I)

Ask Gael

Take me off the stiletto-stippled path.

I could be overlooking a Jimmy Choo or two under the tiny, painted tables in this dim, crowded little storefront. But it strikes me that **Oliva** is full of youngish East Villagers dressed for comfort and here for the fabulous Basque cooking, not for a teeny martini and a lettuce leaf. An American of Basque descent, chef Joe Elorriaga has mastered the rustic flavors of his heritage in clams piperrada ribboned with red peppers, tossed with bits of onion and chorizo. His pintxos plate—a collection of savory two-bite tapas—is a must. Share the txangurro (stuffed crab), the salt-cod-stuffed peppers, or tender calamari bravas to start, then shrimp, mussels, clams, and hake in a sea-tinged tomato bath. Every table sports a terra-cotta casserole of olive-oil mashed potatoes. We're mellowed out by a 1999 Prado Rey Ribera del Duero at $33, as early soft jazz and flamenco gets more electronic and the bar heats up. Rumor says Brian McNally will open across the street one day soon. Oh, dear: There goes the neighborhood. (161 East Houston Street; 212-228-4143.)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra

Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street-fresh whole fish are priced here by the pound and described on the menu the way some restaurants' wine lists like to talk about their wines. *Barbounia*, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M-E)

Café Centro

A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M)

★ Della Femina

It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante

Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

★ Kuruma Zushi

Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but this is where you'll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

The Leopard

This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. • 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M-E)

★ Maloney & Porcelli

Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstriped bankers and big, big hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep enough into it to hide the blade—and the welcoming, unstiff service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

★ Métrazur

Given the location and prime people-watching potential, we'd happily munch Cheez-its on Grand Central Terminal's spectacularly restored East Balcony. Thanks to Charlie Palmer and his seasonal American menu, we don't have to. Instead, there's white-bean flatbread, raw shellfish platters, and fire-roasted lobster, with views of both the open kitchen and the star-studded ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal (212-687-4600). (M-E)

Monkey Bar

Many talented chefs have made their way through this revolving door of a kitchen, which, in its latest incarnation, has taken on a distinctly Asian accent that's reflected even in house classics like baked Alaska, rendered exotically Eastern with yuzu and litchi sorbet. Thankfully, David Rockwell's swanky design and the monkey-muraled bar remain unchanged, and plushly comfortable in an Old New York way. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

Montebello

Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano

An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oyster Bar

Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don't be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M-E)

Photograph by Annie Schlechter.

Opening

The Secret Ingredient

For the dozen years that Paolo Alavian has been working in Italian restaurants (and opening two—Savore and L'Ulivo, both in SoHo), he's been harboring a dirty little secret: "I love cilantro, but in Italian cooking, it doesn't exist." So rather than coerce his chefs into compromising their regional principles, he's opened **A+A**, an airy new café with exposed brick, an old-fashioned tile floor, modest prices (entrées, $12 to $16), and the sort of unorthodox New American menu that sanctions the whole global seasoning gamut. In addition to five newfangled versions of carpaccio, from herb-cured salmon with sweet corn to salted skirt steak with Vermont cheddar, there's fish and chips, a roasted Cornish hen with yogurt cole slaw, and a prime-sirloin burger, something that's been conspicuously absent from Alavian's Italian repertoire. (179 Prince Street; 212-979-6254.)

★ Peacock Alley
In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—a disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance to mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, and Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with the seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined dish composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's words, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together between deals over big steaks with outsize knives to match (for sale, of course) at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations from the chef at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

Villard Bar and Lounge
Once you squeeze past the voracious stockbrokers and fashion editors comparing business cards, you'll warm up to this lavishly appointed room (like a mock-up mini-tour of Versailles) with a round of martinis, an array of foie gras prepared three ways, and a spread of Petrossian caviar. • 24 E. 51st St. (212-303-7757). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria
Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname Frankie No after years of politely declining requests for reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem celebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the theater district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugitive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the home-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted peppers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Bello
Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. • 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when our town's steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of prime-aged beef and steakhouse standards. And there's a canopied outdoor terrace. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its popular prix fixe wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual, less expensive dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina
A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

La Veranda
Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Local
If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-$30s range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia-onion-and-black-olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

★ Molyvos
Adorned with photos of Greek island life, ceramics, and folk art, this sprawling midtown taverna is a stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. The window tables up front are ideal for nibbling meze and sipping something from the Greek wine list, but for a true taste of the isles—or the way we'd like to imagine them—go for something gutsier: the melting lamb shanks, clay-pot-baked with orzo and tomato, or "Aglaia's moussaka," unfinishably rich (but still worth the attempt). Desserts offer a few surprises, like the mastic ice cream, a resinous flavor unknown even to Ben and Jerry. • 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-582-7500). (M)

Palio
Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

Randolph's
Housed in the Warwick Hotel—which William Randolph Hearst built for his mistress, Marion Davies—this cozy restaurant and lounge has a lush, old-world feel and an eclectic menu of international snacks and entrées, from dim sum to a filet mignon sandwich. • 65 W. 54th St. (212-247-2700). (M–E)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

'21' Club
You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu— try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's wine is still in the vaults, and, in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

Utsav Festive India
The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs only $12.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

57th–60th Streets

☆ Atlas
Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park So. (212-759-9191). (M–E)

Café Botanica
The Essex House hotel's other restaurant—the one without Alain Ducasse is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled salmon with pisto manchego, and duck magret with finger potatoes and tapenade. • 160 Central Park So. (212-484-5120). (E)

Dawat
You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant
Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars is unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. • 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish with a check mark indicating availability. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Norma's
Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ Aureole
Charles Palmer is the kind of chef Americans love. Nothing precious, nothing stagy, nothing he wants to teach you. With the help of a staff as high-buttoned and on their toes as the original crew of the Enterprise, he brings you your favorite foods prepared with big flavors in comforting combinations. Lobster-and-sweet-pea ravioli. Sirloin of beef and red-wine-braised short rib. There's no question—you want to dive into this man's saucepans. • 34 E. 61st St. (212-319-1660). (E)

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass in a warm citrus vinaigrette. • E. 72nd St. and ParkDrive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Daniel
Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like finding what envelopes sweetbreads to leave you without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. And his chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Etats-Unis
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

Mark's
Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper and a fabulous swordfish chop. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a collection of Americana spiced up with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bello Giardino
As the name implies, this pleasingly priced neighborhood Italian has a nice garden and a friendly staff serving well-prepared standards. Try the lobster ravioli and the gnocchi with portobello mushrooms and goat cheese. • 71 West 71st St. (212-875-1512). (I–M) ($)

☆ Jean Georges
Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordinary chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Ruby Foo's
In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Sabor
As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna seviche and watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I–M)

Sapphire Indian Cuisine
A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Brick Oven Gallery
Where there's a century-old brick oven, there tends to be superb pizza, and this off-the-beaten path Williamsburg restaurant is no exception. Quiet, friendly, a world apart from the overheated Bedford Avenue scene, it's decorated with local art and full of local flavor, from the eggplant-based "Brooklyn caviar" to the customers who sit outside and smoke cigars after polishing off a hunk of Italian cheesecake. • 33 Havemeyer St., Brooklyn (718-963-0200). (I–M)

Queens

Water's Edge
Even if the voyage lasts just fifteen minutes, as the one does from East 34th Street to Long Island City, the ferry ride feels like an instant vacation. This one happens to be free if you're having dinner at this quiet, elegant space where every table has a view of Manhattan. Lively French-American fare like Maine-lobster soufflé and seared Copper River salmon with chanterelles and tarragon jus vie with the view for your attention. • 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E)

Westchester

Equus
No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a $58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave. (914-631-1980). (E)

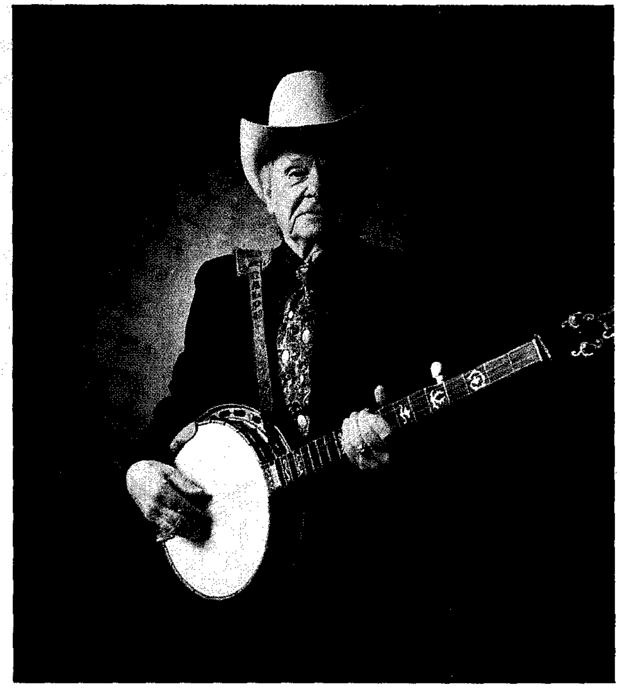
Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Performance

King Ralph

Bluegrass pioneer **Ralph Stanley** says he always enjoys playing Carnegie Hall—"I consider it an honor"—but this is the first time he'll be supporting a platinum-selling soundtrack. Though the Coen brothers' *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* was a modest hit, the accompanying album of old-time country—vintage bluegrass and rural songs and new renditions of them by singers like Gillian Welch and Alison Krauss—became an unexpected smash by bluegrass standards. "It's certainly a surprise," says Stanley. "I've talked to several people who said they've never heard of me before." On June 13, the album's extraordinary success will be celebrated at a concert featuring most of the surviving artists on the soundtrack, including Emmylou Harris, Alison Krauss and Union Station, Gillian Welch and David Rawlings, the Cox Family, the Peasall Sisters, and the Fairfield Four. "What a wonderful thing—I just wanted to be there," says Emmylou Harris. "These are some of my favorite people." Even amid such a powerful lineup, it's Stanley's achingly beautiful voice that's likely to mesmerize the most, just as his haunting a cappella performance of "O Death" all but stopped the Coens' farce in its tracks. Now 74, Stanley still plays an average of 150 shows a year ("Sometimes I get tired," he says, "but I get rested and go out again") and still has a bit of the old rural showman in him. Asked about the highlight of last year's similarly star-studded *O Brother* concert at Nashville's Ryman Auditorium, the soundtrack to which is due out later this summer, he says, "My favorite part was when *I* sang. I was happy to get a standing ovation for a couple of minutes. That's always nice." (See "Concerts.") ROBERT LEVINE



Concerts

The Beach Boys
With Bo Diddley. 6/12 at 7:30. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $20.00–$49.50.

"O Brother, Where Art Thou?"
With Emmylou Harris; Alison Krauss and Union Station; Gillian Welch; more. 6/13 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800). $45–$95.

Lynyrd Skynyrd
With Deep Purple; Ted Nugent. 6/14 at 6:30. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $32.50–$42.50.

U2
With PJ Harvey. 6/17, and 6/19. • Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171). Sold out.

Aerosmith
With Fuel. 6/16 at 7:30. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (22-307-7171). $32.50, $42.50.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
6/15–6/16: Air Supply. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
6/13: Five O'Clock Shadow; Da Vinci's Notebook. 6/14: "Music of Frank Zappa" with Ed Palermo Big Band. 6/15–6/16: Terry Callier. 6/17: Magnetic Fields. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
6/12: Stereo M.C.'s. 6/16–6/17: The White Stripes. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Central Park SummerStage
6/15: Lizt Alfonso Dance Cuba. 6/17: Ani DiFranco, $28.50. • Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. at mid-park. All shows free unless otherwise noted.

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Band Band. 6/11: "Broadway Underground" with Anthony Rapp. 6/12: Sarah Lentz; Pamela Miller; Amy Fairchild. 6/13: Joey Fortuna; Mila Drumke; Kill Henry Sugar. 6/15: Mary Lee's Corvette; Bob Perry; Kiki & Herb. 6/16: "VaVaVoom Room"; Kiki & Herb: "Stop, Drop & Roll." 6/17: Kiki & Herb: "Stop, Drop & Roll." Daniel Cartier: "Wide Outside." • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza
6/13: Eating It presents: "Reading It!" with Jonathan Ames; Patrick Borelli; *The Onion*'s Rod Siegel and Todd Hanson; Jerry Stahl; more. 6/15: Old 97's. 6/16: Dispatch. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Downtown Rock and Roll" with ever-present spinner Paul Sevigny. Tuesdays: Hip-hop and R&B with D.J. Rich Medina at "One." Wednesdays: The world-beat-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. Kamala. Thursdays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Fridays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: "Hideaway" with Kiki and Unik. Sundays in June and July: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 6/13: "Sista Factory" presents Alyson Williams. 6/14: David Mead. 6/15–6/16: Varla Jean Merman: "All Washed Up." • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
6/11: Pinehurst Kids; VPN. 6/12: The Clientele. 6/13: Binary System; Uz Jsme Doma. 6/14: Jim White; End of the Weak. 6/15: James White & the Blacks; Joe Gallant & Illuminati; Daddy. 6/16: Orso; the Du-Tels; Bernie Worrell & the WOO Warriors; Marvin Tate's D-Settlement. 6/17: Chris Connelly & the Bells; the Aunomoanon. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
Sundays in June: Jazz brunch with Doug Wamble Duo. Wednesdays in June and July: Lounge night with Norah Jones Quartet. 6/12: Songwriters Hall of Fame. 6/14: Jon Catler; Moonlighters. 6/16: Groove Dance Party. • 35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. Tuesdays: "Popcorn Tuesdays." 6/13: Blisster. 6/14: Wide-Right. 6/16: Jonnie Chan and the New Dynasty Six. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
6/15: Bill Janovitz. 6/16: Dirty Dozen Brass Band. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
6/12: Steve Wynn. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Rodeo Bar
6/11: Western Caravan. 6/12: The John Gracie Band. 6/13: Ron Sunshine and Full Swing. 6/14: Lucky 7. 6/15: King Memphis. 6/16: Teenage Riot. 6/17: The Moonlighters. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).

S.O.B.'s
6/12: Third World. 6/13: Alicia Keys. 6/15: "Martinique Day." • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
Former Tramps booker Steve Weitzman brings his eclectic sensibility to a new smoke-free club in the West Village. 6/11: Tommy Malone Band. 6/12: Lloyd Cole and the Negatives. 6/13: Jesse Colin Young and Sons. 6/14–6/15: O.A.R. 6/16: Norman Blake; Kathy Moffatt. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Wetlands
6/12: Rana; Rustic Overtones. 6/15: Uncle Sammy and the Brothers Past. 6/16: The Pietasters; King Django. • 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.

Clubs

Centro-Fly
Once dominated by the bottle-service set, Centro-Fly has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall Streeters with loosened ties, D.J.-bag-carrying dance music fanatics, and track-suited deep-house heads. And the club's new downstairs area, dubbed the "Pinky Room," is both a triumph of design (three cheers for its tacky, rec-room porno feel!) and programming (D.J.'s like Artful Dodger and Dimitri from Paris have already graced its kitschy environs). Tuesdays: Promoter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "TuesdayBabyTuesday" goes head-to-head with Spa's model-centric Tuesday party. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House") hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the "Pinky Room" Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 6/15: Cevin Fisher; D.J. Pierre; Jazzy Nice. 6/16: Trevor Rockliffe. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Fun
This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Thursdays: cyberfetish party "Click+Drag." Fridays: Dinesh, Reid Speed and Thom H. spin two-step garage at "Drive-By." Saturdays: The Wicked Crew and "N'Ice" D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram present "The Golden Boys." 6/16: "Tru Skul" presents Detroit techno great D.J. Rolando. • 130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.

"Overboard"
Raucous Sunday-night dance parties aboard the PaddleWheel Queen. 6/17: Terry Lee Brown Jr.; the Time Writer; David Hollands; Mike Bryant. • PaddleWheel Queen, 23rd St. and the East River (no phone). $25. www.matter-form.com.

The Roxy
Fridays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the relaunch of its night for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s now that superstar Victor Calderone has departed. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Shine
This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: House, techno, and trance D.J.'s unite for "Touch." Saturdays: U.S. hip-hop and U.K. two-step collide at "The Empire." • 285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).

Spa
The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *zhlubs*, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now-defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with new wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Super-promoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Vinyl
The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extraordinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland
Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: From 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 6/13: Dimitrious Vassilakis Group featuring Dave Liebman. 6/14–6/16: John Hicks; Elise Wood Quintet featuring Bobby Watson. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 6/12–6/17: Larry Corvell and the Count's jam band featuring Steve Marcus; Bill Evans. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun
A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

City Hall
Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane Street, corner of Church and West Broadway (212-227-7777).

Guggenheim Museum
Fridays and Saturdays: Worldbeat Jazz with Ron Jackson and Nicki Parrott. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500). Free, with museum admission.

Iridium
In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 6/11: Les Paul 86th Birthday Celebration. 6/12–6/17: Chris Potter Quartet. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

"Jazz at Noon"
Lunchtime jam sessions every Friday at the San Martin Restaurant with some of jazz's hottest players. 6/15: Ken Peplowski. • 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888) or www.jazzatnoon.com.

Jazz Gallery
6/11: Frank Lacy's fourteen-piece "Vibe Tribe." 6/14–6/15: "Pianobility." 6/16: Brian Lynch Band. 6/17: "African Kitchen" with Abdou Mbou. • 290 Hudson Street (212-242-1063). Admission to all performances is $10 per set. Reservations are recommended.

"Jazz Insights" Presents: "Author! Author!"
Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 7:45–9:30. 6/12: Bill Gottlieb. • The New School, 55 W. 13th St. (no phone). $35.

Oris Presents: "The Spirit of Jazz" Series
Tuesdays in June, 12–2. 6/12: Freddy Cole. • Tourneau Time Machine, 57th St. and Madison Ave. (no phone). Free.

Behind: The Music

U2 (pictured) returned to their big-rock roots by reuniting with producers Daniel Lanois and Brian Eno for *All That You Can't Leave Behind,* and on this summer's tour they'll be leaving behind plenty. Lavish stage sets, like that trademark lemon, will be exchanged for simple staging, and the information-age blitz of the *Achtung Baby* tour will be traded for an unadorned performance. Among the most steadfast believers in the transformative power of rock (only Springsteen still flies the flag as proudly), Bono and the band are sure to deliver an epic performance when they play Madison Square Garden June 17 and 19. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Rankin/Dazed & Confused/Retna Ltd. USA.

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is not next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. 6/15: Ray Barretto and New World Spirit. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212) 769-5100.

Showman's Café
Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. • 375 W. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St (212-929-7565).

Smoke
A great jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 6/11: Jam Session. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Sotheby's Jazz Series
Summer jazz series at Sotheby's. All shows begin at 8. 6/13: Allan Harris; Tommy Flannagan. • Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, at 72nd St. (212-606-7173). $35.

Tonic
Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 6/11: Tripleplay with Ken Vandermark. 6/14–6/16: John Zorn. 6/17: Golem. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Up Over Jazz Cafe
Mondays in June: Vincent Herring Quartet. Wednesdays: Latin Night. Thursdays: Sam Newsome and Global Unity. 6/15–6/16: Bob Berg Quartet. • Up Over Jazz Cafe, 351 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413); Mon., Thurs., and Sun.: $10. Fri. and Sat.: $15. Show times: Fri. and Sat.: 9, 10:30 and midnight.

Village Vanguard
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 6/12–6/17: Bill Charlap Trio. • 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club
Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 6/13: Lisa Lampanelli. 6/14: Andy Kindler. 6/14–6/17: Guy Torry. 6/15–6/17: Richard Jeni. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 6/11–6/17: Colin Quinn; Tom Papa; Greg Giraldo; Mitch Fatel; Greer Barnes. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip
Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's
Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 6/11–6/17: Carrie Karavas; JJ Ramirez; Brad Lowery; Nancy Redman; Rob Magnotti. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"
Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. • King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York
Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Through 6/26: Andrea Marcovicci sings "Double Old Fashioned: The Cool World of Cocktails and Cafe Society." • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place
A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 6/12–6/16: Alexandra Billings. • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Bill Boggs in "Our Sinatra"
Showtimes: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:00 and Friday–Saturday at 8:00; Sunday at 7:30 with Wednesday matinees at 2:30 and Sunday matinees at 3. There are no performances on Thursday. • Dillions, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200). $50-$55.

Cafe Carlyle
Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre
Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Danny's Skylight Room
Through 7/1: "Blossom Dearie." • 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama
What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." Saturdays at 8: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia presents "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency
Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $50 Tues.–Fri.; $75 for the early show on Friday and all shows on Saturday; $50 food-and-drink minimum. 6/12–6/30: Tony Danza. • 540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

Judy's
This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 6/11: Lee Gochman; "That's My New York." 6/12: Susan Speidel. 6/13–6/15: Jeanne DiPretoro and Bob Marten in "Side By Side." 6/16: Judy Kreston and David Lahm. 6/17: Jeanne DiPretoro and Bob Marten in "Side By Side." • 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Performance

A Seasoned Group

For the past three years, the **Howard Fishman Quartet** (pictured) have brought their decidedly retro (yet surprisingly un-nostalgic) brand of jazz-inflected cabaret to small clubs like Williamsburg's Candy Store and Joe's Pub. They've yet to really call any one space home, but now they'll be testing out material from their upcoming album as well as music from a theater piece called *We Are Destroyed* every Sunday at Joe's Pub this summer. (See "Small Stages.")

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

The Metropolitan Soloists
Wind ensemble plays music by Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Strauss, Dvorák, and Handel. 6/11, 6/18, and 5/25 at 7. • Isham Park, near 207th St.; rain site: Holy Trinity Church, 20 Cummings St. (212-569-7137); free.

Leanne Rees
"Women Composers and the Men in Their Lives" is the theme of this piano recital, which includes works by Haydn, Fanny and Felix Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann, Brahms, Ellington, and Rees, and a world premiere by Marian McPartland. 6/12 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $25.

Evening Stars Series
Opens with the premiere of Glenn Branca's Symphony No. 13 (*Hallucination City*), for 100 (yes, 100) electric guitars, 6/13 at 7. George Steel conducts the Perspectives Ensemble in a concert of Leonard Bernstein on 6/14 at 7. Visit www.lmcc.net for info. • World Trade Center Plaza, next to Tower 1 (212-435-6600); free.

Paul Winter
Presents his eighth annual summer-solstice celebration in the world's largest Gothic cathedral with a sunrise concert at 4:30 in the morning on 6/16 and two sunset concerts: 6/15–6/16 at 7:30. • Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (212-662-2133); $20–$50.

Champagne and Candlelight
Chamber-opera company performs a Kurt Weill double bill: the "Threepenny Opera Suite" for piano and violin and the suite "Street Scenes" from *Street Scene*. 6/15 at 7:30; 6/16 at 8. • First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, 50 Monroe Pl., Brooklyn (212-502-0331); $15.

Bargemusic
Presents chamber-ensemble works by Stravinsky, Mozart, Chopin, and Brahms on 6/14 and 6/15 at 7:30, and Bach, Barber and Schumann on 6/16 at 7:30 and 6/17 at 4. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $27.

Goldman Memorial Band
Concludes its season with the world premiere of Michael Torke's *Grand Central Station* and music by Sousa, Donizetti, Kern, and more. 6/16 at 8; 6/17 at 6. • 6/16: Asser Levy Seaside Park, Brooklyn; 6/17: Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (212-946-1233); free.

Rottenberg Chorale
Marks its anniversary with English, Hebrew, and Yiddish music, and the world premiere of Charles Osborne's *L'David Barchi Nafshi*. 6/17 at 7:30. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $18–$25.

Opera

Amato Opera
Verdi's *Falstaff* closes the fifty-third season. 6/15 at 7:30; 6/16 (end-of-season gala performance) at 7; 6/17 at 2:30. • Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25 (gala: $50).

Dance

"La Bonne Dame: Remembering George Sand"
Deborah Zall presents a dance-theater piece about the life of the author who adopted a male persona. 6/11–6/12 at 8. • Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (212-772-4448); $24.

"13 Anniversaries"
Richard Daniels's thirteen dances to short compositions by Leonard Bernstein, written for friends and family. 6/12–6/13 at 8. • Flea Theater, 41 White St. (212-226-2407); $15.

New York Theatre Ballet
Presents *The Alice in Wonderland Follies*, based on the Lewis Carroll classic, with music by a variety of turn-of-the-century composers including Sousa, Mendelssohn, and Joplin. Dads get in free on Father's Day. 6/15–6/17; times vary. • Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160); $20–$25.

American Ballet Theatre
Don Quixote closes 6/14. All-Tchaikovsky program featuring scenes from *Themes and Variations*, *Pas de Deux*, *The Nutcracker*, and *Sleeping Beauty* opens 6/12. *Swan Lake* opens 6/15. Call for details and times, or visit www.abt.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $20–$140.

New York City Ballet
Richard Tanner's *Soirée* premieres on 6/14. Balanchine's *Scotch Symphony* and *Prodigal Son* also run this week. There's a Bach tribute 6/13 and 6/15, and it's all-Robbins on 6/16. Call for details and times, or visit www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $26–$74.

Mimi Garrard Dance Theatre
Three premieres share the program with three recent works. 6/13–6/16 at 8. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-674-6868); $15.

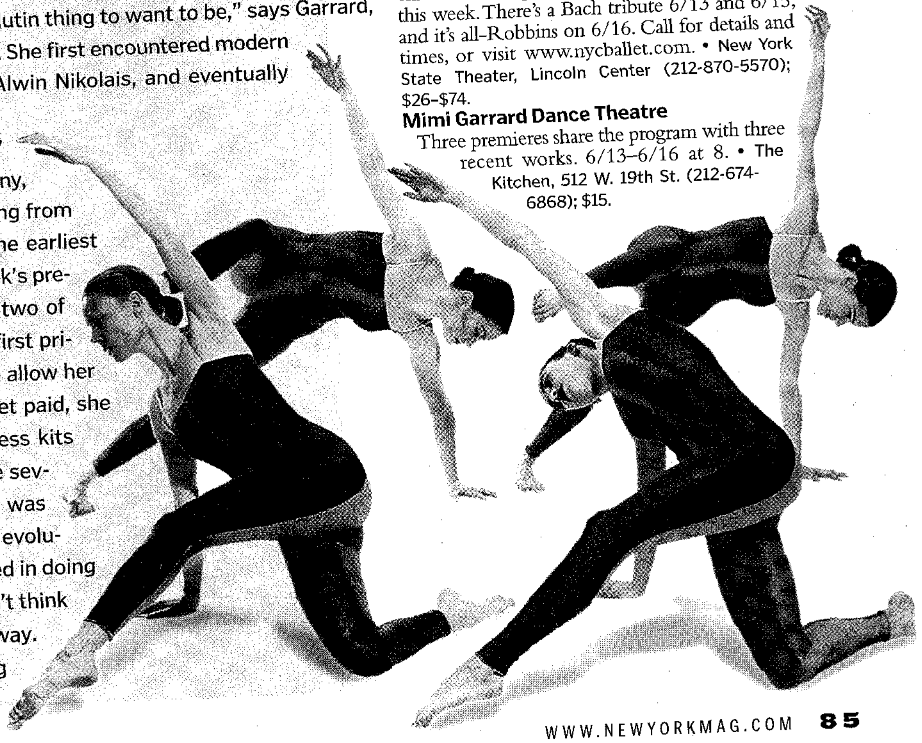
Opening

Mighty Mississippian

Mimi Garrard has lived in New York for four decades, and she takes her coffee black. So it's somewhat surprising that she smiles the whole time she talks about "making dances," her pace unhurried, her manner relaxed and modest. She was raised in Mississippi, and even after all these years, she exudes southern gentility. "I wasn't really planning to be a choreographer, because I thought that's kind of a highfalutin thing to want to be," says Garrard, whose company performs this week at the Kitchen. She first encountered modern dance at a Connecticut College workshop with Alwin Nikolais, and eventually joined his company in New York. Then, she says, "I decided to do what I love and not worry about it."

In the 36 years since she founded her own company, she's choreographed more than 90 dances, ranging from the acclaimed *Phosphones*, which used one of the earliest computer-controlled lighting systems, to this week's premiere of *The Players in Juxtapositions*, in which two of the four dancers sing. She calls her dancers her first priority, noting that they, after all, are the ones who allow her to do this work. So in order to make sure they get paid, she does her own fund-raising, designs her own press kits and fliers, even occasionally hangs lights. "In the seventies, everyone was doing minimal work, and I was doing multimedia work," she says, mulling the evolution of her career. "Now that people are interested in doing multimedia work, I like to do minimal work. I don't think that was intentional, but it just happened that way. In some ways, I've always been swimming against the current."

A.Z.



Photographs by Tom Caravaglia.

cue

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

"Dish"
Foodie Ed Levine's new series—in which he takes celebrities out to eat—continues with Daniel Boulud, Jeffrey Steingarten, and Nina Symonds discussing the therapeutic value of food at Sweet & Tart in Chinatown. • 6/16 at 4 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Salzburg Festival
The famous festival of music and drama, broadcast here weekly through August 11, features the Vienna Philharmonic and the chorus of the Vienna State Opera performing Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette.* • 6/16 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Bookworm": Amitav Ghosh
The author of *The Glass Palace* talks about his novel with show host Michael Silverblatt. • 6/17 at 4:30 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Pacifica's Problems
The Anarchist Forum convenes a discussion about what, exactly, is going on at Pacifica Radio, and what can be done about it. Panelists include free-form radio pioneers Bob Fass and Randi Steele, longtime WBAI staff member Bill Propp, and activist Patty Heffley. • 6/12 at 7:30 P.M. Brecht Forum, 122 W. 27th St., tenth floor (212-979-8353); free.

Henry Kissinger
The former secretary of state talks to interviewer Charlie Rose • 6/12 at 8 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

"Check Your Body at the Door"
A screening of the above documentary on New York nightlife is followed by a discussion between the director, Sally Sommer, and *Village Voice* dance critic Deborah Jowitt. • 6/12 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $20.

"How Hot Is Linking?"
Speakers including the *Wall Street Journal* Online's Rich Jaroslovsky, Carl Kaplan of the New York *Times*, and moderator Adam C. Powell III of the Freedom Forum discuss whether courts can stop cyberjournalists from inserting links into news stories. • 6/13 at 6:30 P.M. First Amendment Center, 580 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (212-317-7596); free.

"Doing Justice Jewish"
Advocates from various social-service and social-justice agencies talk about the position of Judaism in their world and the range of Jewish responses to injustice. • 6/13 at 8 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $5.

Writers' Conference 2001
Tama Janowitz, Russell Banks, and Gay Talese are just a couple of the many commentators and panelists coming to discuss a day's worth of professional matters at the annual conference. • 6/14, 8:15 A.M.–5:30 P.M. Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. (212-774-0780); $165 with lunch.

"Publishing Lives"
Independent publishers from SoHo, McPherson & Company, Mid-List, Seven Stories, and Foxrock—all contributors to *Publishing Lives, Volume II*—participate in a discussion about their work moderated by the editor of the book, Jerome Gold. • 6/14 at 6 P.M. Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (212-764-7021 for required reservations); free.

Marjorie Heins
The First Amendment lawyer and author of *Not in Front of the Children!* talks about the censorship of everything from *Huckleberry Finn* to Websites, with attorney Robert Balin commenting. • 6/14 at 6 P.M. The New School, 66 W 12th St. (212-229-5488); $5.

Sex in Japanese Poetry and Song
The series of talks titled "Sex in Japanese Art & Culture" concludes with an evening of readings (by poets Amari Hayashi and Hiromi Ito), lectures (with professors Sumie Jones and John Solt), and singing (by Fue Nishimatsu, a master of courtesan songs). A reception and signings follow. • 6/14 at 6:30 P.M. Japan Society, 33 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $10.

Rabbi Shmuley Boteach
The *Kosher Sex* author and Jewish love guru talks about his new book, *Why Can't I Fall in Love,* about letting the love in. • 6/18 at 8:15 P.M. The 92nd Street Y 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500: $20.

The Written Word

"Yeats Is Dead!"
Frank McCourt, Gabriel Byrne, and other writers performers, and musicians celebrate the publication o the humor book by fifteen Irish authors, commemorating Amnesty International's fortieth anniversary. • 6/11 at 7 P.M. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229 5600); $10.

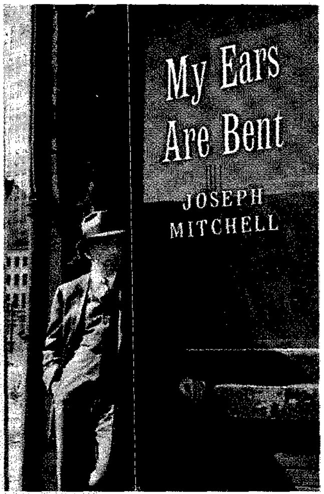
Ann Patchett
The best-selling author of *The Magician's Assistan* reads from her new novel, *Bel Canto.* • 6/12 at 7:30 P.M Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362 8835); free.

"Food for Thought: Lunch Hour Theatre"
The series of lunchtime one-acts continues with three shows this week. Jane Powell and Earle Hyman read Harold Pinter and Jonathan Peck and Barbara Ed Young read Tony Kushner. • 6/13, 6/15, and 6/18, 1–2:30 P.M. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park So. (212-362 2560); $29 includes catered lunch.

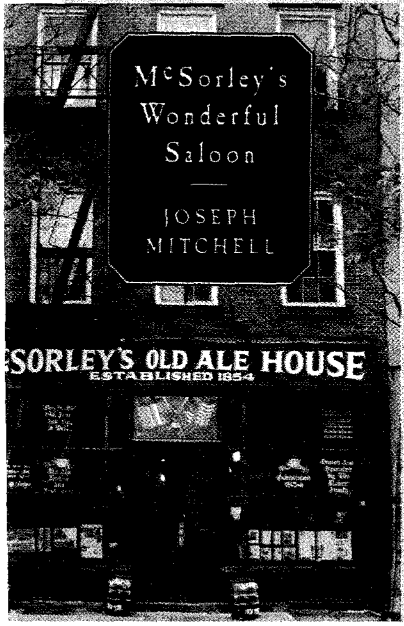
Gerald Nicosia
The author of *Home to War: A History of the Vietnan Veteran's Movement* discusses his work. • 6/13 at 7 P.M Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

In Print

Additions to the Old Hotel



When Pantheon reissued four long-out-of-print books by Joseph Mitchell in a big 1992 anthology called *Up in the Old Hotel,* it was as if a great young voice had been discovered—except for the minor detail that he was 85 and hadn't published a word in 27 years. Mitchell, whose *New Yorker* coverage of the city's stranger corners had been largely forgotten except by a few manic fans, was suddenly the talk of the town, his book on the nightstand of every feature writer alive. Since then, Stanley Tucci has made a movie from his work (*Joe Gould's Secret*), and Mitchell's status continues to soar. (Mitchell, happily, was around to enjoy at least some of the praise; he died in 1996.) To feed his appreciative new audience, **McSorley's Wonderful Saloon** (Pantheon; $25), one of those four titles, comes back into stores on its own this week. And it's accompanied by a small treasure: his first book, **My Ears Are Bent** ($23), a collection of newspaper columns originally published in 1938. Mitchell failed to include it in *Up in the Old Hotel,* calling the faster-paced pieces therein "a different kind of writing"—some also say that he wished to bury some of the racial attitudes he'd held in that different era—and demand has driven up prices for the original edition to about $2,000 a copy. What's impressive about this little book is not so much its "inklings of things to come," as reviewers inevitably say. Nor is it that little features about saloonkeepers and street-corner preachers haven't gone stale after six decades; Mitchell's New York crazies are still plenty familiar types. No, the striking thing about *My Ears Are Bent* is a sense of media loss. No paper today would run a column like Mitchell's, which ran at various times in the *World-Telegram* and the *Herald Tribune.* The pieces have no news peg, no insiderism; they make a virtue of irrelevance. Most of all, they reveal why the miles of column space once provided by eight dailies in our city were a very good thing. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Opening

They Come and Go in Peace

Anyone putting together a show about television premieres and finales could have aired the *Seinfeld* sign-off, both ends of *M*A*S*H*, and such obligatory cult favorites as *My So-Called Life*. But how about a never-aired pilot for *Heat Vision and Jack*, Ben Stiller's sitcom about a genius astronaut and his talking motorcycle? Or an alternate ending to Diane's last appearance on *Cheers*, or the surreal, self-referential *Newhart* finale? Or the oddly discomfiting *Star Trek* pilot without Captain Kirk (pictured)? Beginning June 15, boldly go where only loonies have gone before at the Museum of Television & Radio's three-month extravaganza, **Hello, Good-bye: Pilots, Premieres, and Final Episodes.** Don't miss the pilot from a 1994 sitcom set in South Central L.A. or the finale from *The Fugitive*, the first show to break ratings records by hyping its own demise. A series of premieres immediately followed by finales—between which Kevin from *The Wonder Years* and Alex P. Keaton blossom before your eyes—may make you a touch sentimental, or just bemused. (See "Exhibits" for details.)

Jon and Michael Galluccio
The authors of *An American Story* discuss their memoir of fighting to legally adopt children as an unmarried gay couple. • 6/13 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Bruno Maddox
Maddox reads from *My Little Blue Dress*, his funny fake memoir of a 100-year-old woman. • 6/14 at 7 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Elinor Lipman
The author reads from her latest novel, *The Dearly Departed*. • 6/14 at 7 P.M. The Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (212-831-3554); free.

Allan Isler
The author of *The Prince of West End Avenue* reads from his new novel, *Clerical Errors*. • 6/14 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Henry Dunow
Dunow reads from his memoir, *The Way Home*. • 6/15 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

James Lee Burke
The author of intriguing thrillers reads from his latest, *Bitterroot*. • 6/18 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Special Events

Tours

Radical Central Park Tour
Radical Walking Tours leader Bruce Kayton visits sites associated with Robert Moses, Martin Luther King, Jr., John Lennon, communist Joseph Papp, and others. • 6/16 at 1 P.M. Meet in front of the U.S.S. *Maine* monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to the park; $10.

City Island
Technically part of the Bronx, the island has a quaint New England feel emphasized by historian Lloyd Ultan on his extensive tour. • 6/17, 10 A.M.–4 P.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $55 includes transportation and lunch.

"The Original Great White Way"
A tour of the Madison Square area reconstructs the history of the old Madison Square Garden and Tin Pan Alley during the late-nineteenth century. • 6/17 at 2 P.M. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and W. 28th St. (718-655-1883); $10.

Benefits

Metropolitan Opera Guild Benefit Auction
A silent auction and champagne reception is followed by a live auction at 8 P.M. benefiting the guild's education program. • 6/12 at 6 P.M. Christie's, 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000); $75–$250.

"One Worthy Cause, One Wild Night"
A crazy cocktail evening sponsored by the Youth Renewal Fund benefits disadvantaged Israeli youth. • 6/14 at 7 P.M. W Hotel New York, Union Square, 201 Park Avenue So. (212-207-3195); $150 advance, $175 at the door.

"Broadway Bares XI"
Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS sponsors the eleventh-annual striptease, choreographed by *The Full Monty's* Jerry Mitchell. • 6/17 at 9:30 P.M., second show at midnight. Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-840-0770, ext. 268); $5–$500 first show, $35 second show.

Miracle House Benefit Concert
Celebrating the tenth anniversary of the AIDS housing and support-services provider, Andrea Marcovicci performs at a benefit cabaret concert preceded by a champagne reception. • 6/18 at 5:30 P.M., cabaret at 7 P.M. St. Marks Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (212-989-7790, ext. 12); $75–$250.

Exhibits

Heather Ryan Kelley
The Louisiana artist has painted an entire series based on James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, twenty of which are displayed to open the day before Bloomsday, the annual holiday honoring *Ulysses'* hero. • 6/15–6/21. American Irish Historical Society, 991 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. (212-288-2263); free.

"Hello, Good-bye: Pilots, Premieres, and Final Episodes"
Star Trek before Captain Kirk; *All in the Family* sans Meat-head; Ben Stiller's never-aired show: these and other surprises await TV addicts at a catch-all exhibit of beginnings and endings. • 6/15–9/16. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); free with $6 admission.

Events

Museum Mile Festival
For the twenty-third year, institutions along the famous stretch are open and free to the public for three very special hours, with children's activities, street performers, and East Harlem muralist James De La Vega doing chalk drawings throughout. • 6/12, 6–9 P.M. Fifth Ave. from 82nd to 104th Sts.; free.

***Sandbox* Magazine Party**
A release party celebrating the ninth issue of the alternative lit mag features art installations, drag kings, performance art, and readings by J. T. LeRoy (from his short-story collection, *The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things*) and Shelley F. Marlow, a.k.a. Philip (from her book, *Swann in Love Again/The Lesbian Arabian Nights*). • 6/13 at 8:30 P.M. Brooklyn Brewery, 79 N. 11th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-768-4814); $10.

"Bloomsday on Broadway XX"
The twentieth anniversary Symphony Space event on the day of the year when *Ulysses'* Leopold Bloom walked through Dublin is much longer than past readings. This year's twelve-hour celebration (with an in-house bar) begins with a five-and-a-half-hour explanation, followed by several more hours of readings by Malachy McCourt and the like, culminating in a rendition of Molly's monologue. • 6/16, noon to midnight. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $15. Simulcast after 6 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

Sports

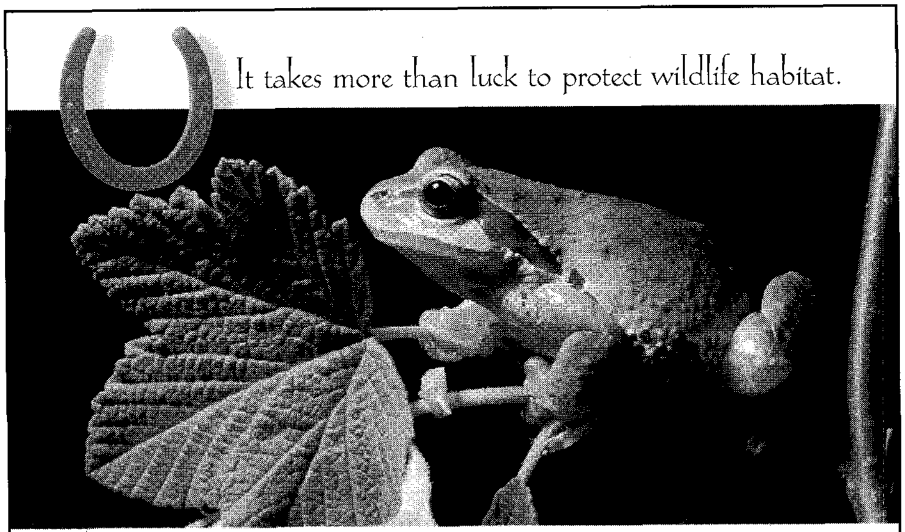
Subway Series
The Mets and the Yankees meet for the first time since

Game Week

HOME AWAY

	Mon: 6/11	Tues: 6/12	Weds: 6/13	Thur: 6/14	Fri: 6/15	Sat: 6/16	Sun: 6/17
METS		BAL FSNY 7:05 P.M.	BAL FSNY 7:05 P.M.	BAL FSNY 7:05 P.M.	NYY WPIX 7:10 P.M.	NYY FOX 1:15 P.M.	NYY ESPN 8:05 P.M.
YANKEES		MON FOX 7:05 P.M.	MON MSG 7:05 P.M.	MON FOX 7:05 P.M.	NYM MSG 7:10 P.M.	NYM FOX 1:15 P.M.	NYM ESPN 8:05 P.M.
LIBERTY		CHA MSG 7:30 P.M.				WAS NO TV 4:00 P.M.	MIA MSG 5:00 P.M.
POWER							PHI CNNSI 4:00 P.M.
METROSTARS				DC METRO 8:00 P.M.		SJ MSG 7:00 P.M.	

Photograph courtesy of Camera Pictures.



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the World Series in a three-game smack-down at Shea Stadium. • 6/15 at 7:10 P.M., 6/16 at 1:15 P.M., 6/17 at 8:05 P.M. Shea Stadium, Roosevelt Ave. at 126th St., Flushing, Queens (718-507-TIXX or www.mets.mlb.com); $12–$43.

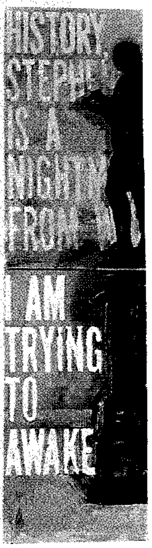
Hellgate 5K Run
The Hellgate Road Runners' annual 5K through Astoria benefits the Make-a-Wish Foundation. The race and 400 meter Kiddie Fun Run (at 8:30 A.M.) start near Astoria Park, by the East River on Shore Blvd. Preregistrants receive T-shirts. Awards—including two in honor of Father's Day—will be given in numerous categories. • 6/16 at 9:30 A.M. (718-468-6271); registration $13, from 7:30 to 9 A.M.

Concern for the Human Race 5K Fun Run/Walk
Concern Worldwide, an emergency relief and long-term development organization, will use the funds from this year's 5K to help El Salvadoran earthquake victims. The fun run starts on in Central Park at East 86th Street, near the Fifth Avenue and East 90th Street entrance. The first 500 registrants receive T-shirts; awards for top finishers will be given at a post-run party at Carnegie Hill Brewing Company, featuring a free buffet and entertainment. (90th St. and Third Ave.). • 6/16 at 10 A.M. (212-557-8000 or www.concernusa.org); preregistration (before 6/16) $20 individual, $15 team (per person); day-of registration 8:30–9:30 A.M. $25 individual, $20 team.

Happening

Yes You Will Yes

Though Dublin was where Leopold Bloom, the hero of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, spent June 16 (now known as Bloomsday), a city as literary—and Irish—as ours can't ignore a holiday of this magnitude. Symphony Space's annual reading marathon, **Bloomsday on Broadway**, celebrates its "Year Twenty" with a twelve-hour run. An in-house bar and plenty of opportunities to mingle with the likes of Malachy McCourt ensure that those who've only read part of it (meaning everyone) may drift off partway through the reading. But don't leave before actress Fionnula Flanagan reads "the Full Molly," the uncensored interior monologue leading to literature's most famous climax (or catch it simulcast on WNYC). For a less intensive experience, the American Irish Historical Society exhibits Louisiana artist **Heather Ryan Kelley**'s paintings in homage to Joyce, like *History, Stephen Said . . .* (pictured). (See "Special Events" for details.)



Photograph by Heather Ryan Kelley.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Opening

West Side Story: The Sequel

As the director of the new Theatreworks/USA production of *Romeo and Juliet,* Rob Barron is charged with capturing audiences of 'tweens and teens, the age groups that tend to be too old for children's theater and too hip for Broadway. For this production, Barron and the new management team at Theatreworks/USA took Shakespeare's most romantic tale (pictured, Kristin Sentman and Gene Farber) and twisted it into a contemporary story of haves and have-nots. (And yes, this has been tried before, by the Messrs. Sondheim, Laurents, and Bernstein: "*Tony, Maria. Maria, Tony.*") This time around, the Capulets are a wealthy family, living in a McMansion; the Montagues are street-corner thugs who fight with baseball bats and broken glass rather than swords. "The Capulets are a modern dysfunctional family," says Barron, who also wrote the adaptation. "Juliet is rebelling against her parents and wants to find her way in the world. Romeo is like a young rebel-poet street kid. What could be more modern?" Using the Bard's original text, Barron made some cuts and changes to bring the free performance down to 90 minutes. Musically, the show fuses electric guitar with tribal drums and flutes to accentuate the crumbling-city resetting, which culminates in a grisly trip to a local drug dealer. Theatreworks/USA will run a Shakespeare workshop, if requested in advance, to familiarize young audiences and their families with the language and the play's social relevance. Don't deny thy father this weekend. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

Children's Events

Montague Bloods vs. Capulet Crips

This futuristic version of *Romeo and Juliet* takes place in a crumbling city where the hatred between two families threatens to take down society. Presented by Theatreworks/USA. • 6/13–7/18; Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-627-7373); www.theatreworks-usa.org; free.

Jack-up

Find out what happens to Jack and the magic beans in this circus rendition of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Don't forget to look for the goose who lays golden eggs, a mobile haystack, and a magic sword dance. • 6/17 at 3 P.M.; New York Botanical Garden, Arthur and Janet Ross Lecture Hall, Kazimiroff Blvd. and 200th St., Bronx (718-601-7399); $7.

Clown Around in Rockland

"Clown Around Town," the new production of the Big Apple Circus, is a celebration of city life as seen through the eyes two daffy clowns. This one-ring show includes a tennis-racket juggler, magic, acrobatics, flying trapeze artists, as well as horse and dog acts. • 6/14–7/1; Palisades Center, West Nyack (212-307-4100); www.bigapplecircus.org; $15–$35.

Happy 5th Birthday

A family affair is the order of business at Chelsea Piers this Saturday, with a fifth-anniversary celebration that highlights the best the piers have to offer. Continuous live music, dancing, and sports activities are on the agenda. Even the youngest festivalgoers will get a crack at fitness with toddler gymnastics. Additional performances include stories and songs from the *Titanic,* Madcap Mutts, and a Wild West show. • 6/16 from noon to 6 P.M.; Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. and West Side Highway (212-336-6881); www.chelseapiers.com; free.

Imaginary Dads

Daddies who spend way too much time in the office will feel understood. *Ted* (Simon & Schuster, $16), a new picture book by Tony DiTerlizzi, depicts a lonely boy whose imaginary friend brings father and son closer together. A Father's Day tearjerker. • At bookstores.

One Fish, Two Fish

Experience the thrill of fishing with a class at the Hudson River. Discussions include fish anatomy, dissection, and the variety of marine life that thrives in the buffer space between New York and New Jersey. Veteran anglers will assist novices. Rods and bait provided, but you can also bring your own. Art projects and children's theater, with Dave Grover and the Big Bear Band, will also be part of the day. • 6/16 from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., Wagner Park, Battery Park City (212-267-9700); free.

Once More, on This Island

Henry Street Settlement's Urban Youth Theater presents a youthful revival of the Broadway musical *Once on This Island,* a musical set in Haiti about lovers from different parts of the country. The gods of the island make a wager to see if love can really conquer all. • 6/15–7/1, Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., Sun. at 2 P.M.; Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (212-598-0400); $5.

Catch the Wave

Kids learn about our star-spangled banner and the etiquette of flag raising as they design their own flag stand at the Staten Island Children's Museum on 6/14. On 6/15, get the young ones interested in salad with a cooking class on that all-important salad dressing, savory vinaigrette. • Flag class on 6/14 from 1:30 to 4:30 P.M.; cooking class on 6/15 at 1:30 P.M., 2:15 P.M., 3 P.M., and 3:45 P.M.; Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); classes are free with $4 museum admission.

Intelligent Life-forms Here

Blast off for a trip to see a few alien friends as they invade the New York Hall of Science in its new exhibit "Aliens: Worlds of Possibilities." Young astronomers ponder the notion of life on Earth and beyond through a variety of space-related interactive activities. • 6/16–9/2; Flushing Meadows Corona Park, 47-01 111th St., Queens (718-699-0005); www.nyhallsci.org; $7.50, $5 for kids and seniors.

Making History

The American Museum of Natural History introduces its latest endeavor: the Discovery Room, a behind-the-scenes look at the sciences. Kids can hunt for hidden creatures in a replica of a baobab tree, take on a scientist's challenge at the Expedition Trunk, handle real fossils, and analyze asteroids with telescopes. • Now open; Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5800); free with suggested museum admission of $10, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for kids.

Hey, D.W.!

Who doesn't love Arthur, the hapless aardvark who's always trying to do the right thing? The Children's Museum of Manhattan opens up its latest exhibit "Arthur's World," which engages kids in role-playing, reading, writing, and fantasy play. Check out the Elwood City Library, Grandma Thora's recipes, and Mr. Ratburn's classroom. • Through Labor Day, 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1234); $6.

Sleeping Beauty

The Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre in Central Park shows its updated production of *Sleeping Beauty.* • Tuesdays through Fridays at 10:30 A.M. and noon, Saturdays at 1 P.M. through June, Central Park at W. 81st St. (212-988-9093); $5, $4 for kids.

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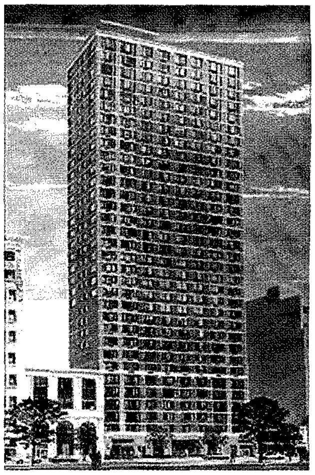

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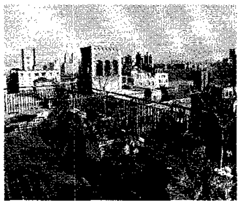

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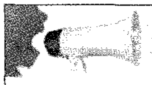

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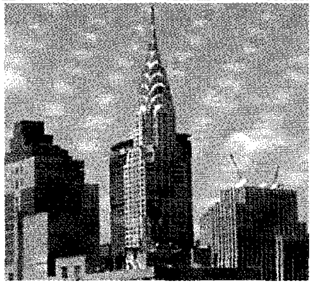

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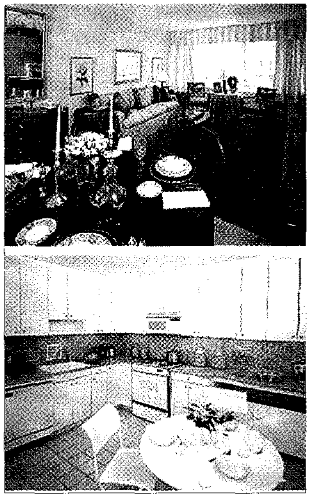

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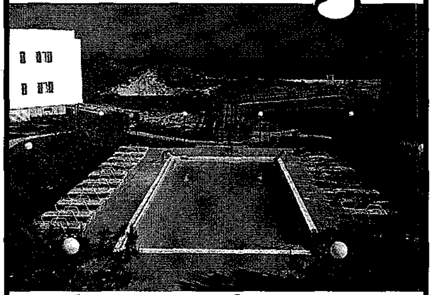

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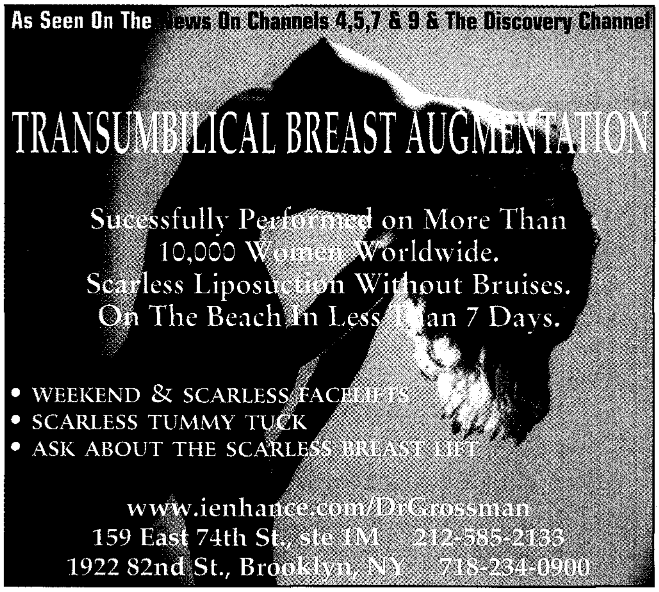
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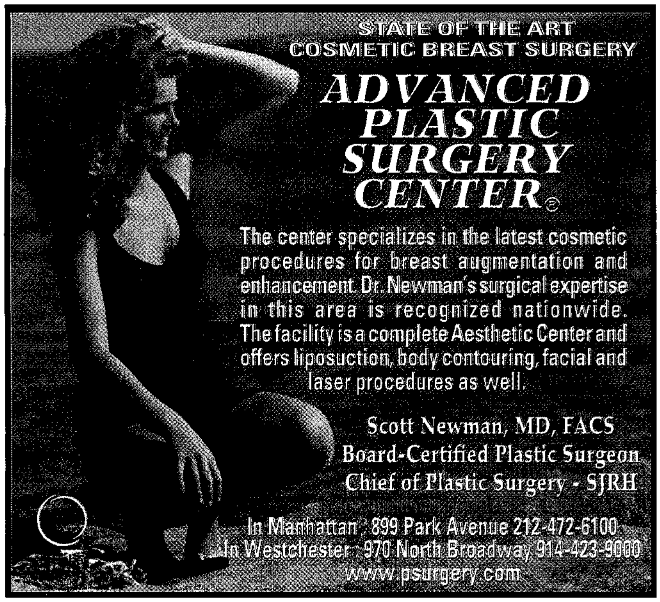

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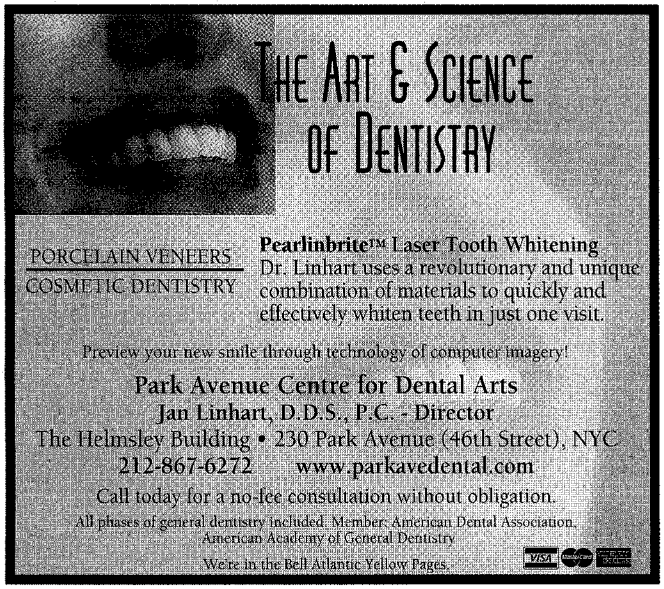

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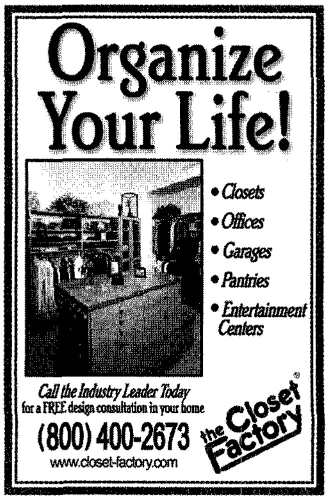

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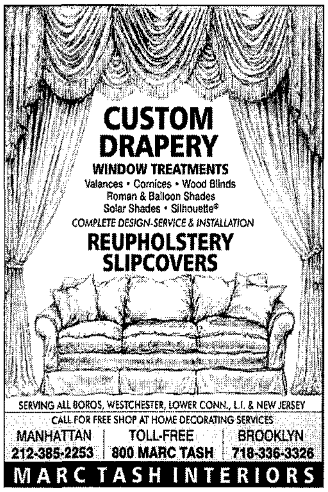

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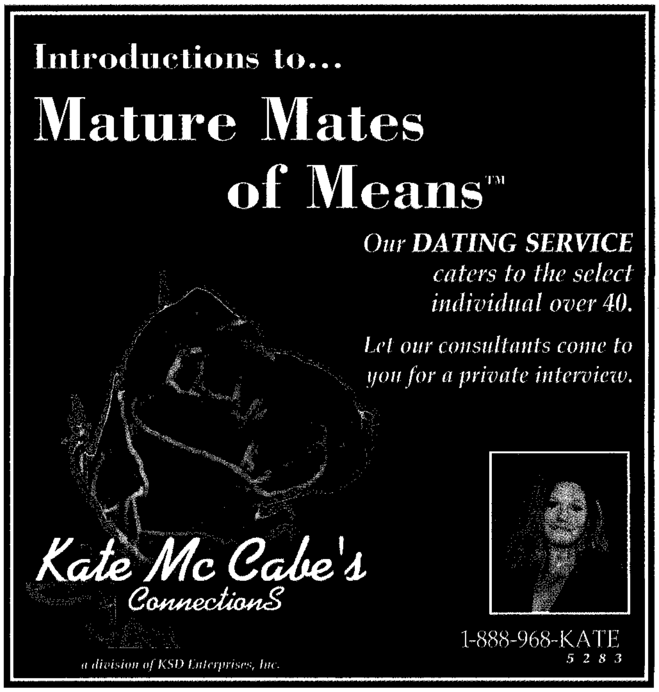
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Warm, Winning Woman—Pretty, bright, slim, vivacious, classy, honest Jewish lady, seeking bright, secure, caring male, 55-65, to be best friend and much more. 8007✉☎

Sensuous But Still Innocent—Divorced Jewish woman, slender and attractive, college prof, poet and writer, seeks a kind, literate and generous gentleman for friendship, romance and whatever follows from it. NYC. 7994 ✉☎

North Shore Widower—Jewish, articulate, sensitive, seeking very attractive woman under 60, for friendship, travel, serious relationship. Recent photo a must. 7984 ✉☎

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Seeking My Better Half—And best friend...while, like you, I never thought I would place an ad to meet someone... But times have changed, and I look at this as an adventure to hopefully meet one really great guy (I truly believe you exist) to share all that life has to offer. I am a down-to-earth, single Jewish female, 36, 5'8", brunette, better-than-average build, very attractive, with above-average intelligence and a great sense of humor. I left the hustle of Wall Street for the tech industry. Things that I love to do (not limited to just these): outdoors, cooking, museums and art, movies, music, family, friends (both very important), warm-weather sports, travel, dining out, jewelry designing, hospital volunteering and, last but not least, romance. What I am looking for is "Just one great single Jewish male", 5'10" plus, 38-45,who comes from a great family, who loves to have fun doing just about anything, who is ambitious and successful yet unpretentious. Please send note and photo. 8090 ✉

35, Sweet, Green-Eyed Irish Lass—5'6", 115 lbs, has a Master's degree, looking for a man, 30-40, who is positive, professional, energetic, easygoing, likes outdoors. 8065 ✉

Exceptionally Attractive Asian Female—Very pretty, shapely, intelligent, cultured, well-traveled, seeks refined, successful, kind and generous white male, 40-60, for serious relationship. Photo. 8096 ✉

Gay NYC Woman—Attractive, professional, independent, seeks debonair counterpart, 40-55, for long-term relationship. jasminesea@aol.com 8047 ✉

Looking For The Real Thing—Attractive writer, 33, seeking great guy for great future. I'm Jewish, 5'6", slim blond with green eyes, Ivy graduate, sensitive, warm, honest, open and a hopeless romantic. I've got a wacky sense of humor, a passion for the arts (especially music), travel, adventure, the beach, all that life has to offer. I'm looking for an open, intelligent, fun, affectionate man, tall, thin, 29-37, attractive, with diverse interests. We both value life and love. Let's explore them together. Note/photo. 8054 ✉☎

Handsome, Very Youthful Man—Physically fit, 60, 5'6", well-educated, well-traveled Manhattanite, seeking personal development with like-minded woman. 8025 ✉☎

Handsome Male—6'3", well-built, very successful, 48, seeks attractive, fit female, 30-38, who is ready to enjoy life. Serious relationship only. 7983 ✉☎

20-Year High School Reunion—Coming up and I need a date. Sexy, savvy, 36, female, 5'6", 118, hazel/green eyes, secure (emotionally and financially), seeks very, very successful guy for love, smooches, laughter and true romance. Must love animals, movies, cars, Virgin Upper Class, Dean and Deluca, relaxing, pampering, yachts and Carmel. If you have it all and want a true woman (not a trophy), don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime chance. Serious inquiries only. E-mail: FutureWife4U@aol.com 7988 ✉☎

Time To Find My Soul Mate—Are you in NYC? 38-year-old, Jewish, tall professional male with a great sense of humor awaits. Enjoy movies, travel, cooking, sporting events, music and shopping. In search of a special female, 27-40, to share my life and future with. Note/photo gets same. 8112✉☎ SUMMEROFLOVE2001@aol.com

Blond Angel—Pretty, divorced Jewish female, 50, multifaceted sweetheart, seeks fit, cultured Jewish professional, 50-60, to share my bubble gum. Photo. datwizz@aol.com 8058 ✉☎

For Pa, Make Her A Scholar—For Ma, make her rich as a king. For me, well, nice and kind mean everything. Non-religious Jewish male, 42, seeks woman who enjoys sailing, theater and movies, as a partner for life's adventures. A thoughtful note is the first step. 8070 ✉☎

Single White Female—48, 5'9", 130 lbs, seeking long-term relationship with a tall, in-shape, single white gentleman between the ages of 38-48. Photo/phone. 8044✉☎

Handsome Doc Seeks Japanese Lady—For summer romance. Artistic and romantic, 46 years old, tall, slim, with healthy lifestyle, seeks very special lady. E-mail: jmarklev@aol.com 7986✉

Easy To Talk To—Comfortable to be with, 56, 130, petite, 5', LPN, with extensive hand-holding, cooking, travel... dine and have fun. Looking for a white male, 60-68, divorced or widowed, who is looking for a serious/fun relationship. LI/NY. Photo. 7999 ✉☎

NYC Romantic Cancer—Pretty, creative redhead, mod 50s, seeks street-smart entrepreneur who digs jazz, movies, making love. Myapt1@aol. 8048 ✉☎

Witty, Down-To-Earth—35, 5'10", good-looking Jewish male, successful financial professional, in good shape, good sense of humor with subtle dark side - seeks 24-33, pretty, slim, affectionate Jewish woman with sense of humor. You are adventurous, intelligent, like the outdoors (including tennis, beach, biking) and travel, a variety of music and film, but also like to hang out and do nothing. Photo and note a must. 8106 ✉☎

Delightful, Bright, Warm, Attractive—Youthful 50ish psychotherapist, international background, seeks intelligent, successful, self-aware, loving mate, 47-62. Let's share music, ocean, holding hands, your/my kids, travel. 8089 ✉☎

No Games—Gay white female: real woman looking to connect with a real woman. I'm a feminine-looking/acting, successful professional - genuine, attractive, 5'6", slim/in good shape and enjoy a comfortable lifestyle. Wish to share my passion for food and wine, gardening, music, antiquing and dogs with a 42-50, honest, stable, romantic woman who enjoys the same. Must want to be friends first/ long-term commitment to follow. 8067✉☎

Tall, Blond And Beautiful—Ambitious Ivy professional, 30, with a sense of humor and a desire to have fun. I love to travel (Europe especially) but I don't flee NYC every weekend. I take great advantage of the city - the parks, museums, bars, restaurants and Broadway. I am looking for a great guy who is funny, smart and handsome. If this sounds good to you, please call or write, and include your best photo. 8077 ✉☎

Are You A Great Guy, Under 5'8"?—This petite, young and fun, 44, cute and trim, smart, Jewish, nonsmoking professional would love a long-term relationship plus with a good man, to share life's great adventures and passions. At the end of the day, I won't cook your dinner - but I will listen to your cares and rub your back. Let's meet for a drink and see if we click. 8051 ✉☎

Bubbly, Sexy, Smart—Lady of substance, mid 40s, looking for clever, very successful gentleman, 45-60, willing to share not only fun times. Picture with BMW or Mercedes. Note. 8026 ✉

Romance?—Caring, professional, single Jewish female, 37, never married, 5'4", slim, attractive brown-eyed brunette, compassionate and loving, enjoys various activities. Seeks a sincere, kind, easygoing, intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 35-45, to share honest relationship... and beyond. Note/photo, please. 8092✉☎

Seeking Nordic Princess—Absolutely handsome, single white professional man, European, 39, 5'11" tall, 195, dark brown hair/eyes, very fit. Varied interests, great guy, never been married. Seeks highly attractive and exceptionally beautiful, single white female, 24-38, with great sense of humor and attitude, for long-term relationship (Manhattan). Note/photo/phone. 7982 ✉☎

Life Is An Adventure—Exotic and very pretty TV producer, 40, 5'3", long brown hair, brown eyes, seeks serious relationship with attractive, athletic and educated white male, 35-45, who hasn't lost his sense of wonder or humor. If you're into everything from dinner and a movie, hiking trails to camping in the African bush, let's explore together. Send note and photo - will reciprocate. 8081 ✉

Now Is The Time—Bright, very good-looking, charismatic, single Jewish man, 39, 5'10", 175 lbs, cool, confident and caring, *seeks very smart, naturally thin, cute* Jewish female who is younger than me and ready for more. Note/photo. 8075✉☎

Gay NJ Female—45, white, professional, authentic, athletic, artistic, attractive. Seeking a normal, regular, real, committed relationship with someone special. Is anybody out there? Photo. 8122 ✉

Montclair Morning Man—51, psych grad from Reed/a spiritual, guitar-playing MD/He skis, camps and cooks/loves kids, good looks/Write for walk, concert or tea. Nonsmoking Quaker/Jewish pacifist, owns jeans and tux. Seeks available, vivacious soulmate. Twf2@georgetown.edu 8005 ✉☎

Sparkling, Professional Jewish Woman—Seeks Mr. "Mensch", 55-68. 8032 ✉☎

Successful Professional—In private practice in NJ, looking to meet a lady with brains and beauty. I am Ivy educated, mid 40s, a Catholic on Christmas, divorced father of two young teenagers and a very involved parent. I'm a skillful and fit racquet sportsman and a nonsmoker. My daughter says that I'm "ruggedly handsome", whatever that means! I hope to meet a lady who is educated, sophisticated, attractive and honest. Photo and note, please. 7989 ✉

Let's Meet—*Interested in Asian, East* Indian or white female, 30-50, outgoing, sure of herself, cute, happy, average or slim. I am a white, divorced male, 57, perceptive, intelligent, good, patient, with interests in music, art, photography, movies, walking and exercise. 8040 ✉

Mensch/67—Seeks wit/fit, keen/political Ms. POB 171/10028. wschmerz@aol.com

Kind, Funny, Handsome Man—Psychoanalyst, writer, pianist, black belt (but soft style), looking to meet a very pretty, bright, truly easygoing woman in her early-mid 50s. Object: wisdom with laughter. Picture, please. North NJ. 7995✉

Single, Sober, Strong—Sexy, Catholic, humorous, 38, white female - enjoys great coffee shops, beaches, good food, great conversations, working out and much more. Seeks handsome, clean, sober, humorous, sexy man with same interests. No drinkers/no drug users please. 8050✉☎

Playmate—For fun, attractive, down-to-earth, athletic, professional, Jewish, widowed mom, 42, looking for best friend, 37-49, successful, romantic, self-aware, compassionate gentleman. Note/phone/e-mail: single-n-sexy10@home.com 7996✉☎

City Kid, 49—Seeks big, bold, brazen beauty for togetherness. 8115✉

Corporate But Playful—Young-looking, very attractive Christian male, late 40s, tall, great shape, active, down-to-earth, great sense of humor, loves the city, the beach, travel, sports, etc. Looking for professional, affectionate (zany?) woman, slim, stylish and very curvaceous. Let's spend a day at the beach and dance the night away. Photo/note. 8088 ✉☎

Spirited, High-Energy—Attractive black woman, 50-something, loves NYC and all its culture, walks in the park. You be interesting and fun, plus 50 or minus 50, with a kind heart. Race: you can be green or purple. 8072 ✉☎

Kind, Beautiful Jewish Professional—47, love to enjoy relationship with man, 45-54, of depth, character, *integrity*, niceness - qualities we would share. Like to talk, listen, walk, hike, bike, read, write, movies, beach, country, city. And you? Communication, self-awareness essential. Photo, please. 8078 ✉

Attractive European—Bright, warm, kind, caring, multilingual, stylish, independent *- loves arts, voyages, nature.* Seeks worldly gentleman, 55 plus, with an upscale lifestyle, educated, caring, sincere, successful, to share wonderful future together. Note/photo. 8079 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—Widower, low 60s (looks 50s), interested in female, 50-60, for a lasting relationship. She should be fit, slim, warm, attractive, nonsmoking and sincere. Note/photo/phone. 8029 ✉

Someone To Watch Over You—62-year-old gent, educated, good-looking, athletically trim. Seeking same in female, 45-55, looking for friendship, love and truth. Send photo. 8099 ✉☎

Gay Woman—Successful Manhattanite, warm - loves Mozart, romance, the Times, theater. Seeks counterpart, 55-65. 8104✉

Are You Ready?—47-year-old male, divorced with teens that live with mom. Successful executive, tall, attractive and athletic. Likes include reading, tennis, hiking and discussions about life's meaning. Looking for someone to share a full, well-rounded life with. Photo appreciated - will reciprocate. mcarney@mjwhitman.com 8093 ✉☎

Very Attractive—Single white female, 50ish, slender, fun-loving, well-traveled, cultured, health-conscious and in great shape. Would like to share a wonderful life with a mature older man who is interested in having quality golden years. He should be cosmopolitan, kind, successful and have a desire for the finer things in life. 8055✉

Looking For A Man—Who's looking for a woman who looks like a woman but plays like a man... Golf, skiing, sailing, biking, scuba, biking, adventure travel and more. Beautiful, passionate, petite, blue-eyed blond professional, seeks male, 45 plus, who's looking for a companion with whom he can do everything. Great heart, mind and sense of humor required. 8060 ✉☎

Gay, 34-Year-Old, Attractive Male—*Wants to start the summer right! Seeks guy* who enjoys movies, travel, fine and not-so-fine dining, and wants to share fun times together. Outgoing and fun personality, with a lust for life a big plus. 8086✉

Golden Ivy—*Traditional values. Pretty,* athletic, 5'4", young 43, never married, warm, spiritual, fun, self-aware, MD/editor, unconventional. Seeks kind, successful navigator with big heart, for long-term relationship, kids. 8085 ✉☎

Looking For The Right Man—Brown hair, brown eyes, 5'2", fit and pretty, *seeks great guy, 50-63, who has integrity* and a rosy view of life, and is looking for the right woman. 8063 ✉☎

Creative Woman Seeks—Unconventional man. Long, auburn-haired, shapely, fit artist/professor, 48, 5'5", adventurous, funny, earthy and worldly, seeks compatible, offbeat man to share love of travel, nature and the arts. 8022 ✉☎

Queen Seeks King—If you are a loving, athletic, cultured gentleman - this pretty black woman is seeking you. Loves the beach, jogging, play in/out of NY. 8074✉☎

Exotic, Long-Haired Beauty—Seeks lifetime partner, lover and best friend. Me: affectionate, 5'2", size 8, shapely, sexy, sincere, well-traveled, classy Asian entrepreneur with diverse interests. Healthy lifestyle and good genes help me keep my 30s-youthful look, even at 49. You: romantic, single white male, slim, 40-55, financially and emotionally secure, funny, sensual nonsmoker who appreciates an independent lady with brains. Note/photo. 7992 ✉☎

GQ With IQ—40s, Jewish, Wall St. mogul, in great shape, 5'11", generous, *compassionate and passionate, seeks* loving woman of loving valor and good character and sense of humor for marriage. Passions include world travel, the arts, books, music. Photo/phone. 8064✉☎

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Question Of The Day—Could you match me: fit, 6'2", slim, don't-look-it 54, writer, no kids, agnostic with own distinctive sensibility...to you: literate woman, 40s, trim, tallish, self-aware, lighthearted, nonsmoker, interesting voice? Best answer gets all of the above, plus things that make life worth living. 8013 ✉☎

Wanted: Superior Man, 65 Plus—By smart, petite, affluent lady. 7991 ✉☎

Join Us In New Paltz—Unconventional, nonmaterialistic yet secure mom, 42 (and terrific son, 15), joyful, loving and grounded, seeks similar, family-oriented male for lasting relationship. 7993 ✉☎

Marriage-Minded, Single White Male—Corporation lawyer, well-educated (Brown, Yale, Harvard, Juilliard), attractive, fit, financially independent. Seeks trim, warmhearted Asian/Caucasian female who enjoys children, classical music, country life. Photo. 8098 ✉

White Female, Wall St. Exec—NYC plus FL condo, seeks male companion. 8012 ✉

Male, 63, PhD—Has style, panache, sizzle. Seeks shapely, leggy, upbeat lady with education. Arts, travel. Photo! 8021✉

Beautiful, Bright, Beguiling—Long-haired strawberry blond, fit, classy, unencumbered, sweet, sensuous, witty, sincere, articulate, accomplished NY tennis lover, seeking handsome, successful, fun, sincere male counterpart, 50-65. Note/photo/phone. 8004 ✉☎

City Gal/Vintage '48—Pretty, tall, happy professional seeks sincere guy (50-58) for fun, laughter and Kodak moments. Photo/note. 8108 ✉

I Still Haven't Found—What I'm looking for - U2? Successful professional, attractive, 5'9", 44 (looks 38), dad of adorable 5-year-old boy. I am extremely loving, warm, affectionate (sounds like a golden retriever), good sense of humor (me, not the dog). I love music, sports, travel and spending time with my little boy. I would love to meet an intelligent, sweet, fit and attractive woman, 32-39, who is marriage and family-minded. Note and photo, please. 8083 ✉☎

Stunning, Sophisticated, Smart, Sexy—Jewish female, divorced, 5'5", curvy size 6, affluent, world traveler, investor, golfer, country clubs here and FL. Seeks attractive man, 60-72, with upscale lifestyle. Note and photo a must. 8103✉☎

I've Still Got "It"—I am 60ish, pretty, in excellent shape, sophisticated and good company. I am looking for an attractive, sensitive, caring man to share the finer things. Current photo, please. 8113 ✉

Fore! Play Angel—50, blond, petite, sexy, smart, creative. Seeks golf partner for match made in heaven. You: 50-60, 5'9" plus, fit, fun, plus fiesty. 25 handicap or lower. Photo. datwizz@aol.com 8057✉☎

Attractive NYC Gal—36, 5'6", slim, good-humored, smart, seeks special guy, under 45, with a positive outlook on life, to share movies, dinner, theater, etc. Note/photo/phone. 8042 ✉☎

Enchanting Asian Female Attorney—Seeks MD, JD or CEO, 35 plus, for romance. Photo, please. 8037 ✉☎

Looking For That Special Someone—Single Jewish male, 45, 6'1", fit, business owner with many diverse interests, seeks a fun and loving woman for friendship, romance and future? Photo/note. 8120✉

Just 40—Handsome male fitness professional, great sense of humor, sincere and down-to-earth, seeks special lady under 40 to adore. Note/photo. 8110✉

Handsome Professional Male—43, 5'11", slim, dark features, would like to find the love of his life. I am single, no children, honest and caring. Please take a chance. Photo, please. Frisbedog1@aolcom. 7978 ✉☎

Upbeat, Energetic Italian Female—40s, seeks Jim Morrison, Freddy Mercury or Steve Tyler look-alike, who is 40s, nonsmoker, romantic and loves animals. If this sounds like you, please get in touch. Photo/note, please. 8010 ✉☎

Attractive, Slim, College-Educated—European female, 37, 5'7", never married, with many interests, seeks intelligent, single/divorced man for long-term relationship leading to marriage. 8062 ✉☎

Very Cute Computer Nerd—Jewish female, 30s, petite, slim, dark blond, hazel eyes, seeks white, marriage-minded, educated male, 34-42, cute, smart, funny, easygoing and upbeat. Note/photo. 8033✉

Dog Lovers A Plus—Attractive, white Catholic female, 41, 5'5", slender, nonsmoker, easygoing, enjoys NYC/LI. Seeks same in nonsmoking, financially stable man. Note/photo. 8084 ✉☎

Easygoing Man, 50—Makes nice appearance, likes rock and pop music, baseball and books. Wishes to meet attractive Christian woman who likes the arts. 8076 ✉

Natural Good Looks—A cross between Helen Mirren and Glenn Close. Striking slate-gray eyes, slim with delicate bone structure. Great humor: mingles sophisticated and lowdown earthy. Flexible, refined, supportive, unafraid to have fun. Ivy-educated professional, young Jewish widow. Interests highbrow to lowbrow: theater, fly-fishing, opera, country, upscale hotels, camping/rafting Colorado, Italian Renaissance, Berkshires cabin. Always cheered by great art exhibits. Believes nothing beats travel and being outdoors, just hiked backroads Provence. Seeks nonsmoking, cultured, physically active professional man, 49-60s. Intelligence, wit - important. B.list@worldnet.att.net 7980 ✉☎

Loving, Supportive—Sincere MD, 59, seeks sweet, attractive, divorced Jewish woman, 50-55, for travel, arts, dining, romance and long-term relationship. Recent photo/note. 8008 ✉

Greedy, Stubborn, Illogical—I'm your typical Reagan Republican - seeking idealistic, attractive, slim, save-the-world type woman to help me find my compassionate side. I'm a good-looking, fit, 5'9", Jewish, 41-year-old, successful businessman with numerous interests including travel, museums, movies, skiing and saving an occasional whale. If you have a warped sense of humor and don't take too seriously, then let's get together. Letter/photo guarantees response. 8071 ✉☎

Upgrade To First Class—Enjoy a fun-filled journey with alluring, sensitive, classy, accomplished creative spirit. Seat saved for tall, fun-loving, 35-50 male, stimulating and humorous conversationalist with zest for life. Help plan itinerary: include beach, golf, movies, theater, traveling, wining and dining and passion. Nonsmoking seat/photo ID requested. 8101 ✉☎

Mister Mom—Divorced, 48, attractive, successful, funny, honest, caring, seeks female closer to my age, to share the better things. Note/photo, please. 8059✉

Pretty, Friendly, Warm NJ Woman—56, intelligent, sense of humor, physically fit, active, fun-loving, interested in meeting a man with similar attributes. Nonsmoker, please. Photo appreciated. 8052 ✉

Easy Smile—Successful Manhattan professional, 51, slender/athletic, blue eyes, dark blond hair, wholesome values, boyish charm and good looks. Enjoys people, music, travel, movies, spending time with family/friends. Seeks upbeat, bright, attractive, slender, sensual woman, 38-48, with open smile, passion and warm heart, to share life's adventures/simple pleasures. Note/recent photo. 8116 ✉

Please Apply!—Young, elderly widow, intelligent and attractive, with joie de vivre. Interested in psychology, playing piano, politics, good dinner conversation. Seeks companion on same wavelength. 8023 ✉

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 8107✉☎

Nice-Looking Man—71-young, 5'10", no sugar daddy, seeks romantic woman of substance. Photo. 8091 ✉☎

Pretty, Spirited, Spiritual—Warm, loving, accomplished Jewish professional, very youthful 55, 5'6", fit, active, happy, filled with joie de vivre. Seeks fine-valued, accomplished mensch soulmate, 5'8" plus, to share love of family, friends, travel or whatever together. 8045 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Jewish Executive—34, physically fit, romantic, family-oriented, seeks attractive, intelligent, honest Jewish female to share life's adventures. Phone/photo. SpecialguyR@aol.com 7990 ✉

One Of A Kind—Good-looking, youthful and fit, Jewish professional male, 49, successful, adventurous, romantic. Into movies, music, slapstick humor, sports. Seeks lovely, sensuous woman to satisfy mutual desires. Picture and note appreciated. 8111 ✉

Manhattan, Handsome Retired Lawyer—6', 175 lbs, enjoys humor, racquetball, singing, telling jokes, reading, history, current events, liberalism, justice, British humor and good nutrition; imaginative, gentle, affectionate, 70ish. Seeks slim, 60ish, humorous, gentle woman, 5'5"-5'8". Photo/note. 8100 ✉

Nice Italian Lady—5'5", seeking Jewish or Italian male, 30-48, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, financially secure gentleman. Enjoys the beach, loves animals, dining out and weekend getaways. Photo/note appreciated. 8009 ✉☎

Well-To-Do—Good-looking, nonpracticing Jewish entrepreneur, searching for a slim and pretty soul mate. I live in NYC and East Hampton. I play golf and tennis and love walking on the beach. You should be nonsmoking, 45-55. Pretty legs a plus. I'll respond to current photo only. 7987✉

Joeyfantastic@aol.com—Handsome, passionate LA teacher seeks terrific Jewish woman, 28-38, forever. 8015 ✉

Light My Fire—Unique woman - sexy, slim, pretty, special, has quality, style, sensuality, culture. Desires a youthful, upscale, caring, romantic man, 59 plus, who can love, adore, share diverse interests and strike a match! 8066 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

Just Friends—Youthful, upbeat 60s businesswoman seeks new friends for fun-filled weekends. 8069 ✉

Stowe, VT - January 6, 2001—You (50ish male) were walking across the street and gave me directions as I drove by the Malt Shoppe. lynnv9@aol.com

Saw You—Day of the AIDS Walk, in the Central Park Zoo. You were with your daughter, around ten. I was with mine, same age roughly. We saw each other at the polar bear exhibit, again around the zoo. You had on a beige cotton dress, blond, beautiful, no wedding band and an oval amber (??) on your middle finger, two bags - one for her, one for you... Ended up at the cafeteria. You were inside and we were out - and then you left. I am still kicking myself for not introducing myself... I was wearing a white "T" with a sailboat on the back, black jeans, sneakers. You looked like a single mom. Can you take a chance and write me? 8041✉

Pretty, Statuesque Blond—Christian lady, educator/writer, loves the arts. Kind, sincere, serene, happy, feminine. Seeks tall, kind, white, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 58-75, CEO, MD, attorney, writer. Note/photo/phone, please. 8068✉

Male, 42—Going through transition, father of two, new to NY. Fit, tall and professional architect type. Living downtown. Looking for petite, gentle lady, 30ish, who might be going through same, and might appreciate the difference of a caring relationship. Kids would be fine, and independence a must. Simple companionship, fun and love, with all options open. Send letter, e-mail address and perhaps photo, and let's start with lunch or e-mail exchange. 8006 ✉

18-Karat Gold Indulgence—Jewish female exec, late 30s, 5'6", fit, with looks and brains, seeks smart, caring, successful male in his 40s, with a wide array of interests, who is fun-to-be-with, like myself. Short note okay. 8030 ✉

Stunning Blond Head-Turner—Jewish professional, 5'4", great shape, works out, bright, warm, sense of humor - seeking committed relationship with bright, attractive, successful Jewish man, 49-60, over 5'10", with similar qualities. 8024✉☎

Creative, Good-Looking Woman—Who enjoys theater, arts, travel to faraway places, spring breezes and squeezes, seeks secure, savvy, fit, emotionally generous family man (tall, 60-68), to share laughter and love. Note/photo/phone. 8080 ✉

PhD Scientist-Businessman—61, would like to meet very well-educated woman under 60, for serious relationship. I like theater, chess, bookshops, computers, the History Channel, sailing, camping and foreign languages! I love kids and pets, and am still interested in having kids. Please contact: hhracc@aol.com or 8016✉

Long-Term Relationship—Good-looking, 6'1", 180 lbs, dark hair, light hazel eyes, Jewish male, seeks 35-40, pretty, slim, well-balanced female. Photo a must. 8097✉

Exotic, Pretty, Bright—Fit, stylish, Asian, 5'4", 118 lbs, 30, seeks one 65-plus, very successful, generous gentleman for mutual spoiling. 8031 ✉

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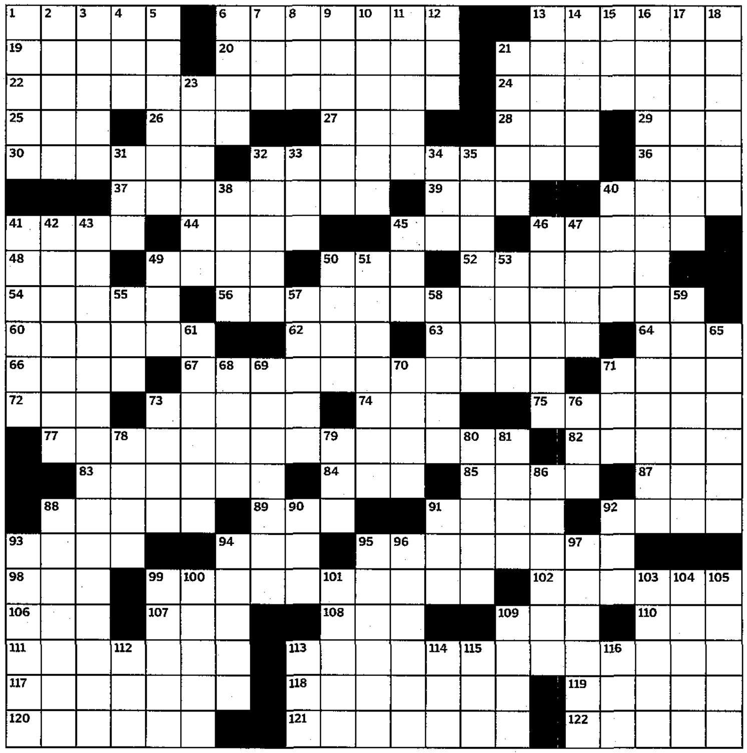
'Given Names'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Streisand's "Prince of Tides" co-star
6 Strong sedatives
13 Take leave
19 Tusk substance
20 Bareheaded
21 Mexican "hot" treats
22 SISSY SPACEK
24 See 91-Across
25 Flight-board abbr.
26 Zodiac constellation
27 Avail oneself of
28 Letter before omega
29 Spare bed
30 Combined trios
32 ZERO MOSTEL
36 Tax agcy.
37 Will-——
39 Sushi fish
40 Postpd. enclosure
41 Should that be the case
44 Son of Alan Arkin
45 Turk's topper
46 Do detective work
48 Gun org.
49 Mr. Miniver
50 Bisector's amount
52 Sufficient
54 Cannon salute
56 RED SKELTON
60 Design something new
62 Opposite of 'neath
63 Creepy
64 Grammy-winner Janis
66 Numbers sci.
67 BING CROSBY
71 Latin 101 verb
72 —— for tat
73 Pertaining to cities
74 Ottawa's prov.
75 "Catwoman" Kitt
77 CHEVY CHASE
82 Monastery official
83 Upped the ante
84 Izear Turner, today
85 Approximately
87 Toward the stern
88 City of Western Australia
89 Ailing
91 Come to a quick halt, with 24-Across
92 Data, for short
93 Stare openmouthed
94 Insurance co. initials
95 Spray cans
98 Escort to a seat: slang
99 GUS GRISSOM
102 "Stormin' " Schwarzkopf
106 "Lord, is ——?": Matthew 26:22
107 Unrefined metal
108 Eur. realm after Charlemagne
109 Billy Joel's "—— to Extremes"
110 I, to Claudius
111 Thins down by liquefying
113 YOGI BERRA
117 Notable
118 "A poem lovely ——"
119 Happening
120 Remove from the throne
121 Yokel
122 "Star Wars" villain Vader



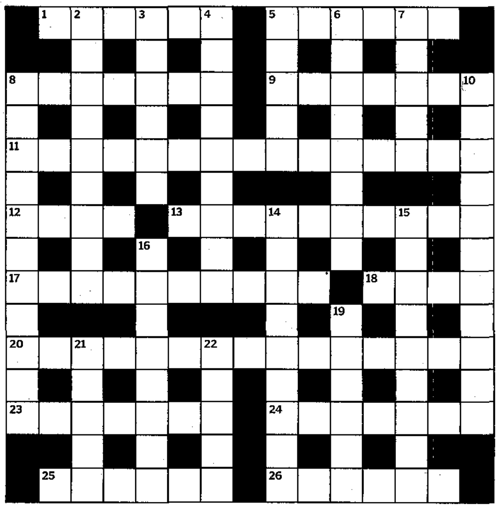
DOWN

1 Neighbor of Arles
2 Egg-shaped
3 Dr. Seuss tale, with "The"
4 Take a crack at
5 Shoelace hole
6 Where Ashtabula is
7 Peace, to Pedro
8 Call —— day
9 Photograph books
10 Starts, at golf
11 First name in makeup
12 Silencing utterance
13 Parisian prom
14 Cybermessages
15 Shoulder enhancer
16 JODIE FOSTER
17 Rueful feeling
18 Virulent African fly
21 Star of the "Fiddler on the Roof" film
23 Deadly
31 Also
32 Title for a guru
33 Draw a bead on
34 Loser at Appomattox
35 King Ahab's wicked wife
38 Dammed river of Germany
40 Grand-scale tale
41 Stick to one's demand
42 Frenzied
43 SONNY BONO
45 In favor of
46 ". . . and early ——"
47 Old Norse hieroglyphic
49 Jailbird
50 Those people
51 Male witch
53 Saint Philip ——
55 Pet's doc
57 With copia, horn of plenty
58 River of United and America
59 Write hastily
61 Beat grain from its husk
65 Not far from
68 Qualified
69 On a foray
70 As to
71 Gum it up
73 Basic entity
76 Mil. mail depot
78 Barely cooked
79 Part of R.S.V.P.
80 "—— your life!"
81 Greek love god
86 Absorbent washing aid
88 Leisure activity
90 End of Chou's name
91 Madrid Mrs.
92 Land bordering Leb.
93 Led a tour
94 Top of a wave
95 Plane's path
96 Turns inside-out
97 Made a noose
99 Casts a ballot
100 Actres Dunne of '30s–'40s films
101 Tibetan capital
103 Taxi's ticker
104 Ten-percenter
105 Polaris's direction
109 Like most cupcakes
112 First numero
113 ——-di-dah
114 Word with long or now
115 Named before marriage
116 Zsa Zsa's sister

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Araucaria

ACROSS

1 Look to be a barrister in court? (6)
5 Move in a 17 12 way, always with a cummerbund. (6)
8 Tight as a snake? (7)
9 Stage talk by native Australian that's said something hurtful. (7)
11 The beast Amin's in Georgia, fellows: ferric salts would serve. (9,6)
12 See 17.
13,4 2's other half wraps Australian vicar with lace. (10,9)
17,12 It's no good a Jewish king taking the Shah's throne, strutting as he may be. (4,2,1,7)
18 12 doing time? (4)
20 Yogi Callas slain—this calls for clarification of ideas. (7,8)
23 Read about label put onto round figure. (7)
24 Man's diet ensured lady went off without energy. (7)
25 Allocate to fool the start of firing. (6)
26 Hard ball periodically new. (6)



DOWN

2 Hole up with student and I start accidentally on a village affair. (9)
3 Summon setter up, which is sick-making. (6)
4 See 13.
5 Shoot in Spanish dress. (5)
6 A shilling a pound less a penny for horse, say the French (the line's distorted). (8)
7 Something achieved and repeated. (5)
8 Sign and number taking in most of 13 produced 2. (11)
10 What's deplorable about performer on the wrong side being made illegitimate? (11)
14 A Swiss city takes the solver's biscuit. (9)
15 Checks pictures to be put back. (9)
16 Producer of 13 4, no artist in cosmetic backing. (8)
19 River rising, gold in Jane Austen's Sense. (6)
21 How to get into computing? (5)
22 Sheets of verse by Pole. (5)

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 8